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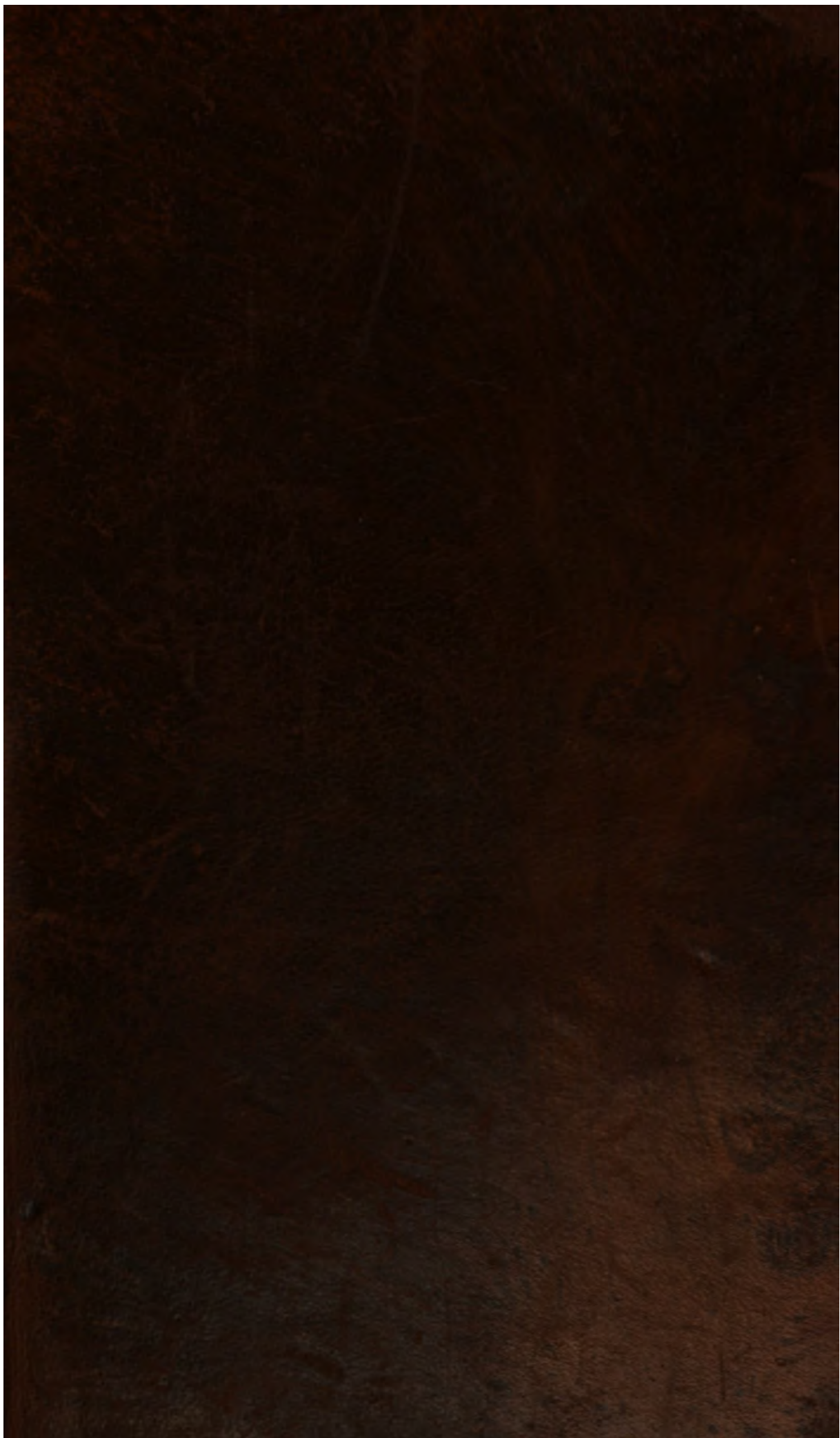
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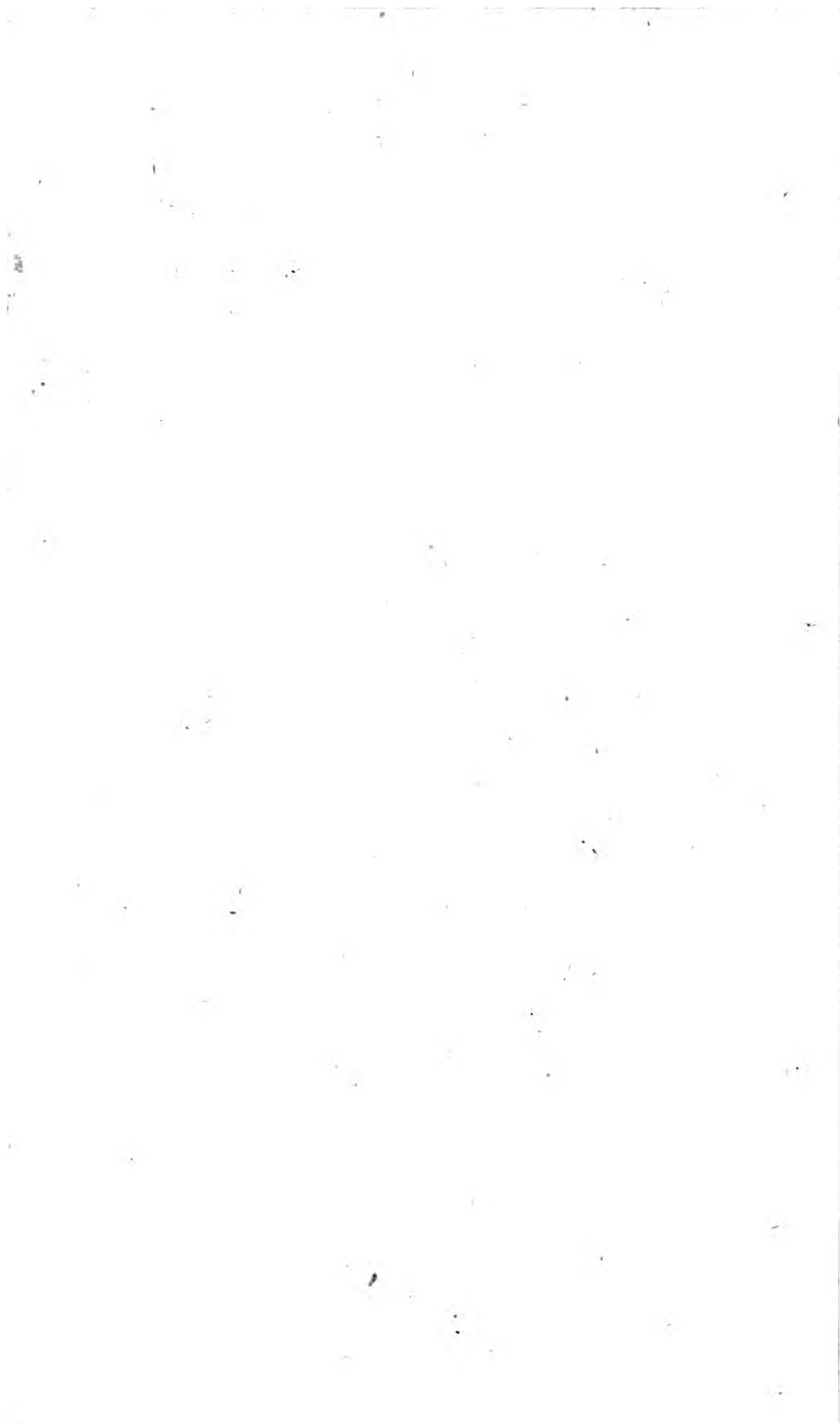
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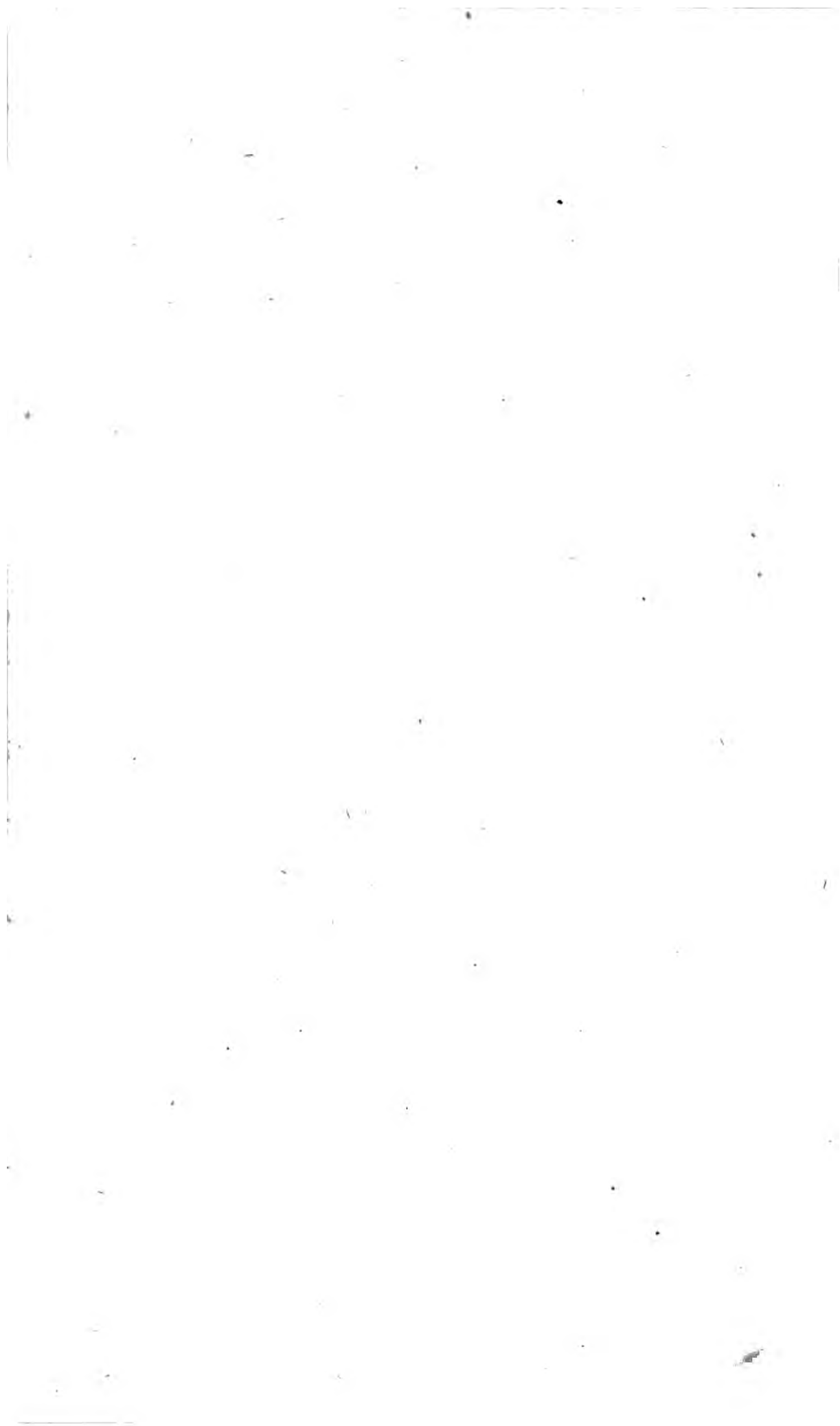


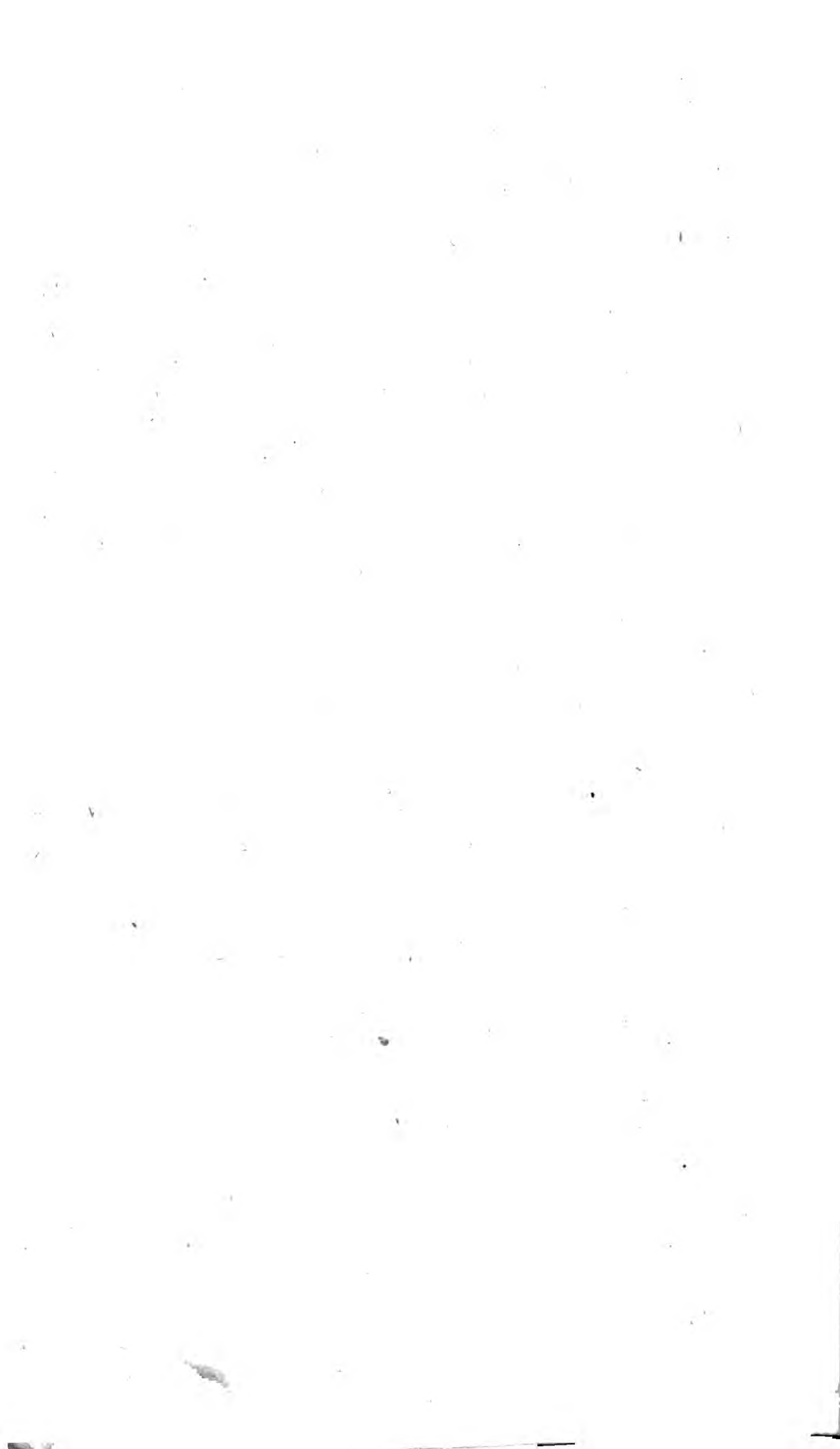
R. ROBERTSON GLASGOW,
OF MONTGREENAN.



XLII.4







THE
SCHOOL for ARROGANCE:

A
C O M E D Y.

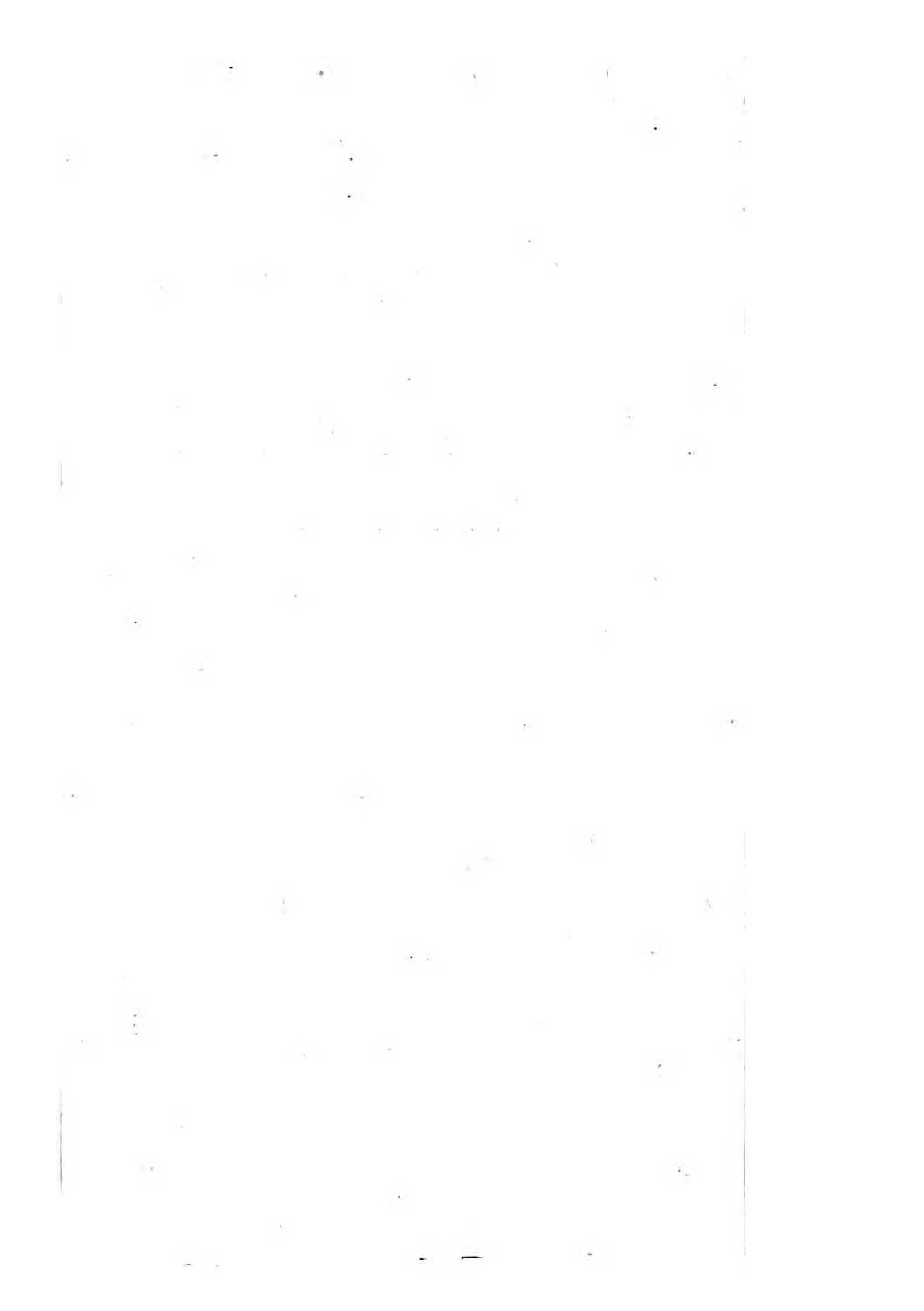
AS IT IS ACTED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

W. P. Glasgow

BY
THOMAS HOLCROFT.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-RROW.

M.DCC.XCI.



P R E F A C E.

THE Comedy of *Le Glorieux*, by M. Nericault Destouches, is the basis on which *The School for Arrogance* has been formed. From that I have taken the plan, several of the characters, and some of the scenes. Difference of arrangement, additional incidents, and what I deem to be essential changes of character, have all been introduced. The Count has but little resemblance to the original: Lucy and Mac Dermot none. Lady Peckham is a new character, and was first suggested by a friend; who, conceiving highly of the contrast which exists in life, between the pride of rank and the pride of riches, industriously sought to stimulate and rouse my imagination.

The subject of the piece is greatly interesting to morals, and highly worthy of the Theatre. Conscious of the great effects a perfect Comedy might have produced, I regret the imperfections of the present. Some good it will do: I regret that it cannot do more. Persuaded as I am of the moral
A dignity

dignity of the stage, I cherish an enthusiastic wish to see the dramatic art surpass even all its former sublime efforts. Among the pleasures of the imagination, how frequently has its place been the first! Happy indeed should I be, could my success add the smallest impulse to the exertions of Genius: ineffably happy, would but this noble art once more boldly assert its rank; and render itself, not only the general love and delight of mankind, but the veneration of the wise.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I here acknowledge how much I am indebted to the conduct of Mr. Marshal; who, in consequence of the prejudices which it was imagined Mr. Harris laboured under, respecting me, acted, for a time, in my behalf, as the author of the piece. Though anxiously zealous for its success, he still continued impartially attentive to the interests of all parties; and sacrificed his own feelings to promote what he conceived to be a public good.

The tribute of justice is also due to Mr. Harris. This tribute I am happy to have an opportunity to pay. And, that I may

now be consistent, as I always have been, in my private and public language to Mr. Harris, I will here insert a copy of a letter which I wrote to him, when the comedy had been twice performed.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE patiently waited the proper
 “ moment in which to write to you. That
 “ moment I hope is now come. I should
 “ be guilty of injustice, were I any longer
 “ to delay expressing my sense of the pro-
 “ priety with which you have acted, rela-
 “ tively to The School for Arrogance, after
 “ you had every reason to suppose it mine.
 “ Such conduct, Sir, is highly honourable ;
 “ and is not only productive of the best ef-
 “ fects, but must secure the best and most
 “ permanent applause. That you had con-
 “ ceived disadvantageous ideas of me I knew ;
 “ though I have no doubt but I shall ulti-
 “ mately convince you that, even supposing
 “ me to be mistaken, my motives have been
 “ laudable ***** (†). With me you were

(†) A single phrase, which relates entirely to myself, is here omitted.

“ irritated ; but you had the justice to forget
 “ the man, and promote the interests of the
 “ piece. This I hold it my duty to say to
 “ the world at large.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obliged humble servant,

“ *Newman Street,*

“ *Feb. 7, 1791.*

T. HOLCROFT.”

“ To THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.”

Mr. Harris kindly expressed the satisfaction which his own private feelings received, from this letter ; nor can there be a doubt but that the propriety of his conduct, under such circumstances, will be as agreeable to himself, and as pleasing to the public, as it has been to me.

Newman Street,

Feb. 17, 1791.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BERNARD, in the character of a
News-hawker.

*After sounding and calling "Great news!" without, enter
with a postman's horn, newspapers, cap, and livery.*

GREAT news! Great news! Extraordinary news!
Who'll buy, or give three half-pence to peruse?
(*Sounds*) Great news!—Pray did you call, Sirs? Here
am I!

Of wants and wanted I've a large supply!
Of fire and murder, marriage, birth and death,
Here's more than I can utter in a breath!
Rapes, riots, hurricanes, routs, rogues, and faro!
Famine and flames in Turkey, and the plague at Cairo!
Here's tincture for the gums, which dentists make;
Whose teeth eat most when other people's ache.
Here are rich soups, hams, tongues, oils, fauce, four
krout:

And here's the grand specific for the gout!
Here's turtle newly landed; lamb house-fed:
And here a wife and five small children wanting bread.
Wholesale and retail British spirits here:
And here's the dying speech of poor small-beer!
Here are tall men, short women, and fat oxen:
And here are Sunday schools, and schools for boxing;
Here

Here ruin'd rakes for helpmates advertise ;
 And only want 'em handsome, rich, and wise.
 Great news ! Here's money lent on bond, rare news !
 By honest, tender-hearted, christian Jews !
 Here are promotions, dividends, rewards ;
 A list of bankrupts, and of new-made lords.
 Here the debates at length are, for the week :
 And here the deaf and dumb are taught to speak.
 Here Hazard, Goodluck, Shergold, and a band
 Of gen'rous gentlemen, whose hearts expand
 With honour, rectitude, and public spirit,
 Equal in high desert, with equal merit,
 Divide their tickets into shares, and quarters :
 And here's a fervant-maid found hanging in her garters !
 Here ! Here's the fifty thousand, fold at ev'ry shop !
 And here's the Newgate calendar—and drop.
 Rare news ! Strange news ! Extraordinary news !
 Who would not give three-halfpence to peruse ?

(Going, returns)

'Sblues ! I forgot—Great news, again, I say !
 To-night, at Covent Garden, a new play !
(In raptures) Oh ! I'll be there ! With Jack, our prin-
 ter's devil !
 We're judges, we ! Know when to clap, or cavil !
 We've heard our pressmen talk of, of—of Rome and
 Greece !
 And have read Harry-Harry-Harry Stotle's master piece !
 When we have paid our shilling, we're the town !
 As wisely can find fault as those who pay their crown !
 Nay we, like them, if it be bad or good,
 Can talk, as fast as, as—as if we understood !

Oh !

P R O L O G U E. vii

Oh ! I'll be there ; get the first row ; and, with my staff,
I'll act the trunk-maker, thump, roar, encore, and laugh!

The prompter's boy has call'd our Jack aside ;
And says the Play's to cure the world of pride !
That rich folks will no longer think they're born
To crush the weak, and laugh the poor to scorn !
The great 'twill teach that virtue, wit, and merit,
They may perchance possess, but can't inherit !
That learning, wisdom, genius, truth, and worth,
Are far more rich and rare than ribbands, rank, and
birth !

Lord ! Lord ! Whoever heard of such a scheme ?
Teach sense to wealth and pride ! Your poets always
dream !

Could he do this, there's no one will deny
That News ! Strange news ! would be the gen'ral cry.
[Exit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>Count Conolly Villars, Mr. Dorimont, Sir Paul Peckham, Sir Samuel Sheepy, Edmund, Mac Dermot, Picard, Butler, } Cook, } <i>Omitted.</i> Exempt, Bailiffs</p> <p>Footmen,</p> <p>Lady Peckham, Lucy, Lydia,</p>	<p>Mr. LEWIS. Mr. AICKIN. Mr. WILSON. Mr. MUNDEN. Mr. FARREN. Mr. JOHNSTONE. Mr. MARSHALL.</p> <p>Mr. THOMPSON. { Mr. CROSS. { Mr. LEE. { Mr. FARLEY. { Mr. EVAT. { Mr. LETTENY. { Mr. BLURTON.</p> <p>Mrs. MATTOCKS. Mrs. WELLS. Miss BRUNTON.</p>
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Scene, London: The house of Sir Paul Peckham and the apartments of the Count. Time twelve hours.

N. B. The passages between inverted commas are omitted in representation.

THE
SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE:

A
C O M E D Y.

W. G. W. ————— *Glazebrook*

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

[*The House of Sir PAUL PECKHAM.*]

Enter LYDIA followed by MAC DERMOT.

LYDIA.

ONCE again, Mr. Mac Dermot, have done with this nonsense.

Mac D. Arrah, and why so scoffish? Sure now a little bit of making love—

Lydia. Pshaw! Do me the favour to answer my questions. The Count, your master, is in love with Miss Lucy Peckham?

Mac D. Faith, and you may say that.

Lydia. Is he really well born?

B

Mac D.

2 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

Mac D. Oh! As for that, honey, let him alone. The noblest blood of France, aye, and what is better, of Ireland too, trickles to his finger's ends. The Villars and the O'Connolies.

Lydia. And he wishes to marry into the family of the Peckhams?

Mac D. The divle a bit, my dear.

Lydia. How?

Mac D. He is viry willing to marry the young Lady, but not her family. His pride and his passion have had many a tough battle about that, d'ye see. Only think! A direct descindant of the former kings of Ireland, and collateral cousin to a prisent peer of France, to besmear and besmoulder his dignity by rubbing it against porter butts, vinegar casks, and beer barrels.

Lydia. Miss Lucy is indeed a lovely girl, animated to excess, and sometimes apparently giddy and flighty: but she has an excellent understanding, and a noble heart; and these are superior to birth, which is indeed a thing of mere accident.

Mac D. Faith, and that it is—I, a simple Irishman, as I am—why now, I would have been born a duke, had they been civil enough to have asked my consent.

Lydia. The Count fell in love with her at the convent, to which she was sent to improve her French.

Mac D. And where I think you first met with her?

Lydia. Yes—she saw me friendless, and conceived a generous and disinterested affection for
for

for me.—He has followed her to England; has taken apartments in our neighbourhood, and lives in splendour—yet is not rich.

Mac D. Um, um.—No—But then, he is a Colonel in the Irish brigade; and, beside his pay, has facrit supplies.

Lydia. From whom?

Mac D. Faith, and I don't believe he knows that himself.

Lydia. That's strange!—His pride is excessive.

Mac D. To spake the truth, that now is his failing.—An if it was not for that, oh! he would be the jewel of a master!—He trates his infariors with contimpt, keeps his distance with his aquals, and values the rubbishing dust of his great grandfathers above diamonds!

Lydia. His character is in perfect contrast to that of his humble rival, Sir Samuel Sheepy; who, even when he addressses a footman, is all bows and affability; whose chief discourse is, Yes, if you please, and, No, thank you; and who, in the company of his mistrefs, stammers, blunders, and blushes, like a great boy.

Mac D. What is it you till me? He the rival of the Count my master! That old——

Lydia. A bachelor, and only fifty; rich, of a good family, and a great favourite with Lady Peckham, by never having the courage to contradict her.

Mac D. Why, there now! You talk of the Count's pride! Here is this city lady as proud as ten counts! Her own coach horses, ready harnessed, don't carry their heads higher! And then she is as insolent, and as vulgar, and—Hem!

4 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

Enter Lady PECKHAM and Sir SAMUEL SHEEPY, followed by two Footmen, in very smart morning jackets.

Lady P. Here, fellers—go with these here cards [*Footmen receive each a parcel of large cards, and are going*] “Oh! Tell that there “butler to come to me—instantly.”—And—Do you hear?—When you comes back, get those dismal heads of yourn better powder’d; put on your noo liveries, and make yourselves a little like christians.—These creeters are no better nur brootes, Sir Samooel! They are all so monstrosous low, and vulgar!—I have a party to-night; I hopes you vill make von?

Sir Sam. Certainly, my Lady.

“Lady P. Why, where is this butler?

Enter BUTLER.

“Butler. I am here, my Lady!

“Lady P. Is all the furniter rubb’d?

“Butler. All, my Lady!

“Lady P. The m’ogany bright?

“Butler. As bees-wax can make it, my Lady!

“Lady P. Bow pots in the china jars?

“Butler. Yes, my Lady!

“Lady P. The picters on the hall stair-case
“scoured?

“Butler. Clean, my Lady!—But, I—(*hesi-*
“*tating*)

“Lady P. You! You what?

“Butler. I am afraid their eyes and noses will
“soon difappear.

“Lady P. Psha!—Feller!—Are the noo
“prints come home?

“Butler. Yes, my Lady!

“Lady

“ Lady P. And the karakatoors hung up
“ in the drawing room ?

“ *Butler.* All, my Lady !

“ Lady P. You shall come and see 'em, Sir
“ Samooel !

“ *Sir Sam.* Your Ladyship has exquisite taste.

“ Lady P. Oh ! Sir Samooel !—Vell, feller ?

“ *Butler.* My Lady !

“ Lady P. What do you stand gaping at ?

“ *Butler.* My Lady !

“ Lady P. Vill you begone, feller ?

“ *Butler.* Oh !—Yes, my Lady ; (*Afide*) and
“ thank you too ! [*Exit.*”

Lady P. So, Miss ! is Sir Paul come to town ?

Lydia. I have not seen him, Madam.

Lady P. Sir Paul generally sleeps at our
country seat, at Hackney.

Sir Sam. A pleasant retreat, my Lady !

Lady P. Wastly ! A wery paradise !—Where
is my daughter, Miss ?

Lydia. I don't know, Madam.

Lady P. And why don't you know ? Please
to go and tell her Sir Samooel is here. [*Exit*
Lydia.]—A young purson that my daughter has
taken under her protection.

Sir Sam. Seems mild and modest, my Lady.

Lady P. Not too much of that, Sir Samooel.
—Who (*Surveying Mac Dermot*)—pray, who are
you, young man ?

Mac D. I !—Faith, my Lady, I—I am—my-
self : Mac Dermot.

Lady P. Who ?

Mac D. The Count's gentleman.

Lady P. Gentleman !—Gentleman, indeed !
—Count's gentleman !—Ha !—A kind of
mungrel Count, Sir Samooel ; half French,
half

6 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

half Irish ! As good a gentleman, I suppose, as his footman here ! I believe you have seen him though ?

Sir *Sam.* I think I once had the honor to meet him here, my Lady.

Lady *P.* An honor, Sir Samooel, not of my seeking, I assure you ! Aspires to the hand of Miss Looey Peckham !—He !—An outlandish French foriner !—I hates 'em all ! I looks upon none on 'em as no better nor savages ! What do they want with us ? Why our money, to be sure ! A parcel of beggars !—I wishes I was Queen of England for von day only ! I would usher my orders to take and conquer 'em all, and transport 'em to the plantations, instead of negurs.

Sir *Sam.* I have heard, my Lady, that the Count was my rival.

Lady *P.* He your rival, Sir Samooel ! He ! A half bred, higglety-pigglety, Irish, French fortin hunter rival you indeed !—[*Enter Lydia.*]—Vell, Miss ! Where is my daughter ?

Lydia. In her own apartment, Madam, dressing.

Lady *P.* She'll be down presently, Sir Samooel—Gentleman indeed ! The Count's Gentleman ! Ha ! Pride and Poverty !

[*Exeunt Lady Peckham and Sir Samuel Sheepy.*]

Mac D. (*Highly affronted*) Pride !—By the holy footstool, but your Ladyship and Lucifer are a pair !

(*Knocking.*)

Lydia. Here comes Sir Paul.

Mac D. Then I will be after going.

Lydia. No, no ; stay where you are.

Enter

Enter Sir PAUL PECKHAM.

Sir Paul. Ah! My sweet dear Liddy! You are the angel I wished first to meet! Come to my—(*Running up to her.*)—Why how now, huffey? Why so shy?

Lydia. Reserve your transports, Sir, for Lady Peckham.

Sir Paul. Lady!—But who have we here?

Lydia. Mr. Mac Dermot, Sir.

Sir Paul. Oh! I remember—servant to the Count, my intended son-in-law.

Mac D. The very same, Sir. [*Bows.*]

Sir Paul. I hear an excellent character of your master. They tell me he is a fine, hearty, dauntless, swaggering fellow! If so, he is a man of family, and the very husband for my Lucy.

Mac D. Faith, thin, and he is all that!

Sir Paul. As for this Sir Samuel Sheepy, he shall decamp—A water drinker! A bowing, scraping, simpering, ceremonious Sir! Never contradicts any body!—Dammee! An old bachelor! And he! He have the impudence to make love to my fine, young, spirited wench!—But he is my Lady's choice!—Is she within?

Lydia. Yes, Sir.

Sir Paul. I suppose we shall have a fine breeze on this subject! But, what! Am I not the monarch, the Grand Seignior of this house? Am I not absolute? Shall I not dispose of my daughter as I please? Do you hear, young man? Go, present my compliments to the Count, and tell him I mean to give him a call this morning.

[*Lydia makes signs to Mac Dermot to stay.*]

Mac D. I am waiting for him here, Sir.

Sir Paul. Waiting for him here, Sir! No, Sir! You cannot wait for him here, Sir!

8 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

Mac D. But, Sir—

Sir Paul. And, Sir ! Why don't you go ?

Mac D. The Count bid me, Sir—

Sir Paul. And I bid you, Sir—Pack ! Be-gone ! [*Exit Mac Dermot.*]—Now we're alone, my dear Lydia—Why, where are you going, huffey ?

Lydia. Didn't you hear my Lady call ?

Sir Paul. Call ? No.—And if she did, let her call.

Lydia. Surely, Sir, you would not have me offend her ?

Sir Paul. Offend ! Let me see who dare be offended with you in this house ! It is my will that you should be the Sultana !

Lydia. Me, Sir !

Sir Paul. You, my Queen of Hearts ! You ! My house, my wealth, my servants, myself, all are yours !

Lydia. You talk unintelligibly, Sir.

Sir Paul. Do I ? Why then I'll speak plainer.—I am in love with you ! You are a delicious creature, and I am determined to make your fortune !—I'll take you a house up in Mary-le-bone ; a neat snug box ; hire you servants, keep you a carriage, buy you rings, clothes, and jewels, and come and sup with you every evening !—Do you understand me now ?

Lydia. Perfectly, Sir !

Sir Paul. Well, and—hay !—Does not the plan tickle your fancy ? Do not your veins tingle, your heart beat, your—hay ? What say you ?

Lydia. I really, Sir, don't know what to say—except that I cannot comply, unless a
Lady,

A COMEDY.

Lady, whom I think it my duty to consult, should give her consent.

Sir *Paul*. What Lady? Who?

Lydia. Lady Peckham, Sir.

Sir *Paul*. My wife!—Zounds! Are you mad? Tell my wife?

Lydia. I shall further ask the advice of your son and daughter, who will wonder at your charity, in taking a poor orphan like me under your protection; “will be happy to see themselves ruined for my sake, and will profit by the example of so venerable a father.”

Sir *Paul*. Poh! Nonsense!

Lydia. A little farther off, if you please, Sir.

Sir *Paul*. Nearer! Angel! Nearer!

Lydia. I’ll raise the house, Sir!

Sir *Paul*. Pshaw!

Lydia. Help!

Sir *Paul*. My handkerchief! You sweet—

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. Lydia! Sir!

Sir *Paul*. How now, Sir!—[*Aside to Lydia.*]

Hem!—Say it was a mouse—

Edm. What is the matter, Sir?

Sir *Paul*. What’s that to you, Sir?—What do you want, Sir? Who sent for you, Sir?

Edm. I perceive you are not well, Sir!

Sir *Paul*. Sir!

Edm. How were you taken?

Sir *Paul*. Taken!—[*Aside*] Young scoundrel!—Take yourself away, Sir!

Edm. Impossible, Sir! You tremble! Your looks are disordered! Your eyes wild!

Sir *Paul*. [*Aside*] Here’s a dog!

C

Edm

10 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

Edm. Be so obliging, Miss Lydia, as to run and inform Lady Peckham how ill my father is !

Sir Paul. Why, you imp ! [*Stopping Lydia*] Lydia ! Stay where you are—You audacious !—Will you begone ?

Edm. That I certainly will not, Sir, while I see you in such a way !

Sir Paul. Way, Sir !—Very well, Sir !—Very well !

Edm. I'll reach you a chair, Sir—Pray sit down—Pray cool yourself.

Sir Paul. Oh, that I were cooling you in a horsepond !

Edm. You are growing old, Sir.

Sir Paul. You lie, Sir !

Edm. You should be more careful of yourself—Shall I send for a physician ?

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] Dammee, but I'll physic you ! I'll—

“ *Enter a MAN-COOK.*

“ *Cook.* Your soup is ready, Sir.

“ *Sir Paul.* Sir !

“ *Cook.* Knew your worship's hour—Never made better in my life—Rich and high ! Just to your worship's palate.

“ *Sir Paul.* Why, fellow, don't you see I'm very ill ?

“ *Cook.* Ill, Sir Paul !

“ *Sir Paul.* That my eyes are wild, that I tremble, am old, and want a physician ?

“ *Cook.* Lord ! Sir Paul ! I have been your physician for these fifteen years !

“ *Sir Paul.* I tell you, I'm ill ; and want cooling !

“ing! Ask that scoundrel else—I’m dying! So
“serve up your dose—

“Cook. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, your worship.

[Exit.]”

Sir Paul. [*Muttering as he goes off*] A fly, invidious—The demure dog has a mind to her himself—Yes, yes!—Oh! Damme, pitiful Peter, but I’ll fit you!

[Exit.]

Lydia. You see, Sir!

Edm. [*Sbrugging*] I do.

Lydia. I must leave this family.

Edm. Leave! Why, charming Lydia, will you afflict me thus? Have I not declared my purpose?

Lydia. Which cannot be accomplished. You promise marriage, but your father will never consent.

Edm. Then we will marry without his consent.

Lydia. Oh, no! Do not hope it! When I marry, it shall be to render both my husband and myself respectable, and happy: not to embitter, not to dishonour both.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Foot. A person, who calls himself Mr. Dorimont, enquires for you, Madam.

Lydia. Heavens! Can it be? Shew him up instantly.

[Exit Footman.]

Edm. You seem alarmed!

Lydia. No, no! Overjoyed!

Edm. Who is it?

Lydia. I scarcely can tell you. A gentleman who used to visit me in the convent.

Edm. Have you been long acquainted?

C 2

Lydia.

12 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

Lydia. Little more than two years ; during which he was my monitor, consoler, and guide

Edm. [*Seeing him before he enters*] His appearance—

Lydia. Is poor ; but his heart is rich in benevolence. Pray leave us. [*Exit Edmund.*]

Enter Mr. DORIMONT.

Lydia. [*Running to meet him*] Ah ! Sir—

Mr. Dor. I am happy to have found you once again.

Lydia. What, Sir, has brought you to England ?

Mr. Dor. Business ; part of which was to see you.

Lydia. You have been always generous and kind—Yet I am sorry you should see me thus.

Mr. Dor. Why ? [*Eagerly*] What are you ?

Lydia. An humble dependant—A lady's companion.

Mr. Dor. Alas ! Why did you leave the convent without informing me ?

Lydia. 'Twas unexpected.—You had forbore your visits ; and I feared death, or some misfortune. At my mother's decease, the young lady with whom I live having an affection for me, and seeing me deserted, offered to take me with her to England, promising I should rather be her friend than her companion.

Mr. Dor. And has she kept her word ?

Lydia. On her part faithfully, tenderly !

Mr. Dor. That is some consolation !

Lydia. But—

Mr. Dor. What ?

Lydia. She has a mother, who does not fail to make inferiority feelingly understand itself.

Mr. Dor. [*With some emotion*] Indeed!—[*Col-
lecting himself*] But with whom were you in
such earnest conversation when I entered?

Lydia. The brother of my young lady: a
gentleman worthy your esteem.

Mr. Dor. And worthy yours?—You blush!

Lydia. Do you blame me for being just?

Mr. Dor. No—He is rich, young, and hand-
some.—Do you often meet?

Lydia. We do.

Mr. Dor. You are lovely, inexperienced, and
unprotected!

Lydia. Fear nothing—I shall not easily for-
get myself.

Mr. Dor. [*Earnestly*] I hope not.—But what
does he say?

Lydia. That he loves me.

Mr. Dor. Is that all?

Lydia. No—He offers me secret marriage.

Mr. Dor. Secret marriage!

Lydia. I see the danger, and wish to shun it.
—You may find me some place of refuge in
France.

Mr. Dor. Can you so easily renounce all the
flattering prospects love has raised?

Lydia. Yes; and not only them, but love
itself, when it is my duty.

Mr. Dor. Noble-minded girl!—Remain where
you are—Nay, indulge your hopes; for know,
your lover will be honoured by your hand.

Lydia. Sir!—Honoured.

Mr. Dor. Honoured!—By birth you are greatly
his superior.

Lydia. Can you be serious?—Oh, trifle not
with

14 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE:

with a too trembling heart!—Why did my mother conceal this secret from me?—Or, if true, why die and leave it unrevealed?

Mr. Dor. There were reasons—She was not your mother.

Lydia. Not!—Oh, sir! You have conjured up ten thousand busy thoughts!—Is my mother living?

Mr. Dor. No.

Lydia. My father?

Mr. Dor. He is.

Lydia. Why has he so long forsaken me?

Mr. Dor. That must be told hereafter. Be patient—wait the event.—You are acquainted, I think, with Count Conolly Villars?

Lydia. He visits here.

Mr. Dor. I have business with him.

Lydia. Ah, Sir! I fear you will meet a cool reception! Your humble appearance and his pride will but ill agree.

Mr. Dor. Fear not—My business is to lower his pride.

Lydia. Sir! He may insult you.

Mr. Dor. Humble though I myself am, I hope to teach him humility. To visit you, and to accomplish this, was the purport of my journey.—Adieu for the present—Think on what I have said; and, though by birth you are noble, remember, virtue alone is true nobility.

[Lydia rings. Exit Mr. Dorimont, and enter Lucy: her dress more characteristic of the girl than of the woman; and her manner full of life, but tempered by the most delicate sensibility.]

Lucy. Well, Lydia! Any news for me?

Lydia. Mr. Mac Dermot has been here, with
the

the Count's compliments; but in reality to see if Lady Peckham were at home. You know how much he wishes to avoid her.

Lucy. Yes; and I don't wonder at it.—She has just been with me, ushering her orders, as she calls it.—“I desires, Miss, you will receive Sir Samooel Sheepy as your intended spouse.”—And so she has sent me here to be courted; and the inamorato is coming, as soon as he can take breath and courage!

Lydia. But why, my dear, do you indulge yourself in mocking your mamma?

Lucy. Lydia, I must either laugh or cry; and, though I laugh, I assure you it is often with an aching heart.

Lydia. My dear girl!

Lucy. I hope, however, you will own there is no great harm in laughing a little at this charming Adonis, this whimsical lover of mine!

Lydia. Perhaps not.

Lucy. What can his reason be for making love to me?

Lydia. There's a question! Pray, my dear, do you never look in your glafs?

Lucy. Um—yes—But does he never look in his glafs too?

Lydia. Perhaps his sight begins to decay.—But are not you alarmed?

Lucy. No.

Lydia. Do not you love the Count?

Lucy. Um—Yes.

Lydia. Well! And you know how violent and prejudiced Lady Peckham is!

Lucy. Perfectly! But I have Sir Paul on my side; and, as for Sir Samuel, he was dandled so
long

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long in the nursery, and is still so much of the awkward, bashful boy, that he will never dare to put the question directly to me; and I am determined never to understand him till he does.

Lydia. Here he comes.

Lucy. Don't leave me.

Enter SIR SAMUEL SHEEPY.

Sir Sam. [*Bowing with trepidation*] Madam—
Hem!—Madam—

Lucy. [*Curtfying and mimicking*] Sir—Hem!
Sir—[*Aside to Lydia*] Count his bows!

Sir Sam. Madam, I—Hem!—I am afraid—
I am troublesome.

Lucy. Sir—Hem!—A gentleman of your merit—Hem!—

Sir Sam. [*Continues bowing through most of the scene*] Oh, Madam!—I am afraid—Hem!—
You are busy.

Lucy. [*Curtfying to all his bows*] Sir—Hem!—

Sir Sam. Do me the honour to bid me begone.

Lucy. Surely, Sir, you would not have me guilty of rudeness?

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] What a blunder!—Madam—Hem!—I ask ten thousand pardons!

Lucy. Good manners require—Hem!

Sir Sam. That I should begone without bidding. [*Going*]

Lucy. Sir!

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] I suppose I'm wrong again!

Lucy. I didn't say so, Sir!

Sir Sam. [*Turning quick*] Didn't you, Madam?

Lucy. A person of your politeness, breeding, and accomplishments—Hem!—

Sir

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] She's laughing at me.

Lucy. Ought to be treated with all reverence. [*Curtisying with ironic gravity.*]

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] Yes! She's making a fool of me!

Lucy. Sir!—Were you pleased to speak, Sir?—Hem!—

Sir Sam. Hem!—Not a word, Madam!

Lydia. This will be a witty conversation.

Lucy. I presume, Sir—Hem!—You have something to communicate.—

Sir Sam. Madam!—Hem!—Yes, Madam, I mean no, Madam—No—Nothing—Hem!—

Lydia. Nothing, Sir Samuel!

Sir Sam. Hem!—Nothing—Nothing.

Lucy. Then may I take the liberty, Sir, to enquire—Hem!—What the purport of your visit is?—Hem!—

Sir Sam. The—the—the—Hem!—The—purport is—Hem!—I—I have really forgotten!

Lucy. Oh, pray, Sir, take time to recollect yourself—Hem!—I am sure, Sir Samuel—Hem!—You have something to say to me—Hem!

Sir Sam. Yes—No—no—nothing.

Lydia. Fie! Sir Samuel! Nothing to say to a lady!

Sir Sam. No!—Hem!—I never had any thing to say to ladies in my life! That is—Yes—Yes—I own—I have something of the—the utmost—Hem!

Lucy. Indeed!

Sir Sam. A thing which—lies at my heart!—Hem!

Lucy. Mercy!—Sir Samuel!—Hem!—

Sir Sam. Which I—Hem!—Have long—
But I will take some other opportunity. [*Offering
to go.*]

Lucy. By no means, Sir Samuel! You have
quite alarmed me! I am impatient to hear! I
am afraid you are troubled in mind—Hem!

Sir Sam. Why—Hem!—Yes, Madam—
Rather—Hem!

Lucy. I declare, I thought so! I am very
forry! Perhaps you are afraid of death?

Sir Sam. Madam!

Lucy. Yet you are not so very old!

Sir Sam. Madam!

Lucy. But I would not have you terrify
yourself too much—Hem!

Sir Sam. Madam!

Lucy. I perceive I have guessed it.

Sir Sam. Madam! Hem! No, Madam.

Lucy. No!—What then is this important
secret?—Nay, pray tell me—Hem!

Sir Sam. Hem! N—n—n—n not at present,
Madam.

Lydia. Nay, Sir Samuel!

Sir Sam. Some other time, Madam—
Hem!

Lucy. And can you be so cruel to me? Can
you? I declare, I shall dream about you! Shall
think I see you in your winding-sheet! Or
some such frightful figure! And shall wake all in
a tremble—Hem!

Sir Sam. A tremble indeed, Madam!

Lucy. And won't you tell me, Sir Samuel?
Won't you?

Sir Sam. N—n—n—n not at present, Ma-
dam—Hem!

Lucy.

Lucy. Well, if you won't, Sir Samuel, I must leave you; for what you have said has absolutely given me the vapours!—Hem!

Sir Sam. I, Madam!—Have I given you the vapours?

Lucy. Yes, you have, Sir Samuel; and shocking too! You have put such gloomy ideas into my mind!

Sir Sam. Bless me, Madam—Hem!

Lucy. Your faults, Lydia!—Hem!

Sir Sam. I hope, Madam, you—you are not very ill!

Lucy. Oh, I shall be better in another room—Hem!

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] Yes, yes; 'tis my company that has given her the vapours. [*Aloud*] Shall I—[*Confusedly offering his arm.*]

Lucy. No, no—Stay where you are, Sir Samuel.

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] She wants to be rid of me!—Hem!

Lucy. Only, remember, you are under a promise to tell me your secret—Hem!—If you don't, I shall certainly see your ghost! Remember—Hem! [*Exit.*]

Sir Sam. Madam—I—[*Not knowing whether to go or stay*—[*To Lydia*] Miss Lydia—Hem!

Lydia. Sir!

Sir Sam. If you would—hem! be so civil, I—

Lydia. Oh, Sir! I have the vapours as bad as Miss Lucy! [*Exit.*]

Sir Sam. Have you?—Hem! Bless me!
“Death! Winding-sheets! Ghosts!—Gloomy
“ideas indeed—Hem!—She was laughing at

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“ me ! I am sure she was ! Hem ! All my life
“ long have I been laughed at by young co-
“ quettish girls ! Yet I can't forsake 'em ! Then”
the vapours ! My old trick ! I always give
young ladies the vapours ! I make 'em ill !
They are always sick of me ! Hem !—'Tis very
strange that I can't learn to talk without having
a word to say ! A thing so common too ! Why
can't I give myself monkey airs, skip here and
there, be self-sufficient, impertinent, and be-
have like a puppy, purposely to please the la-
dies ? What ! Is there no such thing to be found
as a woman who can love a man for his mo-
desty ? This foreign count, now, my rival, is
quite a different thing ! He [*Mimicking*]
—He walks with a straight back, and a cocked-up chin,
and a strut, and a stride, and stares, and takes
snuff, and— ! Yes, yes ! He's the man for the
ladies ! [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE, *an Apartment in the House of Sir PAUL PECKHAM.*

LYDIA.

I CANNOT forget it—My father alive !
And I of noble descent !—'Tis very strange !
—Hope, doubt, and apprehension are all in
arms ! Imagination hurries me beyond all li-
mits of probability !

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. Why do you thus seek solitude ?

Lydia. To indulge thought.

Edm. Has your friend brought you bad news ?

Lydia. No.

Edm. What has he said ?

Lydia. Strange things !

Edm. Heavens !—What ?

Lydia. You would think me a lunatic, were I to repeat them.

“ *Edm.* Lydia ! I conjure you not to keep me on the rack !

“ *Lydia.* I was enjoined silence, but I feel my heart has no secrets for you—Yet, you will laugh.

“ *Edm.* Ungenerous Lydia !

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“*Lydia.* Yes; you will think me mad.”

Edm. Lydia, you are unjust.

Lydia. Am I?—Well then, I am told—
Would you believe it?—I am told that my
family is illustrious!

Edm. Good heavens!—’Tis true! I feel it is
true! Charming Lydia, [*Kneeling*] thus let love
pay you that homage which the world, blind and
malignant, denies.

Lydia. Rise, Edmund. Birth can at best but
confer imaginary dignity; there is no true gran-
deur but of mind.

Edm. Some one is coming!

Lydia. Aye, aye! Get you gone.

Edm. I am all transport!

Lydia. Hush! Away!

Edm. My angel! [*Kisses her hand.*]

[*Exit hastily.*]

Enter FOOTMAN, introducing Mr. DORIMONT.

Foot. A gentleman to you, Madam.

Lydia. This sudden return, Sir, is kind.

Mr. Dor. I have bethought me. The mo-
ment is critical, and what I have to communi-
cate of importance. Are we secure?

Lydia. We are. This is my apartment.
[*Lydia goes and bolts the door.*] Have you seen
the Count, Sir?

Mr. Dor. No. But I have written to him
anonymously.

Lydia. And why anonymously?

Mr. Dor. To rouse his feelings, wound his
vanity, and excite his anger. His slumbering
faculties must be awakened.—Is he kind to
you?

Lydia.

Lydia. No. Yet I believe him to be generous, benevolent, and noble of heart; though his habitual haughtiness gives him the appearance of qualities the very reverse.

Mr. Dor. Worthy, kind girl!—You were born for the consolation of a too unfortunate father!

Lydia. Again you remind me that I have a father. Why am I not allowed to see him? Why am I not suffered to fly into his arms?

Mr. Dor. He dreads lest his wretched and pitiable condition should make you meet him with coldness.

Lydia. Oh! How little does he know my heart! Yet speak; tell me, what monster was the cause of his misery?

Mr. Dor. The monster Pride.

Lydia. Pride!

Mr. Dor. Your mother's pride, which first squandered his wealth, and next endangered his life.

Lydia. How you alarm me!

Mr. Dor. A despicable dispute for precedency was the occasion of a duel, in which your father killed his antagonist, whose enraged family, by suborning witnesses, caused him to be convicted of murder, obliged him to fly the kingdom, and with your mother wander under a borrowed name, a fugitive in distant countries.

Lydia. Heavens!—But why leave me ignorant of my birth?

Mr. Dor. That, being unfortunate, you might be humble: that you might not grieve after happiness which you seemed destined
not

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not to enjoy. 'Twas the precaution of a fond father, desirous to alleviate, if not succour your distress.

Lydia. Oh ! How I burn to see him !—Is he not in danger ? Is his life secure ?

Mr. Dor. He himself can scarcely say. His enemies have discovered him, are hot in pursuit, and fertile in stratagems and snares. They know that justice is now busied in his behalf ; but justice is slow, and revenge is restless.—Their activity, I hear, is redoubled.

Lydia. Guard, I conjure you, guard my father's safety ! Let me fly to seek him ! Conduct me to his feet !

Mr. Dor. He wished you first to be informed of his true situation ; left, knowing him to be noble, you should expect to see him in all the pomp of affluence, instead of meeting a poor, dejected, forlorn old man.

Lydia. His fears are unjust ; injurious to every feeling of filial affection and duty ! The little I have I will freely partake with him. My clothes, the diamond which my supposed mother left me, whatever I possess shall instantly be sold for his relief : my life shall be devoted to soften his sorrows. Oh that I could prove myself worthy to be his daughter ! Oh that I could pour out my soul to secure his felicity !

Mr. Dor. Forbear !—Let me breathe !—Affection cannot find utterance !—Oh ! this melting heart !—My child !

Lydia. Sir !

Mr. Dor. My Lydia !

Lydia. Heavens !

Mr. Dor. My child !—My daughter !

Lydia.

Lydia. [*Falling at his feet*] Can it be?—My father!—Oh ecstasy!

Mr. Dor. Rise, my child!—Suffer me to appease my melting heart!—Oh, delight of my eyes!—Why is not your brother like you?

Lydia. My brother! Who? Have I a brother?

Mr. Dor. The Count is your brother.

Lydia. 'Tis too much!

Mr. Dor. He is not worthy such a sister.

Lydia. The sister of the Count! I!—Ah! Nature, thy instincts are fabulous: for, were they not, his heart would have beaten as warmly toward me, as mine has done for him!

Mr. Dor. I will make him blush at his arrogance. You shall witness his confusion; which shall be public, that it may be effectual.

Lydia. Would you have me avoid explanation with him?

Mr. Dor. Yes, for the present.—I mean to see him. Our meeting will be warm; but he shall feel the authority of a father.

Lydia. If you are a stranger to him, I fear left—

Mr. Dor. No, no. He knows me, but knows not all his obligations to me.—I have secretly supplied him with money, and gained him promotion; which he has vainly attributed to his personal merits. But I must be gone. My burthened heart is eased! Once more, dear child of my affections, be prudent. I have much to apprehend; but, should the present moment prove benign, my future days will all be peace!

[*Knocking heard at the chamber door.*]

E

Lydia.

Lydia. [*Alarmed*] Who's there ?

Sir Paul. [*Without*] 'Tis I !—Open the door !

Lydia. I am bufy, Sir.

Sir Paul. Pfhaw ! Open the door, Itell you !

Mr. Dor. Who is it ?

Lydia. Sir Paul.

Mr. Dor. And does he take the liberty to come into your apartment ?

Lydia. Oh, Sir, he will take any liberty he can.

Sir Paul. Why don't you open the door ?

Mr. Dor. You are furrounded by danger and temptation !

Lydia. Have no fears for me, Sir.

Sir Paul. Will you open the door, I fay ?

Mr. Dor. Let him come in. [*Lydia unbolts the door.*]

Enter SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. What is the reason, you dear little baggage, that you always fhut yourself up fo carefully ?

Lydia. You are one of the reafons, Sir.

Sir Paul. Pfhaw ! You need not be afraid of me !

Lydia. I'm *not* afraid of you, Sir.

Sir Paul. Why that's right. I'm come to talk matters over with you. My Lady's out—a wifiting. [*Mimicking*]—The coaft is clear. I have fecured my gracelefs dog of a fon—I fufpect—!

Lydia. What, Sir ?

Sir Paul. But it won't do ! Mind ! Take the hint !—I've heard of an excellent houfe !

Lydia. You are running on as ufual, Sir.

Sir Paul. With a convenient back door!—
I'll bespeak you a carriage! Choose your own
liveries! Keep as many footmen as you please!
Indulge in every thing your heart can wish!
Operas, balls, routs, masquerades! Rotten Row
of a Sunday! Town house and country house!
Bath, Bristol, or Buxton! Hot wells, or cold
wells! Only—Hem!—Hay?

Lydia. Sir, I must not hear such ribaldry.

Sir Paul. Indeed but you must, my dear—
How will you help it? You can't escape me
now! I have you fast! No scapegrace scoundrel
of a—! [*Mr. Dorimont comes forward*] And so—

Mr. Dor. [*Sternly*] And so, Sir!

Sir Paul. Zounds! [*Pause*] And so! [*Look-
ing round*] Locked up together! You were
busy!

Mr. Dor. Well, Sir?

Sir Paul. Oh, very, Sir! Perhaps you have
a house yourself, Sir?

Mr. Dor. Sir?

Sir Paul. With a convenient back door?

Mr. Dor. So far from offering the lady such
an insult, Sir, I am almost tempted to chastise
that impotent effrontery which has been so dar-
ing.

Sir Paul. Hem!—You are very civil, Sir!
And, as a return for your compliment, I am
ready to do myself the pleasure, Sir, to wait on
you down stairs.

Lydia. I'll spare you the trouble, Sir.

Mr. Dor. Though this Lady's residence here
will be but short, I would have you beware, Sir,
how you shock her ears again, with a proposal
so vile!

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Sir Paul. Your caution is kind, Sir!

Mr. Dor. I am sorry it is necessary, Sir! What! The head of a house! The father of a family! Oh! Shame! He who, tottering on the brink of the grave, would gratify appetites which he no longer knows, by reducing the happy to misery and the innocent to guilt, deserves to sink into that contempt and infamy into which he would plunge unwary simplicity.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the apartment of the Count, an elegant room, with chairs, sofa, glasses, pictures, &c.*

MAC DERMOT and PICARD, *with a letter in his hand, meeting.*

Mac D. So, Mr. Picard; what have you got there?

Pic. Von lettre for Monsieur le Comte.

Mac D. Well, give it me, and go about your business.

Pic. No! I not go about my business! My business is to speaka to you.

Mac D. To me!—And what is it you want?

Pic. *Mon argent!* My wage an my congé! My dismiss!

Mac D. How, man alive!

Pic. You are dee—dee factotum to dee Count. He suffare no somebody to speaka to him; so I am come speaka to you.

Mac D. Arrah now, and are you crazy? Quit the service of a Count! Your reason, man?

Pic. My *raison* is you talka too mosh enough; he no talk at all! I follow him from France;
I yet

I yet live vid him by and by four month, he no speaka to me four vord!

Mac D. What then?

Pic. Vat den!—*Je suis François, moi!* I ave dee tongue for a dee speaka; I mus speaka; I vila speaka! He not so mosh do me dee *faveur* to scold a me! I ave leave dee best Madame in Paris for *Monsieur le Comte*—*Quelle Femme!* Her tongue vas nevare still! Nevare! She scold and she clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, from all day an all night! Oh! It vas delight to hear!

Mac D. And so you want to be scolded?

Pic. *Oui*—I love to be scold, I love to scold; to be fall out an to be fall in—*C'est mon gout*—Dee plaisir of my life! *J'irai crever!* If I no speak I burst!

Mac D. And is it you now, spalpeen, that would chatter in the prifence of the Count?

Pic. Shatter! Shatter! Ha! Vat you mean shatter?

Mac D. Have not you roast beef and plum pudding?

Pic. Vat is roas beef, vat is plom boodin, gotam! if I no speaka? I ave a dee Master in France dat starva me, dat pay me no gage, dat leave a me *tout en guenilles*; all rag an tattare; yet I love him better as mosh! *Pourquoi?* [*Affectionately*] *Helas! J'étois son cher ami!* His dear fren! He talka to me, I talka to him! I laugh at his joke, he laugh *aussi*, an I am both togeder so happy as dee prince! But dee Count! Oh! He as proud!—Ha!—*Comme ça.* [*Mimicking.*]

Mac D.

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Mac D. Poh! Now—My good fillow, have patience.

Pic. *Patience! Moi!*—I no *patience*—If I no speak I am *enragé*—I am French—I am Picard—Ven dee heart is full dee tongue mus run! I give you varn—Let my Mafta speak, or I shall difmiffa my Mafta!

Mac D. Here comes the Count! Stand back, man, and hould your tongue!

[*Enter the Count, followed by two Footmen, in handsome liveries. Footmen place themselves in the back ground. Mac Dermot comes a little forward.*]

Count. The more I reflect on my own infatuation, the more I am astonished!

Mac D. My Lord—

Count. [*Traversing the stage*] A man of my birth! My rank! “So to forget himself!—“Still she is an angel!—But the family of a “cit!”—A brewer’s daughter!

Mac D. My Lord—

Count. [*Gives him a forbidding look*] The world contains not a woman so lovely!—“Yet “the vulgar, haughty, disgusting airs of the “mother! The insulting familiarity of the “father! And the free, unceremonious tone of “the whole family!—I am fascinated!”—Neither do they condescend to court my alliance! “I must be the humble suitor: I must entreat, “must supplicate permission to degrade my “noble ancestors, who will abjure me, blushing “through their winding sheets!”—I must petition, and fawn, and acknowledge the high honour done.—No! If I do!—Yet ’tis false! I shall! I feel I shall be thus abject.

Mac D.

Mac D. If—I might be so bould—

Count. Well, Sir—

Mac D. A letter for your Lordship.

Count. Oh!—What from the ambassador?

Mac D. No faith, my Lord.

Count. Ha! The Duchefs?

Mac D. No, my Lord, nor the Duchefs, neither.

Count. [*Taking it*] Who then, Sir?

Mac D. Faith, my Lord, that is more than I can say—But perhaps the letter itself can tell you.

Count. Sir!—Who brought it?

Pic. *Un pauvre valet* footaman, mee Lor— His shoe, his stocking, his *habit*, his *chapeau*, vas all patch an piece. And he vas—

Mac D. [*Aside, interrupting him*] Bo!

Count. [*Throwing down the letter, blowing his fingers, and dusting them with his white handkerchief*] Foh!—Open it, and inform me of the contents.

Mac D. Yes, my Lord.

Pic. His *visage*, mee Lor—

Count. How now!

Pic. [*In a pitiful tone*] Mee Lor—

Mac D. 'Sblood, man—! [*Stopping his mouth, and pushing him back.*]

Count. [*Makes signs to the footmen, who bring an arm-chair forward, and again submissively retire*] She is ever uppermost! I cannot banish her my thoughts! Do you hear?—Dismiss those—[*Waving his hand.*]

Mac D. Yes, my Lord.—Hark you, spalpeens! [*Waving his hand with the same air as the Count.*]

[*Exeunt footmen.*]

Pic.

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Pic. [*Advancing*] *Monsieur le Comte*—

Count. [*After a stare*] Again !

Pic. I ave von *requête* to beg—

Count. Pay that fellow his wages immediately !

Mac D. I tould you so ! [*Pushing him away*] Hush ! Silence !

Pic. Silence ! I am no English ! I hate filence ! I—

Mac D. Poh ! Bodtheration ! Be asy !—I will try now to make your pace ! [*Pushes him off, and then returns to examining the letter.*]

Count. Insolent menial !—Well, Sir ? The contents ?

Mac D. Faith, my Lord, I am afraid the contents will not please you !

Count. How so, Sir ?

Mac D. Why, as for the how so, my Lord, if your Lordship will but be pleased to read—

Count. Didn't I order you to read ?

Mac D. To be sure you did, my Lord ; but I should take it as a very particular grate favour, if that your Lordship would but be pleased to read for yourself.

Count. Why, Sir ?

Mac D. Your Lordship's timper is a little warm ; and—

Count. Read !

Mac D. Well—If I must I must !—‘The person who thinks proper, at present, to address you’—

Count. [*Interrupting*] Sir !

Mac D. My Lord !

Count. Be pleased to *begin* the letter, Sir !

Mac D.

Mac D. Begin? Sarra the word of beginning is here—before or after—

Count. ‘The person’?

Mac D. Yes, my Lord.

Count. Mighty odd! [*Throws himself in the arm-chair*] Proceed, Sir.

Mac D. ‘The person who thinks proper, at present, to address you, takes the liberty to inform you that your haughtiness, instead of being dignified, is ridiculous.’

Count. [*Starting up*] Sir!

Mac D. Why now, I tould your Lordship!

Count. [*Traversing the stage.*] Go on!

Mac D. [*With hesitating fear.*] ‘The little—merit—you have’—

Count. [*With a look.*] The little merit I have? The little?—The little?—[*Mac Dermot holds up the letter.*]—Go on!

Mac D. ‘The little merit you have—cannot convince the world that your pride—is not—is not—is not—’

Count. Is not what? [*Sternly.*]

Mac D. [*Fearful*] ‘Impertinent.’

Count. [*Striking Mac Dermot.*] Rascal!

Mac D. Viry well, my Lord!—[*Throwing down the letter*] I humbly thank your Lordship!—By Jafus! But I’ll remimber the favour—

Count. [*More coolly*] Read, Sir.

Mac D. To the divle I pitch me if I do!

Count. [*Conscious of having done wrong*] Read, *Mac Dermot.*

Mac D. No, my Lord!—*Mac Dermot* is a man!—An Englishman!—Or an Irishman, by Jafus, which is better still! And by the holy poker, if but that your Lordship was not a Lord

now!— [*Pulling down his sleeves, and clenching his fist with great agony.*]

Count. [*Carelessly letting his purse fall*] Pick up that purse, Mac Dermot.

Mac D. 'Tis viry well!—Oh!—Well!—Well!—Well! [*Lays the purse on the table.*]

Count. You may keep it—Mac Dermot.

Mac D. What!—I touch it!—No, my Lord!—Don't you think it!—I despise your guineas!—An Irishman is not to be paid for a blow!

Count. [*With increasing consciousness of error, and struggling with his feelings*]—I—I have been hafty—

Mac D. Well, well!—'Tis viry well!

Count. I am—I—I am sorry, Mac Dermot.

Mac D. [*Softened*] My Lord!

Count. [*Emphatically*] Very sorry—

Mac D. My Lord!

Count. Pray forget it! [*Taking him by the hand*] I cannot forgive myself.

Mac D. By the blessed Mary, then, but I can.—Your Lordship is a noble gentleman!—There is many an upstart Lord has the courage to strike, whin they know their poor starving depindants hands are chained to their sides, by wretchedness and oppression: but few indeed have the courage to own the injury!

Count. I will remember, Mac Dermot, that I am in your debt.

Mac D. Faith, and if you do, my Lord, your mimory will be better than mine!—I have lived with your Lordship some years; and, though not always a kind, you have always been a ginerous master. To be sure, I niver before
had

had the honour of a blow from your Lordship; but then I niver before had the satisfaction to be quite sure that, while you remimbered yourself to be a Lord, you had not forgotten poor Mac Dermot was a man.

Count. Well, well! [*Aside, and his pride returning*] He thinks he has a licence now to prate.—There is no teaching servants; nay indeed there is no teaching any body a sence of propriety!

Mac D. Did your Lordship spake? [*Bowing kindly.*]

Count. Give me that letter. And—take the money—It is yours.

Mac D. Your Lordship will be plased for to pardon me there.—If you think proper, you may give me twice as much to-morrow.—But the divle a doit I'll touch for to-day!

Count. Wait within call.

Mac D. [*Going*] I niver before knew he was all togedther such a jewel of a master! [*Exit.*]

Count. 'Tis this infernal letter that caused me to betray myself thus to my servant!—And who is this insolent, this rash adviser? May I perish if I do not punish the affront!—Here is no name!—A strange hand too!—[*Reads*] ‘The friend who gives you this useful lesson has disguised his hand, and concealed his name’—Anonymous coward!—‘His present intention being to awaken reflection, and make you blush at your own bloated vanity’—Intolerable! ‘Or, if not, to prepare you for a visit from one who thinks it his duty to lower your arrogance; and who will undertake the disagreeable task this very day.’—Will he? Will he?—Mac Dermot!

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Mac D. [*Entering*] My Lord !

Count. If any stranger enquire for me, inform me instantly.

Mac D. Yes, my Lord.

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. Good-morrow, Count.

Count. [*Slightly bowing, and with vexation to Mac Dermot*] Why, where are my fellows ? No body to shew the gentleman up ?

Edm. Oh ! You are too ceremonious by half, Count !

Count. [*With quickness*] A little ceremony, Sir, is the essence of good breeding.

Edm. Psha !

Count. Psha, Sir !

Edm. Ceremony, like fringe hiding a beautiful face, makes you suspect grace itself of deformity.

Count. Do you hear, Mac Dermot ?

Mac D. My Lord !

Count. See that those rascals are more attentive !

Edm. Why, what is the matter with you, Count ?

Count. [*Muttering and traversing*] Count ! Count !

Edm. You seem out of temper !

Count. [*Strongly feeling his own impropriety*] Oh dear ! No—No—Upon my honour, no !—You totally mistake—I assure you, you mistake. I'm very glad to see you ! I am indeed ! [*Taking him eagerly by the hand.*]

Edm. I'm very glad you are. Though you have an odd mode of expressing your joy ! But you

you are one of the unaccountables ! Cast off this formality—

Count. [*Aside*] Very fine ! [*Biting his fingers*] Formality, Sir !

Edm. Give the heart its genuine flow !— Throw away constraint, and don't appear as if you were always on the tenter-hooks of imaginary insult !

Count. I ! [*Aside*] This is damn'd impertinent ! [*Struggling to be over-familiar*] You entirely misconceive me ! My character is frank and open ! No man has less constraint ! I even study to be, as it were, spontaneous !

Edm. Ha, ha, ha ! I perceive you do !

Count. Really, Sir !— [*Aside*] Does he mean to insult me ?

Edm. I thought to have put you in a good humour.

Count. I am in a good humour, Sir ! I never was in a better humour, Sir ! Never, Sir ! 'Sdeath ! A good humour, indeed !—Some little regard to propriety, and such manners as good breeding prescribes to gentlemen—

Edm. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, well, Count, endeavour to forget the gentleman, and—

Count. Sir ! No, Sir : however you may think proper to act, that is a character I shall never forget.

Edm. Never, except at such moments as these, I grant, Count.

Count By—!

Edm. Well gulped !—I had a sort of a message ; but I find I must take some other opportunity, when you are not quite in so good a humour. [*Going*] I'll tell my sister what—

Count.

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Count. Sir!—Your sister!—My divine Lucy!—A message!

Edm. So! The magic chord is touched!

Count. Dear Sir, I— I, I, I,—I am afraid I am warm.—Your sister you said!—I doubt I— that is—

Edm. Well, well, make no apologies.

Count. Apologies! No, Sir!—I did'nt mean—That is—Yes—I—My Lucy! My Lucy! What message?

Edm. Nay, I cannot well say myself. You know the madcap,—She bade me tell you, if I *happened* [*Significantly*] to see you, that she wanted to give you a lecture.

Count. Indeed! [*Aside*] I'm lectured by the whole family. [*Aloud*] On what subject?

Edm. Perhaps you'll take pet again!

Count. I, Sir!—Take pet!—My sense of propriety, Sir—[*Biting his lips.*]

Edm. Why, ay? Your sense of propriety, which, by the bye, my flippant sister calls your pride, [*Count in great agitation*] is always on the watch, to catch the moment when it becomes you to take offence.

Count. You—You are determined I shall not want opportunities!

Edm. You mistake, Count—I have a friendship for you.—Why, what a forbidding stare is that now! Ay! A friendship for you.

Count. Sir—I—I am not insensible of the—honour—

Edm. Yes, you are.

Count. [*With over-acted condescension*] Sir, you are exceedingly mistaken! Very exceedingly! Indeed you are! As I am a man of honour,

there is no gentleman whom I should think it higher—that is—Upon my soul—!

Sir PAUL on the Stairs.

Sir Paul. Is the Count at home, young man?

Footman. [*Without*] Yes, Sir.

Edm. I hear my father! We have had a fracas; I must escape! If you will come and listen to my sister's lecture, fo—Good-morrow! [*Exit.*

Count. 'Tis insufferable! Never sure did man of my rank run the gauntlet thus! No respect! No distinction of persons! But with people of this class 'tis ever so—Hail fellow well met!

Enter SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. Ay! Hail fellow well met! Hay! You jolly dog! [*Shaking him heartily by the band.*]

Count. Hem! Good—Good-morrow, Sir! [*Aside*] Here is another family lecturer!

Sir Paul. Was not that young Mock-modersty that brushed by me on the stairs?

Count. It was your son, Sir.

Sir Paul. Good morning, Sir! [*Mimicking*] said the scoundrel, when he was out of my reach.—Dammee! [*With a kick*] I would have shewn him the shortest way to the bottom!—Well—Hay! You have elegant apartments here!

Count. [*With contempt*] Very indifferent, Sir!

Sir Paul. I shall remain in town for a fortnight, and am glad you live so near—We'll storm the wine-cellar!—I hear you are no flincher!—Hay! When shall we have a set-to!
Hay?

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Hay ! When shall we have a rory tory ? A catch, and a toast, and a gallon a man !—But—Hay ! —What's the matter ?—An't you well ?

Count. [*With sudden excess of affability*] Oh, yes, Sir Paul ! Exceedingly well, Sir Paul ! Never better, Sir Paul !

Sir Paul. Why, that's right—I thought you had been struck dumb.

Count. Oh ! By no means, Sir Paul ! I am very happy to see you ! Extremely happy ! Inexpressibly—

Sir Paul. I knew you would—What say you to my Lucy ? Hay !

Count. Say ! That she—She is a phoenix ! [*In raptures.*]

Sir Paul. Dammee, so she is ! What is a phoenix ?

Count. I adore her !

Sir Paul. That's right !

Count. The day that makes her mine, will be the happiest of my life !

Sir Paul. So it will—For I'll make you as drunk as an emperor ! Hollo, there !—Get your master's hat—Come, come ; you shall dine with me. [*Locking him by the arm.*]

Count. Sir !

Sir Paul. Dammee, I'll make you drunk to-day !

Count. Did you speak to me, Sir ?

Sir Paul. To you ? Why, what the devil ! Do you think I spoke to your footman ? [*Quitting his arm.*]

Count. [*Again endeavouring to be affable*] Oh, no, Sir Paul ! No ! I—Pardon me—I—I was absent.

Sir

Sir Paul. Absent !—I smell a rat—Your dignity took miff !

Count. No, Sir Paul ; by no means—No—I—That is—I will acknowledge, I am not very much accustomed to such familiarities.

Sir Paul. Are you not ? Then you soon must be.

Count. Sir !

Sir Paul. Ay, Sir ! A few lessons from me will cure you.

Count. Sir—I—

Sir Paul. I am the man to make you throw off ! I'll teach you to kick your stateliness down stairs, and toss your pride, as I do my wig, behind the fire.

Count. Good breeding, Sir—

Sir Paul. Good breeding, Sir, is a block-head, Sir ! None of your formal Don Glums ! None of your *grand pas* for me ! A friend, good fellowship, and t'other bottle ! That's my motto !

Count. People of my rank distinguish—

Sir Paul. Damn distinctions !

Count. They make it a condition, Sir—

Sir Paul. Indeed !—Look you, my dear Count, either unbridle, or you and I are two. You tell me you love my daughter—She is the finest girl in England ; and I believe the flut has taken a fancy to you. The match pleases me, because it displeases my wife—And, except when you are riding your high horse, I like you, Count.—Dismount, and it's a match.—If not, turn the peg, and prance ! I'm your humble !

G

Count.

Count. [*Aside*] I'll not endure it! Racks shall not make me bend to this!

Sir Paul. Lucy is a wench after my own heart!—No piping, no pining, no fobbing for her! I have a fine fellow in my eye—

Count. Sir! [*Alarmed*]

Sir Paul. None of your Sir Ramrod Grumble-gizzards!

Count. By Heavens! I would cut the villain's throat who should dare impede my happiness!

Sir Paul. Why ay! Dammee, now you talk!

Count. The loss of my Lucy would render me the most wretched of beings!

Enter MAC DERMOT with the hat.

Sir Paul. To be sure—[*Taking him again by the arm*] Come, come! [*Claps the Count's hat on his head*] Dinner is waiting! I smell the haunch! It perfumes the whole street! Come along! I hate the shackles of ceremony! A smoking table, and a replenished side-board, soon put all men on a level! Your hungry and thirsty souls for me! He that enters my house, always deposits his grandeur, if he has any, at the door! [*Sings*]

“ This brown jug, my dear Tom, which now foams with mild ale.”

Mac D. Well said, old Toby! Oh! [*Rubbing his hands.*]

[*Exeunt. The Count making disconcerted attempts to preserve his stateliness, wishing to be familiar, scarcely knowing how to behave, and Mac Dermot enjoying his embarrassment.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The drawing-room of Sir Paul Peckham elegantly furnished, but hung all round with prints, chiefly caricatures.*

EDMUND and LYDIA.

Edm. I SHALL never recover from my surprize!

Lydia. Hush!

Edm. The Count your brother?—My sifter, my family, must be informed.

Lydia. Not on your life, Edmund. So implacable are his enemies, that my father informs me an Exempt, bribed by them, has followed him to England.

Edm. Impotent malice! The laws will here protect him.

Lydia. Oh! Who can say? The wicked cunning of such life-hunters is dreadful!—I insist therefore upon your promise.

Edm. My Angel! Fear nothing! [*Kissing her hand.*]

Enter Lucy unperceived.

Lucy. [*Placing herself beside Edmund*] Turn about!—Now me. [*Holding out her hand*]

Edm. Oh sifter! I am the happiest of men!

Lucy. And you appear to be very busy too, with your happiness.

Edm. Did you but know!—

Lucy. Oh! I know a great deal more than you suspect—Not but you seem to be taking measures to inform the whole house.

Edm. Of what?

Lucy. [*Placing herself between them*] That you two are never easy apart,

Edm. Sister—I—I must insist that you speak of this Lady with—with every respect!

Lucy. Brother!

Lydia. Edmund!

“*Lucy.* [*Looking first at one and then at the other*] Strange enough this!

“*Edm.* Were I to tell you—

“*Lydia.* [*Aside, and making signs*] Very well!

“*Lucy.* Tell me what?—Why don't you tell me?

“*Edm.* Pshaw! No no—Nothing—I—I don't know what I am saying.

“*Lucy.* Why surely you don't imagine your fondness for each other is any secret?”

Edm. Sister! I don't understand—Are you narrow-minded enough to suppose this young lady unworthy the hand of—

Lucy. Of my brother?—No—To call my Lydia Sister [*Taking her hand*] is one of the things on earth I most fervently wish.

Lydia. My generous friend!

Edm. My charming girl!

Lucy. But—then—

Edm. There are now no buts! It will be an honour—I say, sister, you—you don't know—In short I must very earnestly solicit you to treat
Miss

Miss Lydia with all possible delicacy—I—I—I cannot tell you more at present—But I once again request, I conjure, nay I—

Lydia. Hem!

Lucy. Hem!—Humph!

Edm. You—You understand me, sister. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Indeed I don't!—There now goes one of your Lord and Masters! Take care of him! He'll make an excellent grand Turk—
[*Humorously burlesquing*] 'Treat Miss Lydia, 'I say, with all possible delicacy'—And have I, Lydia, have I shewn a want of delicacy to my friend?

Lydia. Oh, no! My heart throbs with an oppressive sense of your generous, your affectionate attention to me.

Lucy. Oppressive?—Well! This is the proudest world!

Lydia. Nay, I didn't mean—

Lucy. Oh! No matter!

Lydia. Have you had any conversation with the Count?

Lucy. No—There has been no opportunity yet to-day—I am really afraid his pride is quite as absurd as that of my good Mamma!

Lydia. And your affection begins to cool.

Lucy. Um—I—I can't say that—Heigho!—He has his faults.

Lydia. [*Ardently*] I hope he has his virtues too!

Lucy. So do I—But how to cure those faults?

Lydia. If incurable, 'twould break my heart!

Lucy. Your ardor surprises me!—But, hush!

Enter COUNT.

Count. [*Bowing*] I was afraid, Madam, love
2 would

would not have found so much as a moment to speak its anxieties—Nay even now—[*Looking haughtily toward Lydia.*]

Lydia. [*Pointedly, and almost in tears*] Sir, I—I am sensible of my own unworthiness. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. That lady, Sir, is my friend.

Count. Madam!

Lucy. Why are you surpris'd?

Count. Madam!—No—no, not surpris'd—There is a maxim, indeed, which says—Friendship can only subsist between equals.

Lucy. But where is the inferiority?

Count. Madam!

Lucy. You are above the poor, the pitiful idea, that wealth confers any claims?

Count. Perhaps it does not, Madam. But beauty, understanding, wit, in short, mind, confers ten thousand! And in these I never beheld your peer!

Lucy. Very prettily spoken, indeed! And I am almost persuaded that you love me very dearly.

Count. Madam, I adore you!

Lucy. Yes, you are continually thinking of my good qualities.

Count. Eternally, Madam! I think of nothing else!

Lucy. True—You never remember your own!

Count. Were I totally insensible of my own, Madam, I should be unworthy of you.

Lucy. You admire me even in my representatives, my relations and friends! Affable to all, good-humoured to all, attentive to all, your politeness, ease, and urbanity extend to every person

person for whom you think my heart is any way interested ! Your passions are all subservient to love !

Count. Yes, Madam ; subservient is the very word ! They are all subservient to love !

Lucy. You never recollect the dignity of your descent, nor accuse mine of meanness ! You have too much understanding to plume your thoughts with turgid arrogance ; or to pre-sume on the imaginary merit of an accident, which none but ignorance, prejudice, and folly, are so besotted as to attribute to themselves !

Count. Mankind have agreed, Madam, to honour the descendants of the wise and the brave.

Lucy. They have so—But you have too much native merit to arrogate to yourself the worth of others ! You are no jay, decked in the peacock's feathers ! You are not idiot enough to imagine that a skin of parchment, on which is emblazoned the arms and acts of one wise man, with a long list of succeeding fools, is any honour to you ! Responsible to mankind for the use or the abuse of such talents as you feel yourself endowed with, you think only of how you may deserve greatly ; and disdain to be that secondary thing, that insignificant cypher, which is worthless except from situation !

Count. The feelings of injured honour, Madam, perhaps may be too irritable. They shrink from insult, and spurn at contamination ! Yet honour is the source of a thousand virtues ! The parent of ten thousand glorious deeds ! Honour is generous, sincere, and magnanimous ! The protector of innocence, the assertor of right, the
avenger

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avenger of wrong! Yes! Honour is the patron of arts, the promoter of science, the bulwark of government, the defender of kings, and the favour of nations!—Indulge me then in cherishing a sentiment so noble!

Lucy. Indulge?—Applaud, you mean! Honour with you never degenerates into ostentation! Is never presumptuous! Is no boaster! Is eager to earn, but scorns to extort pre-eminence! Your honour is not that abject inflated phantom which usurps contested claims, exacts submission which it does not merit, offends, irritates, and incites disgust, nay tarnishes even virtue itself! You do not, under the word Honour, seek a miserable cobweb covering for exorbitant pride!

Count. Madam, accusation so pointed, so—

Lucy. Nay, now! Have not I been reading your panegyric?

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Foot. My lady desires you will come to her immediately, Madam.

Lucy. Very well [*Exit Footman*].—I am a thoughtless, flighty girl! What I say can have but little meaning—Else, indeed, I would have ventured to have given you a word of advice—But—'Tis no matter.

Count. Madam, you have stung me to the soul! If I am indeed what you describe, 'twere time I should reform.

Lucy. I must be gone.—I have, I own, been wildly picturing something to myself, which I greatly fear I could not love! [*Exit.*

Count. And is it my likeness?—Surely it cannot

cannot be!—Could not love?—Excruciating thought! [Exit after Lucy.]

Enter EDMUND, in haste, and LYDIA from an inner chamber, meeting.

Edm. Where is the Count?

Lydia. This moment gone—

Edm. [Eagerly] Which way?

Lydia. Through that door.

Edm. [Running, stops at the door] Ah! 'Tis too late! The footman is telling him.

Lydia. Why are you so much alarmed?

Edm. The clouds are collected, and the storm is coming!

Lydia. What do you mean?

Edm. Lady Peckham has watched her opportunity: Sir Paul has dropt asleep in his arm-chair; she has ordered your sister to her apartment, and has sent to the Count to come and speak with her; that is, to come and be insulted, here in the drawing-room.

Lydia. What can be done?

Edm. I know not—I dread her intolerable tongue.

Lydia. Perhaps were you to retire, and, when they grow warm, to interrupt them at the proper moment, the presence of a third person might be some restraint on the workings of pride; of the violent ebullitions of which I am in great apprehension.

Edm. Had I but met the Count before he had received the message!—

Lydia. Here comes Lady Peckham. Begone! [Exit Edmund.]

H

Enter

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Enter Lady PECKHAM, followed by a Footman

Foot. I have delivered your ladyship's message, and the Count is coming.

Lady P. [*Swelling*] Wery vell!—Go you about your business, feller—[*Exit Footman.*] Your company is not wanted, miss.

[*Exit Lydia after Edmund.*]

Enter COUNT, bowing.

Lady P. So, Sir! They tells me, Sir, that you and my foolish husband are colloquing together, for to marry my daughter! Is this troo, Sir?

Count. [*With his usual polite haughtiness*] If it were, Madam?

Lady P. Do you know who Miss Looey Peckham is, Sir?

Count. Not very well, Madam.

Lady P. Sir!

Count. Except that she is—your daughter.

Lady P. And do you know who I am, Sir?

Count. I have been told, Madam—

Lady P. Told, Sir! Told! What have you been told? What have you been told, Sir?

Count. That your ladyship was an honest wax-chandler's daughter.

Lady P. Yes, Sir! The debbidy of his vard, Sir! A common councilman, and city sword-bearer! Had an aldermand's gownd von year, was chosen sheriff the next, and died a lord mayor elect!

“*Count.* With all his honours blooming on his brow.”

Lady P. And do you know, Sir, that I designs Sir Sampoel Sheepy, Sir, an English knight
and

and barrowknight, for the spouse of my daughter? A gentleman that is a gentleman! A person of honour and purtensions, and not a papish Jesubite!

Count. Of his honours and pretensions I am yet to be informed, Madam.

Lady P. What, Sir! Do you mean for to say, Sir, or to infinvate, Sir, that Sir Samooel Sheepy is not your betters?

Count. If Sir Samuel himself, Madam, had put such a question to me, I would have replied with my sword; or, more properly, with my cane.

Lady P. Cane! Wery vell, Sir! I'll let Sir Samooel know that you threatens to cane him! I'll take care to report you! Cane quotha! He shall talk to you!

Count. Let him, Madam!

Lady P. Madam! Madam! At every vord—Pray, Sir, do you know that Sir Paul Peckham has had the honour to be knighted by the King's own hand?

Count. I have heard as much, Madam.

Lady P. Madam, indeed!—And for you for to think for to look up to my daughter!

Count. Up, Madam!

Lady P. Yes, Sir—Up, Sir!—Pray, Sir, what are your purtensions?

Count. [*With great agitation*] Madam!

Lady P. Who are you, Sir? Where do you come from? Who knows you? What parish do you belong to?

Count. Madam, I am of a family known to history, known to Europe, known to the whole universe!

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Lady P. Ah! I believe you are better known nor trusted!

Count. The names of Connolly and Villars, Madam, never before were so degraded as they have been in my person.

Lady P. Oh! I make no doubt but you are a person that would degrade any name!

Count. Insult like what I have received from you, Madam, no man that breathes should utter, and escape death—But you are—

Lady P. What, Sir? What am I, Sir? What am I, Sir?

Count. A woman.

Lady P. A woman, indeed! Sir, I would have you to know, Sir, as how I am a lady! A lady, Sir, of his Majesty's own making! And moreover, Sir, don't you go for to flatter yourself that I shall bestow the hand and fortune of Miss Loozy Peckham upon any needy outlandish Count Somebody-nobody! My daughter, Sir, is for your betters!

Count. Madam, though scurril—[*Recollecting himself*] I say, Madam, though such vul—such accusations are beneath all answer, yet I must tell you that, by marrying your daughter, if after this I should sink myself so low—I say by marrying your daughter, Madam, I should confer an honour on your family, as much superior to its expectations, as the splendour of the glorious sun is to the twinkling of the worthless glow-worm.

Lady P. What!—What!—[*Enter EDMUND*] Marry come up! An Irish French foriner! Not so good as von of our parish *porpers*! And you! You pretend to compare yourself to the united houses

houses of the Peckhams and the Pringles! Your family indeed! You're! Where's your settlement? You're! Wasn't my great uncle, Mr. Peter Pringle, the cheefemonger of Cateaton-street, a major in the Train-Bands before you was born, or thought of?

Edm. [*Aside*] So, so! I'm too late! [*Aloud*] Let me entreat your Ladyship—

Lady P. What! Hasn't I an own'd sister at this day married to Mr. Poladore Spragges, the tip-toppest hot-preffer in all Crutched Friars! Isn't my maiden aunt, Miss Angelica Pringle, worth thirty thousand pounds, in the South Sea funds, every day she rises! And doesn't I myself go to bed, and get up, the greatest lady in this here city? And for to puttend for to talk to me of his family! Hisn!

Edm. [*Very warmly*] I must tell you, my Lady, you strangely forget yourself, and expose your family to ridicule.

Lady P. You must tell me, Sir! Why, Sir, how dare you have the temeracity for to come for to go for to dare for to tell me! Here's fine doings! Henpecked by my own chicken!

Edm. The Count, Madam, is a man of the first distinction, in his native country!

Lady P. What country is that, Sir? Who ever heard of any country but England? A Count among beggars!—How much is his Countship worth?

Count. I had determin'd to be silent, Madam, but I find it is impossible! [*With vehement volubility*] And, I must inform you, my family is as ancient, as exalted, and as renowned, as you have proved yours to be—what I shall not repeat!

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repeat! That I am the heir to more rich acres than I believe your Ladyship ever rode over! That my father's vassals are more numerous than your Ladyship's vaunted guineas! That the magnificence in which he has lived looked with contempt on the petty paltry strainings of a trader's pride!—And that in his hall are daily fed—*[Stops short, and betrays a consciousness of inadvertent falsehood, but suddenly continues with increasing vehemence]* Yes, Madam, are daily fed; now, at this moment, Madam, more faithful adherents, with their menials and followers, than all your boasted wealth could for a single year supply!

Edm. Are? At this moment, say you, Count?

Count. Sir—I—I have said.

Edm. I know you to be a man of honour, and that you cannot say what is not.

Count. I—I—I have said, Sir. *[Walking with great perturbation.]*

Lady P. You have said more in a minute now you can prove in a year!

Edm. *[Warmly]* Madam, I will pledge my life for the Count's veracity.

Lady P. You pledge! What do you know about the matter? I'll pledge that he has been telling a pack of the most monstrous—

Edm. Forbear, Madam! Such insult is too gross to be endured, almost, from an angry woman! Dear Count—

Lady P. Voman again! Wery fine! Wery pretty! Voman quotha! To be called a voman by my own witals!

Count. *[Aside]* What have I done!—*[With agony]* A lie!

Lady P. As for you, Sir, I doesn't believe

von vord you say! I knows the tricks of such sham shevaleers as you too vell!

Count. [*Walking away from her*] Torture!

Lady P. But I'll take care to have you prognosticated.

Count. [*Aside*] Damnation!

Lady P. I'll have you karakatoored in your troo colours! I'll have you painted in your father's hall; you and your vooden shoe shrug and snuffle scare-crows; "your half dozen lank" and lean shotten herring shadows; with the "light shining through 'em, like parchment at a vorkshopvinder; grinning hunger over a dish of "soup-meegur, with a second course of frogs; "and a plate of hedge-berries and crab apples "for the deffert!" I'll depicter you! I'll not forget your waffals!

Count. [*Aside*] I can support it no longer. [*Going.*]

Edm. [*Catches him by the band*] My dear Count—

Count. Sir!—I am a dishonoured villain! [*Exit.*]

Lady P. There! There! He tells you himself he is a willin! His conscience flies in his face, and he owns it!

Edm. [*With great ardour and feeling*] Madam! He is a noble-hearted gentleman! His agonizing mind deems it villainy to suffer insult so gros.—Sorry am I, Madam, to be obliged to tell you that, humble though your family is, the disgrace with which you have loaded it is indelible! With anguish of heart you force me to repeat, I blush while I listen to you! [*Exit.*]

Lady P. Vhy who ever heard the like of this

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this here now? Here's a prodigal son! Here's a regenerate reprobate! Here's a graceless Gogmagog! To purtend as how he's ashamed of me! Mè! A purson of my carriage, connections, and breeding! I! Whose wery entrance, of a ball night, puts Haberdasher's-hall all in a combustion!

Re-enter the COUNT, deep in thought, and much agitated.

Lady P. [*Seeing him*] Marry my daughter, indeed!—Faugh! [*Exit Lady Peckham.*]

Count. Into what has my impetuous anger hurried me?—Guilty of falsehood!—I?—To recede is impossible!—What! Stand detected before this city madam! Whose tongue, itching with the very scrophula of pride, would iterate liar in my ear! No! Falsehood itself is not so foul!—Mac Dermot!

Enter MAC DERMOT.

Mac D. My Lord!

Count. Mac Dermot—I—You—You have heard of the state which formerly my father held; of his household grandeur, of the hinds and servants whom he daily fed, and the train by which he was attended!

Mac D. To be sure I have, my Lord.—Here, your dukes and your peers know nothing at all of style! Abroad, some hundreds starve, that one may ate! But, in England, they have learned the trick of aich man ating for himsilf!

Count. Psha! Listen—The—The misfortunes that since have befallen us are little known in this country.

Mac

Mac D. To be sure they are not, my Lord.

Count. Nor—N—Hem !—Nor would I have them—D—D—D—a—Hem !—Do you understand me, Mac Dermot ?

Mac D. My Lord !

Count. I—I—I would not be exposed to the insolent taunts of upstart wealth.

Mac D. Faith then, my Lord, you must not live in this city.

Count. Nay, but—attend to me—I—I would—I would have them think—

Mac D. [*After waiting*] What, my Lord ?

Count. [*Traversing the stage, striking his forehead, and then returning*] Mac Dermot—there are situations—I say, it may sometimes be wise, at least prudent—and—and—excusable—Have not you remarked, Mac Dermot, that Lydia—
[*Short pause.*]

Mac D. Oh ! To be sure I have remarked, my Lord, that she is a sweet crater ; that Miss Liddy !

Count. Nay, but—Her influence in the family—

Mac D. Oh yes, my Lord.

Count. Now—if—if—Suppose you were—to take—an opportunity—Is she proud ?

Mac D. Mild as mother's milk, my Lord !

Count. If she were persuaded—I say—Our family misfortunes—That is—No—No—The family magnificence—Do you comprehend me ?

Mac D. My Lord !

Count. Psha !—Damnation !

[*Exit.*]

Mac D. [*Stands some time amazed*] Why, now, am I Mac Dermot, or am I not ?—The Devil !—He would have me take an opportunity

nity with Miss Liddy!—Faith and I would very willingly do that—And persuade her—Oh! Honey, but she is not so easy to be persuaded! [*Pauses*] To be sure he must mane something! [*Pauses again*] Oh! *Hona mon dioul!* But I have it!—Aho! What a thickskull have I been, all this while!—He is a little bit ashamed to be thought poor, among this tribe of Balifarnians, who have nothing but their dirty guineas to boast of—And so he would have me persuade—Oh ho!—Let me alone. There she goes! I will be after—Bo! Frustration! There is that Mr. Edmund, now, close at her heels!—The young royster is always getting the sweet crater up in a corner!—Take an opportunity? Sarra the opportunity there is for me to take!

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The Count's Apartment.*

MR. DORIMONT *and* MAC DERMOT.

MR. DORIMONT.

PRAY, Sir, is the Count within ?

Mac D. The Count, Sir ! And pray why may you ask ?

Mr. Dor. I want to speak with him, Sir.

Mac D. Spake ! Oh ! The Count is not so easy to be spoken with. Please to deliver your message to me.

Mr. Dor. Inform him I am come for an answer to my letter.

Mac D. [*Alarmed*] Letter, Sir !—What ! The letter brought by a shabby footman ?

Mr. Dor. Ay, ay—Has he read it ?

Mac D. Read it ! Faith, and it has been very well read ! But pray, Sir, now, are you the writer ?

Mr. Dor. I am.

Mac D. [*With dread*] Then take my advice ! Make your escape !—'Tis very well for you my master is not at home !

Mr. Dor. [*Smiling*] Why so ?

Mac D. Why so ? Man alive ! Have you a mind to be murdered ?

Mr. Dor. Fear nothing. [*Knocking heard.*

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Mac D. [*With increasing terror*] By the holy phial but there he is!—Why, will you begone now?

Mr. Dor. No—I will not.

Mac D. Marcy upon my foul!—For the Lord's sake, Sir!—Why, Sir, I tell you he'll have your blood! And won't you begone now?

Mr. Dor. No, Sir.

Mac D. Lord Jafus! What will I do? If he comes into this room, here will be murder!

Mr. Dor. Go—Tell him I am waiting for him.

Mac D. Me tell him!—I warn you to begone! Remember, I wash my hands of your blood.—Make off!—Make off, I tell you, while I go and keep him to his own apartment! [*Exit.*]

Mr. Dor. [*To a footman crossing*] Hark you, young man! Tell the Count, your master, that the stranger, who wrote the anonymous letter to him, is here, waiting for an answer.

Foot. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Dor. The fears of the servant strongly speak the anger of the master.—But that was what I partly feared, and partly wished.

Count. [*Enraged without.*] Where is the rash, the audacious, [*Enter COUNT*] the insolent wretch, who—[*Aside*] My father!

Mr. Dor. I scarcely could have expected so kind a welcome, Sir! 'Tis exemplary!

Count. Passion, Sir, is sometimes guilty of improprieties—Pray pardon me!

[*Enter MAC DERMOT, behind, in trepidation.*]

Count. I imagined—[*Seeing Mac Dermot*] How now, Sir! Begone!

Mr. Dor. Why so? Let him stay!

Count. Begone, or!—

Mr. Dor. Stay, I say !

Count. And do you hear—I am not at home.

Mac D. [*Aside, and going*] Oh Lord ! Oh Lord ! Here will be murder ! [*Exit.*]

Mr. Dor. What should that mean, Sir ?

Count. Sir !—There are reasons—I ought not to expose my father's safety.

Mr. Dor. Rather own, you ought not to blush at your father's poverty ! Is this my reception ? This the warm welcome of a duteous son ?

Count. 'Tis so sudden—Yet my heart feels an affection—

Mr. Dor. Which is stifled by your vanity ! Your father is contemned, because he is unfortunate !

Count. No, Sir. I do not merit a reproach so cruel. Contemn my father ! You know me not.—Tell me, which way can I prove my respect and love ?

Mr. Dor. By openly acknowledging me : not by concealment ; not by disavowing me in the day of my distress !

Count. Think, Sir, of your own safety !

Mr. Dor. What danger is there with people of honour ? Present me to the family of Sir Paul.

Count. Impossible, Sir !

Mr. Dor. [*Sternly*] Impossible !

Count. Let me conjure you not to be too precipitate. You know not the vulgar pomp of new-made gentry ; whose suffocating pride treats indigent merit, nay, birth itself, with the most imperious disdain !

Mr. Dor. Talk not of their pride, but of your
your

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your own! You complain of others haughtiness? You! In whom the vice is so intolerable, that you willingly would disown your father!

Count. Sir, you wrong me.

Mr. Dor. But, determined to be known for what I am, since you refuse, I'll introduce myself.

Count. For heaven's sake, Sir! I entreat! I supplicate! On my knees, I conjure you to forbear!

Mr. Dor. Yes; pride, kneeling, conjures a father in poverty to suffer himself to be disclaimed! Your mother's pride was my house's downfall: this she has bequeathed to you!

Count. Sir—[*Starts up at hearing*]

Sir Paul. [*Without*] I tell you, I know he is at home!

Mac D. [*Without*] Upon my soul, Sir Paul—

Sir Paul. Zounds! Why I saw him from my own window!

Count. [*Alarmed*] Here is Sir Paul! You know not, Sir, how much is at stake! I have not time to tell you now; but let my intreaties—!

Mr. Dor. Oh! How humble are the proud! But remember, I consent only on condition that you restrain your arrogance. If, while I am present, any symptom—[*Retiring back.*]

Enter SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. 'Sblood! I knew you were at home! But to instruct servants how to lie, with the most cool, composed, and barefaced impudence, is one branch of modern education.

Count. I am sorry, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. Pshaw! Damn apologies. I have good news for you.

Count. Sir!

Sir Paul. I do believe, (God forgive me!) that my wife is growing reasonable!

Count. Does she consent?

Sir Paul. Yes—To permit you to ask her pardon.

Count. Sir! Ask pardon?

Mr. Dor. [*Advancing*] Yes, Sir; ask pardon.

Sir Paul. Hem!—[*Aside*] Zounds! Again!—Why, what the plague can he do here?

Mr. Dor. Your servant, Sir.

Sir Paul. Sir, your very humble.

Count. [*Aside, and alarmed*] What can this mean?

Mr. Dor. You seem surpris'd, Sir.

Sir Paul. Yes! You have a trick of taking people by surpris'e.

Count. [*Aside*] Does he know him?

Sir Paul. [*Aside, and then to the Count*] Odd enough!—Who is this queer old fellow?

Count. [*Aside*] All is safe!—[*Aloud*] Sir, the—the—gentleman [*Aside*] What shall I say? [*To Sir Paul*] A gentleman, Sir, who—

Sir Paul. A gentleman!

Count. Yes—That is—

Sir Paul. What, some poor relation, I suppose?

Count. Yes, Sir—A relation—The—the family estates have been under his management.

Sir Paul. Oh! Your steward?

Count.

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Count. No—Not absolutely my—my steward—

Sir Paul. What, your land-bailiff, then ?

Count. No, Sir—No—That is—

Sir Paul. Does not seem to have made his fortune by his office ! A little weather-beaten.

Count. He is a man of the strictest probity, Sir.

Sir Paul. Nay, his appearance is the pledge of his honesty !

Mr. Dor. [*Aside*] I can perceive he is practising deceit ! Oh vanity ! But I will restrain my anger. The moment of open punishment is not yet come.

Count. [*Crossing to his father*] Let me request you, Sir, not to reveal yourself.

Mr. Dor. [*Drily*] Well, Sir.

Count. [*Returning to Sir Paul*] His œconomy and good management are equal to his fidelity.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] Confounded odd all this, though ! [*Aloud*] Well, Count, I have exerted my whole authority with Lady Peckham ; and her son Edmund, who has more influence over her than any body else, is your friend. So be wary, do your duty, and the day is your own.

Count. My duty, Sir !

Mr. Dor. Yes, Sir. Your duty, Sir.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] A damned strange fellow ! [*Aloud*] Is it not your duty, Count, to serve yourself ?

Mr. Dor. And would you contend about a word ?

Sir Paul. Very true, Sir !—You seem a—a plain spoken—a—Hem !

Mr. Dor.

Mr. Dor. [*Significantly*] Yes! I think it *my* duty to tell vice, and folly, the truth.

Sir Paul. Hem!—You hear, Count?

Mr. Dor. His punctilious pride is contemptible!

Count. [*Half forgetting himself*] Sir!

Mr. Dor. And Sir!—I repeat: do your duty, Sir.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] The most unaccountable! Hem!—

Count. [*Aside*] I am on the rack! He will betray himself.

Sir Paul. [*To the Count*] The old gentleman does not mince matters!

Count. [*Aside to his Father*] You will ruin me.

Mr. Dor. Do as he requires, or I will feign no longer.

Sir Paul. Lady Peckham is expecting you. Come, come; try whether you cannot put on a winning submissive air.

Count. [*Aside*] I shall burst!

Mr. Dor. Submissive, Sir!—Remember!

Count. I shall not forget, Sir!

Sir Paul. You approve my advice, don't you, Sir?

Mr. Dor. Entirely. The lesson you give him, Sir, is a useful and a necessary one. I know him!

Count. [*Aside*] Fiends!

Sir Paul. What, Sir—You—have lived long in the family?

Mr. Dor. Sir!

Sir Paul. Nay, don't be affronted!

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Count. [*To Sir Paul*] Let us begone, Sir !
I am ready to attend you.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] The bluntest, drollest—!

Count. We are losing time, Sir.

Sir Paul. Well, well ; in a moment. [*To Mr. Dorimont*] Pray, under favour, what may be the amount of the Count's rent roll ?

Mr. Dor. Sir ! His rent roll, Sir ?

Sir Paul. Ay, his rent roll—The nett produce of his estates ?

Mr. Dor. Why that question to me, Sir ?

Count. [*Coming between them*] For heaven's sake, Sir Paul, let us go.

Sir Paul. 'Sblood ! What a violent hurry you're in all of a sudden !

Count. [*Endeavouring to force him away*] Lady Peckham is waiting, Sir. I beg, I entreat—

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] The mystery thickens !

Mr. Dor. Pray, Sir, has the Count—

Count. [*Interrupting*] For the love of mercy, Sir, answer no questions ; hear none, ask none ! I am frantic !

Mr. Dor. [*To the Count*] Silence, Sir ! [*To Sir Paul*] Has the Count ever talked of his estates ?

Sir Paul. Oh yes.

Count. [*Aside*] Damnation !

Mr. Dor. And told you the amount ?

Sir Paul. No—no—But, as you—

Count. I must insist, Sir, on going. [*To Sir Paul.*]

Mr. Dor. I'm not prepared, Sir, just now to answer your question, of the rent roll. I have business, and must leave you ; but I will
shortly

shortly give you the information you require. In the mean time, young gentleman, think on what has passed! Observe Sir Paul's advice, and act as becomes you. Put off your vanity—Be humble, and know yourself. [Exit.]

Count. [*Aside fervently*] Thank heaven he is gone!

Sir Paul. Your steward is an odd one!

Count. Sir—I—I tell you he is not my steward.

Sir Paul. No!

Count. No, Sir.

Sir Paul. What is he then?

Count. Sir—I—

Sir Paul. I thought you taught every body to keep their distance; but he treats you with as little ceremony as—[*Aside*] as he did me.

Count. Yes, Sir; people do take very unaccountable liberties.

Sir Paul. But what brought him here?

Count. Sir—He—Business, Sir.

Sir Paul. Oh, the family estates.

Count. And pray, Sir, what do you know of him?

Sir Paul. I—Nothing.

Count. You appear to be acquainted.

Sir Paul. Um—No, no.

Count. You had seen him before.

Sir Paul. Hem! Yes, I had seen him. Come, let us be going.

Count. But permit me to ask.

Sir Paul. Pshaw!" Come, come—Lady Peckham is waiting.

Count. I must own, Sir Paul, I meet with many mortifications. Your daughter is an angel. But "there are certain things to which a man

“ of my rank must not, cannot stoop. Do you,
 “ Sir Paul, come to an agreement with your
 “ lady, and I am ready.—[*Calls*] Mac Der-
 “ mot!—I’ll return in a moment. [*Retires.*]

“ Sir Paul. Now, if the demon of ambition
 “ did not possess me, I should never truckle to
 “ the self-sufficient airs of this man of rank!
 “ He has put a spell upon me!—I’ll break with
 “ him this moment—Yet, if I do that, all is
 “ over. My authority is gone! Madam will
 “ be triumphant; and then farewell to submis-
 “ sion!—Beside, the honour of the alliance!
 “ Nobility! Precedence! A family so famous!
 “ ’Sblood! Who knows but my grandson may
 “ be a Marshal of France? [*To the Count, who*
 “ *returns*] Come, come, Count; let us begone.
 “ You must make your peace with my Ma-
 “ dam.”

Count. Solicitation, Sir Paul, does not be-
 come me; it is a thing I have not been accus-
 tomed to. Do you speak for me. Say all, say
 every thing you please. Your mediation will,
 I presume, be sufficient.

Sir Paul. [*Quite angry*] Damn me if this is
 not beyond all human patience! After all I
 have done in your behalf! What! Would you
 have me and my whole family approach your
 footstool, there present my daughter, and kneel-
 ing beg your highness to accept her? No, my
 haughty Count! Either my daughter is worth
 asking for, or not worth having. Carry your
 pomp to a better market; I’ll stoop to it no
 longer. Your servant, Sir! [*Exit.*]

Count. [*Following*] Nay, Sir Paul—Must I
 endure this? Must I?—I! The descendant of an
 ancient

ancient race! The rightful lord of a thousand vassals! "Ought I to cringe in supplicatory
 "baseness, use servile dishonourable adulation,
 "bend to sufflated wealth, act the parasite to
 "new-fledged pride, and petition where I
 "should command? No! Earth should hide
 "me rather! But that love, imperious love
 "hurries me forward, with impulse irresistible!"
 What! Wait, and fawn on Madam, and mince,
 and simper, and act the skipjack, and chatter to
 her parrot, and be of her opinion, and fetch
 and carry, and praise her taste, and join her
 scandal, and laugh when she laughs, and kiss
 her monkey!—And to whom?—Oh! [Exit.

SCENE changes to the House of SIR PAUL
 PECKHAM.

MAC DERMOT, and LYDIA.

Mac D. Oh, yes! Stabling for a hundred
 horses! Open house all the year about! Sar-
 vants five and twinty to the score; all making
 work for one another!

Lydia. Then the Count, your master, should
 be immensely rich.

Mac D. Should be? To be sure he is.
 Don't I tell you—

Lydia. Yes; you tell me one thing at night,
 and another in the morning—You had forgotten
 the Colonel's pay!—And the secret supplies!

Mac D. [*Afide*] Faith, and so I had!

Lydia. And pray was this all your own in-
 vention?

Mac D. Why, as to that—And is it me,
 now, that you would have to betray my master?

Lydia.

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Lydia. What, then, he bid you spread this report ?

Mac D. Arrah now, did I say that ?—Did I say that ?—I tell you he bid me no such thing !—What, and did you think, now, you could get that out of me ? By St. Patrick, but I would bite off my tongue, if it should dare to blunder out one word against so good a master !—

Lydia. [*Aside*] Honest, affectionate fellow !

Mac D. [*Aside*] Oh ! Blarney !—She wants to be too cunning for me, the sweet crater ! And so, for fear of—Miss Liddy, your servant.

[*Exit.*

Lydia. I almost love him myself, for his love to his master.

Enter SIR PAUL, followed by EDMUND.

Sir Paul. I tell you, I have done with him. He is a pompous, insolent coxcomb ! The Great Mogul himself is a fool to him !

Edm. All men have their foibles, Sir.

Sir Paul. Damn his foibles. I have enough to do with my own ! And, do you hear, Sir ? [*Significantly*] Don't let me be troubled with any of your foibles either ! You understand me. [*Looking at both*] I'll not be trifled with. [*Exit.*

Lydia. What has put him into so ill a humour ?

Edm. The cursed supercilious haughtiness of the Count. He has insulted Sir Samuel Sheepy, too !

“ *Lydia.* I am sorry for it ; but that's a trifle.

“ *Edm.* You are mistaken. Sir Samuel's
“ resentment is very high ; and, notwithstand-

“ing the fervility of his manner, is more to be
“apprehended than you imagine.

“*Lydia.* Surely you do not expect a challenge?

“*Edm.* Nay, my love, I would not wish to
“terrify you.

“*Lydia.* But you have terrified me !”

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Well, brother, have you succeeded
with my mamma?

Edm. I believe so—I can’t tell—Where is
the Count?

Lucy. I hear him on the stairs.

Edm. Well, warn him to be careful.

[*Exit with chagrin.*]

Lucy. What’s the matter?

Lydia. The old story ! The Count’s pride.
If he should quarrel again with Lady Peckham,
all will then be over !

Lucy You have put me quite in a tremor !

Enter the Count. Bows.

Lucy. [*Going*] I will inform my mamma,
Sir, that you are here ; and she will be with
you immediately.

Count. May I not, Madam, be indulged
with one previous word ?

Lucy. Yes, Sir ; one, and but one. Instead
of conciliating, I find your manners offend and
disgust every one. Either cast away your *haut-
teur*, regain the affections and consent of my
friends, and above all make your peace with
Lady Peckham, or this shall be the last meet-
ing of our lives !

[*Exit.*]

Lydia. Are you aware, Sir, of your danger ?
Sir Samuel, Sir Paul, Lady Peckham, all af-
fronted !

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fronted! Nay your best friend, Edmund, has this moment left the room to avoid you! Oh! Think on that lovely lady! And if you have any affection for her, for yourself, or for your father—recall your reason, discard your folly, and act with a little common sense! [Exit.

Count. This is strange!—My father?—She know my father?—And why am I schooled and tutored thus? “What have I done? What is it they expect from me?—Do I indeed offend and disgust?—Which way? Has not love induced me to overlook all the high distinctions which honour holds sacred? Nay, am I not now come on the most abject of errands?—“Yet, to lose her—!” The last meeting of our lives!—They will absolutely drive me mad among ’em!

Enter LADY PECKHAM.

Count. Madam [*Bowing*].—When I last had the honour—of a—an interview with your ladyship, I—I am afraid—I might possibly be inadvertently betrayed into—some warmth.

Lady P. Why, Sir, seeing as how my son tells me you are a real nobleman, and not von of the raff fortin hunting fellers, if so be as you thinks fit to make proper ’pologies, why, Sir, I—I—

Count. To a lady, Madam, every apology may be made. Any concessions therefore—

Lady P. Oh, Sir, as for that there, I wants nothing but what is right and downright. And I supposes, Sir, you are wery villin to own that an outlandish foriner must think himself highly honoured,

honoured, by a connexion with an English family of distinction. Because that I am sure you cannot deny. And that it was a most peremptory proceeding in you, being as you are but a Frenchman, or of an Irish generation at best, to pretend to the hand and fortune of Miss Loozy Peckham, without my connivance.

Count. Madam !

Lady P. As I tells you, Sir, I am upright and downright. So do you, or do you not ?

Count. Madam—! I am ready to acknowledge that the charms of your daughter's mind, and person, are equal to any rank !

Lady P. Her mind and person, indeed ! No, Sir ! Her family and fortune !—And I believes, Sir, now you are come to your proper senses, you will own too that no outlandish lord, whatever, can uphold any comparageant with the Peckham family and connexions !

Count. [*With great warmth and rapidity*] Madam, though I am ready to offer every excuse which can reasonably be required, for any former inadvertency ; yet, Madam, no consideration whatever shall lead me—I say, Madam, my own honour, a sense of what is due to my ancestors, myself, and to truth—that is, Madam—No ! The world, racks, shall not force me to rank my family with yours.

Lady P. Why, Sir ! What is it that you are talking of ? Rank my family with yours, indeed ! Marry come up ! No, to be sure ! I say rank ! I knows wery vell what is my doo : and that there, Sir, is the thing that I would have you for to know ! And I insist upon it, Sir, that you shall know it ; and shall own that you

L

knows

THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE :

knows it ; or, Sir, I rewoke every thing I have condescended to specify with my son ! So do you, Sir, or do you not ?

Count. Madam—What, Madam ?

Lady P. Do you depose, that outlandish foriners are all beggars, and slaves ; and that von Englishman is worth a hundred Frenchmen ?

Count. Madam—Whatever you please.
[*Bows.*]

Lady P. Oh ! Wery vell !—And do you purdict that this here city is the first city in the whole world ?

Count. I—I believe it is, Madam.

Lady P. Oh ! Wery vell !—And that the Moniment, and the Tower, and Lununbridge, are most magnanimous and superfluous buildings ?

Count. Madam—

Lady P. I'll have no circumbendibus ! Are they, or are they not ?

Count. Your ladyship is pleased to say so.
[*Bows.*]

Lady P. To be sure I does ! Because I knows it to be troo ! And that the wretches in forin parts are all fed upon bran ; seeing as how there is no corn ?

Count. As your ladyship thinks ! [*Bows.*]

Lady P. And that the whole country could not purwide von lord mayor's feast ?

Count. I—Certainly not, Madam : they have few turtle and no aldermen.

Lady P. Ah ! A pretty country, indeed ! No aldermen ! And that it would be the hite of purfump-

presumption, in you, for to go for to set yourself up as my equal? Do you own that?

Count. [*Passionately*] No, Madam!

Lady P. Sir!

Count. No force, no temptation shall induce me so to dishonour my great progenitors!

Lady P. Why, Sir!

Count. My swelling heart can hold no longer! Honour revolts at such baseness! Patience itself cannot brook a fallacy so glaring! No! Though destruction were to swallow me, I would assert my house's rights, and its superior claims!

Lady P. Wery vell, Sir! Wastly vell, Sir! And I would have you for to know, Sir, while my name is my Lady Peckham, I will dissent my houses rights, and claims! That I despises all—! Ha, ha!—Ha! Wery fine, indeed! Am I to be sent here to be hectored, and huffed, and bluffed, and bullied, and bounced, and blustered, and brow-beat, and scoffed, and scouted, and—! Ha!

Count. [*Recovering his temper and interceding*] Madam—

Lady P. I a brought my hogs to a fine market! But I'll let 'em know who's at home!

Count. My warmth, Madam—

Lady P. Your honour and glory, indeed! And for to purtend for to send for me here, to palaver me over as I supposed—

Count. I am ready to own, Madam—

Lady P. But I'll rid the house of you! I'll take good care you shall have no daughter of mine! You may post off to your father's hall, and there starve in state. Varm it with a blaze of dried leaves, and stop up the gaps in the

shattered vinders, and old groaning doors, with clay; then send your shivering waffals, that stand jabbering behind your von armed vooden chair, to skin the sheep that died of hunger and the rot, to make you a varm vinter furtout!

Count. [*Still interceding*] Madam—

Lady P. My daughter, indeed! I'll karakatoor you! [*Exit.*]

Count. Flames and fury! [*Following, is met by Sir Samuel Sheepy, who shuts the door after him, and will not suffer the Count to pass.*] How now, Sir!

Sir Sam. [*Bowing*] Sir, your humble servant.

Count. What does this mean, Sir? Let me pass!

Sir Sam. A word or two first, if you please, Sir.

Count. Let me pass! [*Putting his hand to his sword.*]

Sir Sam. [*Bowing, but resolutely guarding the door*] Sir I must humbly entreat—

Count. Damnation!—What is it you want with me, Sir? Who are you, Sir?

Sir Sam. My name is Sheepy, Sir. [*Bowing.*]

Count. Sheepy? [*Aside*] So, fo, fo! Hell and the devil! At such a moment as this!

Sir Sam. I am told, Sir, I have some obligations to you, which it becomes me to discharge.

Count. Well, Sir.

Sir Sam. Not quite so well, Sir, as I could wish. [*Bowing.*]

Count. [*Aside*] Was ever man so tormented?
Sir

Sir Sam. I am informed, Sir, that you have condescended to mention me, in my absence.

Count. And so, Sir?

Sir Sam. You did me an honour, Sir. [*Bowing.*]

Count. Either speak your business, and suffer me to pass, or I will nail you to the door!

Sir Sam. Dear Sir, you are so warm! [*Bowing*—I have been told you were so good as to threaten to cane me.

Count. Ay, Sir? By whom!

Sir Sam. By Lady Peckham, Sir.

Count. Indeed!—Well; suppose it.

Sir Sam. 'Twas kind of you!—Unluckily, I have not been much used to threatening messages, and am really afraid I shall not be very prompt at submission.

Count. Oh, do not doubt yourself, Sir.

Sir Sam. Humble though I am, I do not find that a swaggering look—[*Bowing.*]

Count. Sir! [*With his hand to his sword.*]

Sir Sam. Moderate your anger, kind Sir—I have a petition to you. [*Putting on his white gloves.*]

Count. Damn your sneer, Sir! Speak!

Sir Sam. Bless me, Sir! You are so warm! It is only that you would kindly do me the favour either to cut my throat, or suffer me to cut yours. [*Draws and flourishes.*]

Count. [*With his hand to his sword*] Are you mad, Sir? Do you recollect where you are? In whose house?

Sir Sam. Gadso! True, Sir! I should be sorry to be interrupted—Luckily, my carriage is at the door; and I know a snug room in a neigh-

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neighbouring tavern, where this business may be effectually settled, as quietly, as coolly, and as privately as possible.

Count. 'Twere well for you, Sir, had you chosen another opportunity—But come !

Sir Sam. Oh ! Sir ! I know my place—After you ! [*Bows.*]

Count. Away, Sir ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Count's Apartment.*

A considerable noise of hasty footsteps without, and voices at some distance calling—“ Here ! Here ! —This way !—Up, up !—Follow !”

Enter Mr. DORIMONT, abruptly.

Mr. Dor. I am pursued, beset, and cannot escape !

Enter MAC DERMOT.

Mac D. Blood and thunder ! Why what's all this ? Oh ! And is it you, Sir ?

Mr. Dor. Where is the Count ?

Mac D. Faith and that is more than I can tell. [*Noise approaching—“ Here, here, I tell “ you ! This room !”*] Why what the divle—!

Mr. Dor. I am hunted ! My liberty, perhaps my life, is in danger !

Mac D. Why fure the Count would not—

Mr. Dor. Here ! Take, hide this packet from the eyes of my pursuers ! Don't lose it ; but, if you have any sense of worth and honesty, deliver it safe into the hands of Sir Paul Peckham !

Mac D.

A C O M E D Y.

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Mac D. Niver fear me, honey.

Enter an EXEMPT, and two BAILIFFS.

Exempt. That's the man. Seize him!

First Bail. Sir, you are our prisoner.

Mr. Dor. On what authority, Sir?

First Bail. Authority, Sir? The authority of law, Sir.

Mr. Dor. For what crime?

First Bail. As to crime, Sir, I can't tell; but for a trifling debt, of fifty thousand pounds.

Mr. Dor. At whose suit?

Exempt. At mine, Sir.

Mr. Dor. Yours? Vile wretch! Gentlemen, he is a spy: the creature of a foreign Court! I never had dealings with him in my life!

First Bail. We know nothing of that, Sir. He has sworn to the debt.

Exempt. No parleying; take him away.

First Bail. Ay, ay. Come, Sir. [*They all three forcibly drag him out.*]

Mr. Dor. [*Going and without*] Help! Rescue! False Imprisonment!

Mac D. Why what is all this now?—Poor ould gintleman!

[*Noise without at a distance—“Rescue! Rescue! Help!”*]

Mac D. Where is my shillalee?—Oh, by St. Peter and his crook, but I will be one among you, scoundrels! [*Exit running.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *The House of SIR PAUL PECKHAM.*

Enter LYDIA agitated, EDMUND following.

EDMUND.

BE pacified : you are too much alarmed.

Lydia. If Sir Paul should have let them pass, what dreadful consequences may have followed ! Where can he be ?

Edm. He is here !

Enter SIR PAUL.

Lydia. Oh, Sir !—Where are they ?—Has any thing happened ?

Sir Paul. Happened !—Dammee ! I could not believe my own ears !—A filky Simon !—The Count was in a right humour—'Sblood ! I had a great mind to have let him kill the old fool.

Lydia. Then they have not fought ! Are they safe, Sir ?

Sir Paul. Yes, yes ; they are safe enough—But do you know the amorous swain, his blood being heated, could only be pacified on condition that he might have another interview with Lucy !—I'm glad on't !—I'll go and give her her lesson.

Edm. Oh, Sir, leave him to my sister, she needs no instructions.

Sir Paul. No?—Gad, I believe not! She's my own girl! But clear the coast; he is coming!

Edm. I will go to Lady Peckham; and do you, Lydia, watch for the Count.

Sir Paul. Ay, ay. He is suddenly grown humble; apologized to me, and promised to come and plead with my lady. But away.

[*Exeunt Edmund and Lydia, and*

Enter SIR SAMUEL SHEEPY.

Well, Sir Samuel, you are here!

Sir Sam. Yes, Sir. [*Aside*] And I half wish I was any where else, already.

Sir Paul. And so you absolutely have the courage to attack my Lucy? Ha, ha, ha! Why you are quite a hero! You fear neither man nor woman!

Sir Sam. [*Aside*] I wish I didn't—

Sir Paul. Nay, but don't begin to look so pitiful! She'll be here in a minute. Don't flinch! Stand to your guns! She'll not easily strike! Ha, ha, ha! Die hard, my old boy!

[*Exit.*

Sir Sam. What is the matter with me? I declare he has talked me into a tremble! Why should I be so terrified at a harmless woman? I can't help it! A pair of beautiful eyes are flaming swords, which no armour can resist!

Enter LUCY, cheerfully.

Lucy. So, Sir Samuel!

Sir Sam. Bless me!—My heart is in my mouth!

M

Lucy.

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Lucy. You seem taken by surprife.

Sir Sam. Madam—Hem!—No, Madam—
Yes, Madam. [*With his usual bows.*]

Lucy. My Papa informed me you were waiting, purpofely to difclofe this important feeret.

Sir Sam. Madam—Hem!—Yes, Madam—

Lucy. Do you know that I have had you in my mind I don't know how often, fince I faw you?

Sir Sam. Hem!—Have you, Madam?

Lucy. Yes, I have—'Tis a pity, nay indeed a fhame, that fo famous an English family as that of the Sheepy's fhould become extinct.

Sir Sam. Hem!—There is no danger of that, Madam.

Lucy. No!—Why it is too late in life for you to marry, Sir Samuel—

Sir Sam. Hem!—Yes, Madam. No, Madam.

Lucy. Indeed! So you—! Well! I fhould like to know your choice—Some ftaid body, I imagine.

Sir Sam. Madam—Hem!—

Lucy. But I would not have her too old, and difagreeable.

Sir Sam. Hem! I can affure you, Madam—She—Hem!—She is a very beautiful young lady.

Lucy. You surprife me!—Oh! Then perhaps fhe is fome low-born girl, who has more pride than understanding, and is willing to facrifice her youth, and beauty, to the filly vanity of riding in a coach?

Sir Sam. Quite—Hem!—Quite the contrary, Madam.

Lucy. Then fhe muft be poor, and muft think

of marrying you for the sake of your riches, hoping you will die soon.

Sir *Sam.* Madam—Hem! She is very rich.

Lucy. Is it possible!

Sir *Sam.* And I should flatter myself would not expect me to die too soon.

Lucy. Oh! But she will! Young women never marry old men, but with a wish to dance over their graves.

Sir *Sam.* Hem!

Lucy. Perhaps the poor girl may—may have made a *faux pas*.

Sir *Sam.* Hem! Her virtue is unspotted, Madam.

Lucy. You amaze me! Young, rich, beautiful, and virtuous! What can her reason be for making choice of you? Why does not she rather marry some youth, whose rare qualities resemble her own?—Oh! I've found the secret at last! She's an idiot.

Sir *Sam.* Hem! No, Madam—No—Hem!—I am afraid she has too much wit!

Lucy. Nay then, Sir Samuel, you are the most fortunate gentleman I ever heard or read of!—But are you sure she is in love with you?

Sir *Sam.* Hem! N—Not very, Madam.

Lucy. No!—Oh ho! I have unriddled it at last! You have been bargaining for her with her father, or her mother, or—Ay, ay! The poor young lady's consent has never been asked!—And would you be so selfish as to seek your own single gratification, and be contented to see her condemned to misery, pining to death for the youth she loves, and justly detesting the

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fight of you, as the wicked unfeeling author of her wretchedness?

Sir Sam. Hem! [*Looking toward the door*]
Madam I—Hem!—I wish you a good evening.

Lucy. [*Preventing his going*] Another word, Sir Samuel. Have you ever talked to the young lady on the subject?

Sir Sam. Hem! I—Hem!—I have and—Hem! I have not.

Lucy. You never made a direct proposal?

Sir Sam. Hem! No, Madam.

Lucy. But why?

Sir Sam. I, I—Hem!—I can't very well tell.

Lucy. But I can.—With much folly and depravity, there is still some virtue in you.

Sir Sam. Madam! [*Looking how to escape.*]

Lucy. Though you could form so unjust a project, you never had the courage to insult the lady by an avowal of your guilt.

Sir Sam. Hem! Guilt, Madam!

Lucy. Yes, Sir, guilt—However, Sir, she has perfectly understood your insinuations.

Sir Sam. Madam!

Lucy. She has infinite respect for filial duties. But, though she would beware of offending her parents, I know her to be equally determined never to entail misery on herself; nor to accept a husband whom she could neither esteem, admire, nor love!

Sir Sam. Madam—I—Hem!—Your servant, Madam.

Lucy. [*Between him and the door*] Not till you first promise—

Sir

Sir Sam. [*Forgetting his fear*] I'll promise any thing, Madam.

Lucy. That you will not render yourself more ridiculous, by persevering in so absurd, so unjust a pursuit.

Sir Sam. No, Madam! I'm quite ridiculous enough already!

Lucy. Nay, more, that you will not seek some less friended, more enslaved, or more timid young creature, whom your misapplied wealth might command.

Sir Sam. Whatever you please, Madam!

Lucy. But that you will rather apply your superfluous hoards to the protection of youthful innocence.

Sir Sam. Suffer me but to depart, Madam, and I will bequeath my estates in perpetuity as you shall direct; I'll entail them on the Magdalen; or I'll advertise for marriageable men and maids, and you shall portion out my money among them! I'll—I'll do any thing, except marry, or go a courting!

Lucy. Why then, Sir Samuel—[*Kissing his hand*] There—That be your reward.

Sir Sam. Madam—Your humble servant.

[*Exit abruptly.*]

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Sir Samuel! This is the first time he ever forgot his bow. [*Enter the COUNT.*] Well, Sir! have you effectually made your peace with my mamma?

Count. I have done my endeavour, Madam—Would I were at peace with myself!

Lucy. And are you still, Sir, under the dominion of prejudice so weak? Do you still repent
of

of what you so long have deemed your condescension ?

Count. Far otherwise, Madam. There are beings so peculiarly favoured of heaven, and endowed with such high perfections, both of body and of mind, that they are superior to all the distinctions of men, among whom they walk angels upon earth ! You are one of these ! And my misery is, I never can deserve you !

Lucy. You may have stumbled, but this self-condemnation shews it was but to rise with tenfold strength. Persevere, and we will be severed only by death.

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. At length, my dear Count, Lady Peckham is pacified. To stoop to her ill-placed pride, to overlook her prejudice, and to petition as you did, was noble in you. I have seconded your efforts, have pledged myself for your honour, and guaranteed your veracity.

Count. Then, Sir, you have struck a dagger to my heart ! I have been guilty of falsehood ! That very pride, and that exalted, or I fear extravagant, sense of honour, which should have preserved me from a stain so hateful, have dashed me down the precipice !

Edm. You amaze me !

Count. 'Tis true, 'twas inadvertent ; but rankling vanity, strengthened by a purer motive, the trembling alarms of love, induced me to persist ; nay, a second time to aid deception.

Lucy. You did wrong—But which of us can say they never erred ?

Edm. Ay ! Who will stand forth and affirm,
that,

that, amid the rude whirl, the confused doubts, or the terrors of passion, they never once have been betrayed into your crime? For a crime I own it is; and with consequences so wide, so pernicious, and so fatal, that, when it shall be extirpated from the earth, that moment man will be perfect! But, in this poor world's present state, it is so far venial, that (painful, humiliating thought!) no—the noblest, the purest of us all, cannot strike his heart, and say—I never was a liar!

“*Lucy.* Frail as we are, and hourly as the
 “ arts of falsehood are practised upon us, to our
 “ detriment, and often to our ruin, those only
 “ are most free from guilt, who shake contagion
 “ soonest from them; and, by the next sublime
 “ effort of truth, scorning to shrink from shame,
 “ which is their due, in some sort turn the vice
 “ itself to virtue.”

Edm. But what have you said that—

Enter SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. Come, come! We must strike while the iron is hot! We must take my Lady while she is in the humour, since she must necessarily be a party in our deeds. And first I have agreed, as you know, Count, that my daughter's portion shall be 80,000*l.* The remainder will chiefly rest with you. What settlement do you intend to make? And on what estates?

Count. None, Sir.

Sir Paul. None!

Count. I have no estates.

Sir Paul. Sir!—Why, what!—Zounds!—
 After

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After the enquiries I made, I cannot be so deceived. Are not you Count Connolly Villars ?

Count. I am, Sir.

Sir Paul. A colonel in the armies of the Most Christian King ?

Count. I am, Sir.

Sir Paul. Recommended to me by Messieurs Devigny, the great merchants at Marseilles ?

Count. The same, Sir.

Sir Paul. Why, then, what do you mean ?

Count. When I first paid my addressee to this lady, I imagined my rank and family were a sufficient counterpoise to wealth.

Sir Paul. Ha ! Gold in one scale, honour in t'other ?—Flimsy ware !—No, no—Kick the beam—

Count. But, ardent, violent, and eternal, as my love for your angelic daughter is, and must be, even the loss of her shall not tempt me, any longer, to practise the least imposition.

Sir Paul. Well, but, 's blood ! The steward ! The family estates !

Count. I have told you the truth, Sir.

Enter LYDIA.

Lucy. What's the matter, Lydia ?

Lydia. Poor Mr. Mac Dermot—!

Count. What of him ?—Any harm ?

Lydia. He has been in some fray, and is so bruised !

Count. Bruised ! Where is he ?

Lydia. Below, with a packet, which he wants to deliver to Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. To me ?

Lydia. Yes, Sir. Pray go to him.

Sir

Sir Paul. A packet for me ! [*Going*] I shall never hear the last of this from my Lady !

[*Exit Sir Paul.*]

Lucy. Brother, go to my mamma, and endeavour to keep her in temper. [*To the Count*] Be not dejected ! I know my father's affection for me, and do not yet despair. [*Exit after Sir Paul.*]

Count. Charming, generous girl !—This poor Mac Dermot !

Lydia. He is afraid of seeing you. He says you will never pardon him, for having taken the part of some man, whom you threatened to murder !

Count. I ? I threatened to murder no man !—Will you, Madam, be so kind as to tell him I am here ; and that I insist on seeing him ?

Lydia. With pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Count. Kingdoms should not tempt me to pass another day like this !

Enter MAC DERMOT, with his left Arm in a Sling.

Count. How now, Mac Dermot ! Where have you been ? What's the matter with you ?

Mac D. No great matter, my Lord—Only a little bit of a joint here. [*Pointing to his arm.*]

Count. [*Alarmed*] Broken ?

Mac D. A double tooth or two—Not much, my Lord.

Count. Much !—How ?—What have you been doing ?

Mac D. [*Pitifully*] I hope your Lordship won't be angry ! [*Enraged*] But the rascals fazed him neck and heels !

N

Count.

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Count. Seized who ?

Mac D. [*Passionately*] He was as innocent as the babe unborn, my Lord, and he tould 'em so : [*Rage*] the dirty rapscallions !

Count. Who are you talking of ?

Mac D. [*Pitifully*] To be sure, he—he sent your Lordship a—a viry impertinent letter.

Count. How ? [*The Count's perplexities and passions are here effectually roused, and increase through the scene.*]

Mac D. There were three of them. Niver did your Lordship set your two good-looking eyes on such a pair of thieves !

Count. For heaven's sake, tell your story straight forward ! What letter do you mean ? Who ?

Mac D. [*With great emotion*] I hope your Lordship will forget and forgive ! It would have moved the bowels of your compassion, to have seen the ould gentleman !

Count. Is it possible ? What can he mean ? What old gentleman ?

Mac D. [*Enraged*] The dirty shaberoons took him by the throat—My viry blood boiled !—Upon my soul, my Lord, I could not bear it ! I hope you will forgive me ! By the merciful father, I could not bear it !

Count. Tell me, this moment, who you mean !

Mac D. He came running back, out of breath, and asked for your Lordship. And so, my Lord, [*Pleading*] being a fillow-crater in distribs—

Count. Came where ?

Mac D. A couple of as ill-looking Tyburn-turnpike bum-bailiffs as your Lordship could
with!

wish ! With a cowardly comploter at their back ! It was he that came behind me with his shillalee, while I was hard at work with them both. But the brave ould gentleman stepped in ; and, by the Virgin's night-cap, but he gave him his dose !

Count. Once more, tell me instantly, what old gentleman ?

Mac D. Considering his age, he is as active, and as brave a fillow, as ever handled a fist.

Count. [*Aside*] He cannot surely mean my father ! Mac Dermot, I entreat, I command you to tell me of whom you are talking.

Mac D. If your Lordship had but seen the noble ould soul, I'm sure you would have forgiven me.

Count. But what letter—?

Mac D. Oh ! The divle burn the letter ! Now, my Lord, don't mention it ! Pray don't remimber it, your Lordship ! Pray don't ! By my soul, now, my Lord, he is a fine ould fillow ! Oh ! How he laid about him !

Count. Was it the person who came this afternoon ?

Mac D. My Lord—

Count. Fear nothing ! Speak.

Mac D. Why, then, my Lord—To be sure—it was he himsilf.

Count. And is he safe ? Did you free him from them ?

Mac D. Why, my Lord, I could not hilp it ! [*Emphatically*] I could not hilp it ! By the holy footstool, but I couldn't !

Count. Mac Dermot ! [*Taking him by the band.*]

Mac D. My Lord !

Count. Well, well ! A time will come—

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Mac D. My Lord !

Count. Are you much hurt, Mac Dermot ?
—Here !—Hollo !—[*Enter a Footman*] Call a
chair ! Run for a surgeon and a physician ! The
best that can be procured.

Mac D. For me, my Lord ?

Count. For you, my noble fellow !

Mac D. Spare yourself the labour, young
man.

Count. Go ! Do as I order you ; instantly.
[*Exit Footman.*] Mac Dermot, you must be put
to bed !

Mac D. To bed, my Lord !

Count. And lose some blood !

Mac D. Faith, my Lord, that will be a little
too much ! I've lost quite blood enough already.

Count. Pray ! I request ! I must have you do
as I desire ! I would not have any ill happen to
you, for the world !

Mac D. Oh ! And the divle of ill or harm can
happen to Mac Dermot, the while he has such an
a ginerous prince royal of a master ! Though I
believe, the best thing that could happen to me
just now, would be a good supper, and a hearty
tiff of whisky punch.

Count. Not for the Indies !

Mac D. Faith, my Lord, it was hard work ;
and has given me a very craving kind of a call.

[*Re-enter Footman.*]

Foot. The chair is waiting, Sir.

Count. Go, my good fellow ! Obey me but
this once, and I'll never act the master to you
more.

Mac D. Well, well, my Lord. But I hope
your Lordship won't quite kill me with kind-
ness.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter SIR PAUL and LUCY.

Sir Paul. [*With the packet opened*] So, Count, I find, after all your pretended raptures, you never wished to marry my daughter!

Count. Sir!

Sir Paul. Why did not you retract like a man; and not make a paltry, false excuse of poverty?

Count. Sir, I made no false excuse!

Sir Paul. How, Sir! Shall I not believe my eyes? Have I not bills here in my hand, drawn in your favour, for five hundred thousand crowns?

Count. In mine!

Sir Paul. In yours! Given me this moment by your own servant.

Count. Impossible, Sir!

Sir Paul. Impossible, is it? Why, look you, here are the bills: and, hollo! [*Enter Footman*] Go you, Sir, and desire Mr. Mac Dermot to come back.

Count. Stir not for your life, on such an errand! He must not, shall not be disturbed.

Sir Paul. Nay, my word, it seems, is not to be believed; nor perhaps the bills themselves! But, Sir, though you vaunt so highly of being a man of honour, the trick was beneath a man of honesty.

Enter LADY PECKHAM and EDMUND.

Lady P. Here's a komakul kind of an obstroperous person, that says he must speak to the Count—You may come in, Mifter.

Enter Mr. DORIMONT and LYDIA.

Sir Paul. Ah! What, my friend the steward!

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ard ! I am glad you are come ! Never was so amazed in my life ! Your master, here, has been telling me he has no estates !

Lady P. How !

Mr. Dor. My master, Sir !

Count. The feelings of man cannot support this open shame ! [*Crossing to go.*]

Mr. Dor. Whither now, Sir ?

Sir Paul. Ay ! Talk to him ! I'm in a mist !

Count. Suffer me to pass, Sir. [*Crosses to the door*] Speak the truth—Render me contemptible ! Abhorrent ! But make me not a witness of my own disgrace !

Mr. Dor. Stay, Sir !

Count. I cannot.

Mr. Dor. Stay ! Or dread a father's malediction !

Sir Paul. His Father ! The plague ! Hem ! —Lydia !

Lydia. Hush !

Lady P. Father, indeed ! What he ! So, so ! Here's a wirago ! Here's a chouse !

Sir Paul. My Lady—

Lady P. I thought what would be the upshot on't !

Edm. Madam. [*Takes her aside for a moment in dumb show.*]

Mr. Dor. Spurred on by suppositions and conceits the most absurd, wholly intent upon yourself, contemning others, exacting respect you did not merit, refusing ceremony where 'twas due, protuberant with pride, yet poorly carping at and holding idiot warfare with the pride of others, forgetful of the dignity of reason, but with tenacious grasp clinging to the ludicrous

dicrous dignity of birth, the heir indeed and first born of Folly, ignorance itself has mocked and taunted at you!

Lady P. Wery troo! Give him his own!

Sir Paul. Zounds! My Lady!—I wish he would give you your own a little! Not but it's right enough!

Lady P. To be sure! I knows wery vell I am right.

Mr. Dor. Your father too has been avoided, nay disowned! Your father! Who for years has lived in indigence, that he might secretly supply your wants, support you in splendour, and preserve you from all the misery of which he made himself the willing victim!

Count. Sir! You! Was it you? Oh! Ingratitude!

Mr. Dor. Your father was offensive to your sight! And what was it you despised? Why this poor garb! You wished no kindred with virtuous poverty! Had I appeared in all my former state, though knave or fool had been blazoned on my brow, yet, decked in the trappings of magnificence, I had received an open welcome. But, blest be my penury! Since it has been your punishment.

Count. Sir, wrung as my heart is by remorse, and guilty as I know myself, for I have still increase of guilt, no words can mitigate my crimes. Yet, though I have erred, I feel I have something in me capable of good; and strong propensities to all the tender ties, the filial duties, and the severer virtues which I have seemed to want; a mind which, once convinced, has strength to shun and to subdue its master passion,

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sion, renounce its folly, and abhor its turpitude. Deep is my offence against you and nature ! But let nature plead in my behalf. Here at your feet, repentant for my faults, I claim that pity which a father so good, and so affectionate, will not surely refuse.

Mr. *Dor.* Oh ! No—For now you speak like the son of my heart, the image of my brightest hopes ! You have stood the fiery trial, and are pure !

Lady *P.* Why but hark you me, Mister—Why what ! You are not a Count too, to be sure !

Mr. *Dor.* No, Madam.

Lady *P.* Why then—

Mr. *Dor.* If a title can flatter your Ladyship, mine is something higher.

Lady *P.* How !

Mr. *Dor.* I am a Marquis.

Lady *P.* A Marquis ! You ! Vell ! [*Aside*] For an outlandish Marquis !

Edm. My Lady— !

Sir *Paul.* Well but the bills ? [*Holding them out in his hand.*]

Mr. *Dor.* They are mine.

Count. Yours, Sir !

Mr. *Dor.* Remittances for some recovered arrears.—But where is my brave protector ? My hero !

Count. Safe, Sir ! Every care is taken of the generous fellow.—Is the physician come ?

Sir *Paul.* Yes, yes. I have taken care of that. I have sent him my own physician. Hem ! — [*Aside*] My cook !

Count. You know not half his worth !

Mr. *Dor.* Which shall not go unrewarded.

Count.

Count. No, by heaven!

Mr. Dor. We have now the means; we no longer are oppressed and poor.

Count. Yet are you not in present danger?

Mr. Dor. No. Malice has spent its last effort. Our ambassador has just sent me the final decision of the judges: my sentence is reversed, my whole estates are restored, and the power of my persecutors is at an end.

Count. Oh! Fortune! Oh! My Father!—
And may I hope it?—My Lucy! May I—?

Lucy. Yes! Hope every thing!

Count. Mine!

Lucy. Yours! Heart and soul!

Sir Paul. She is a brave wench!

Lady P. Hold a blow, if you please! What!
Am I nobody?

Count. Madam, to you a thousand excuses are due.

Lady P. To be sure they are!

Count. I am conscious of my past ridicule, and will no more contend with your ladyship, for prejudices so false and weak.

Lady P. I knoo I vus right! I knoo you made yourself ridiculous! I told you so often enough!

Sir Paul. Well said, my Lady!—But hark you, Miss Lydia—[*Significantly*] And, Sir.

Mr. Dor. A moment's patience, Sir.—
Count! How shall I tell him?—My son!
Look at this charming, this virtuous young lady.

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] Zounds! What now?

Count. I am conscious of having treated her
O with

with proud unkindness, at the very moment too, when I perceived she was sincerely my friend.

Mr. Dor. Your friend !—Look at her ! Does not your heart throb ? Feel you not sensations more tender ?—Are you not all doubt, all hope, all fear, all perturbation ?

Count. Sir !—What !—Who ?

Mr. Dor. Can you not imagine ?—Look at her, I say !—Behold her agitation !

Count. Mercy !

Mr. Dor. Open your arms, your heart, to receive her—

Count. Sir ! Madam ! Who ?

Mr. Dor. Your sister !

Count. My sister !

Lydia. My dearest, best of brothers ! [*Running into his arms.*]

Lucy. My friend ! My Lydia !

Count. Oh ! How culpable have I been !

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] 'Sblood ! Here's a pretty piece of business !

Lady P. What's that you say, Sir ? Miss Liddy the Count's sister !

Edm. 'Tis very true, Madam.

Lady P. Troo ! Vell, I purtest I'm quite in a quandary !

Mr. Dor. [*To Sir Paul.*] And now, Sir—

Sir Paul. [*Aside*] Yes, 'tis my turn now !—Yes, Sir !

Mr. Dor. While labouring to reclaim the follies of youth—

Sir Paul. Yes, Sir !

Mr. Dor. We ought not to forget the vices of age.

Sir Paul. Hem! We'll talk of them after supper, Sir. [*Looking round at Lady Peckham and the company.*]

Mr. Dor. Well, Sir, on condition—

Sir Paul. Oh! Any condition you please, Sir!

Edm. [*Leading Lydia.*] My dear Father!—

Sir Paul. My kind son! [*Aside*] Sly rascal!

Lydia. [*To Sir Paul.*] We shall want a house, Sir.

Sir Paul. Hem! Ay, ay!

Lydia. Somewhere in Mary-le-bone.

Sir Paul. Very well!

Lydia. With a—

Sir Paul. Zounds! [*Aside to Lydia*] Hush! Don't mention the back door!

Lydia. Then we are all friends?

Sir Paul. To be sure—But, you may as well not tell Scapegrace!

Lydia. Never fear.

Sir Paul. Not a word of the new liveries!

Lydia. Depend upon my honour.

Count. My sister and my friend! Can it be?

Edm. Would you not wish it thus?

Count. Oh! Most ardently!

Mr. Dor. Chequered are the scenes of life. Pleasure and pain, joy and grief, austerity and laughter, intermingling, weave a motley web. Our prejudices are our punishments: they cling about us, warp our actions, distort our manners, render us the food of satire, the mockery of fools, and torture us, as wailing urchins are tormented to make sport for boys. Error and folly impede the progress of perfec-

100 THE SCHOOL FOR ARROGANCE.

tion. Truth alone can make men wise and happy. Myself the sacrifice of falsehood and mistake, feebly have I striven to stem the torrent : and here my task, and here I hope my troubles end.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

THE curtain dropt, of course the author sends
Me to salute our gen'rous noble friends !

To me you listen, he politely says,

When'er I prattle, with a wish to praise.

For kindness so unceasing may you be

As happy, ev'ry soul, as your applause makes me !

But to my text—The theme to-night is Pride :
Much have we said—and much more have implied.

Our boldest strokes are feeble, nor can shew

The child of Pride with half his genuine glow ;

Of Pride, which can such various forms assume ;

Now rise an emperor, now sink a groom.

Mounted aloft, the wonder of his age,

With hackney coachmen furious war to wage ;

Six swandown waistcoats swathe him into shape ;

His legs all buckskin, and his coat all cape ;

With manners, looks, and language such you'd swear

His tutor had been Piccadilly's Bear ;

When most contemptible most hoping praise,

And only envious of the groom he pays ;

Your dappled greys in front, behind three men ;

Down Pall-Mall dashing, to dash up again ;

Ten only in his height and pomp of pride,

When Girl or Gambler's seated by his side ;

Driving

Driving by day, dicing by night, his passion;
 Such is the modern man of high-flown fashion!
 Such are the scions sprung from Runny-Mead!
 The richest soil, that bears the rankest weed!
 Potatoe like, the sprouts are worthless found;
 And all that's good of them is under ground.

Of Pride one single sketch in crayons more.
 Behold her torch! Hark! Thunder shakes the door!
 The carriage stops; the footmen make a lane;
 The feathers stoop, and enter Lady Jane:
 Perfect in how d'ye do, drop, bob, and bow.
 (Curtseys, my friends, are out of fashion now)—[*To the Galleries*]

First to his Grace; next to the next of birth:
 She none forgets—save genius, wit, and worth;
 Whom if she mark, 'tis with a modish stare,
 To ask who knows them? or, How came they there?

Now at the bank, in antichamber kept,
 Where Pharaoh's host twelve tedious hours had slept,
 She seats herself, like palpitating lover,
 Eager the last night's losses to recover.
 No sense of virtue, dignity, or shame:
 Her greatest pride her knowledge of the game.
 That pride most piqued, most mortified, to see
 A Nabob's wife stake larger sums than she!
 And now three anxious hours have flit away:
 Three hundreds have been lost, in piddling play.
 No luck for her! Aloud fresh cards she calls:
 Her passions rising as her pocket falls.
 She punts: again she loses; and again!
 Oaths quiver on her lip! She names the ten.

JUST IN TIME:

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

WITH THE GREATEST APPLAUSE.

Written by THOMAS HURLSTONE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DEBRETT, opposite Burlington House,

PICCADILLY, 1792.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.]

[*Entered at Stationers-Hall.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Solomon Oddly, - Mr. QUICK.
Barney O'Liffy, - - Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Stave, - - - - - Mr. MUNDEN.
Commodore Larboard, Mr. WILSON.
Captain Melville, - - Mr. INCLEDON.
Doctor Camomile, - Mr. FAWCETT.
Le Frizz, - - - - - Mr. FARLEY
Roger, - - - - - Mr. THOMPSON.

WOMEN.

Augusta, - - - - - Miss DALL.
Lady Oddly, - - - Mrs. WEBB.
Maria, - - - - - Mrs. BLANCHARD.
Judith, - - - - - Mrs. MARTYR.

MEN and WOMEN *villagers, &c.*

TIME, nearly that of Representation.

SCENES, A Village, Sir Solomon Oddly's House
and grounds adjacent.

* * * The Lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in
the Representation.

DEDICATION.

TO THE
REVEREND HENRY BATE DUDLEY,
RECTOR OF BRADWELL NEAR THE SEA,
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE
FOR THE COUNTY OF ESSEX, &c.

REV. SIR,

AMONGST the catalogue of my failings I trust ingratitude will never be found, you will therefore be the less surpris'd that I take the liberty of inscribing the following trifle to you, as it will ever be my pleasure, and my pride, to acknowledge that, at an early period of my life, I was favoured with your patronage, and have, for some years, enjoyed the honor of your friendship, and as it affords me an opportunity thus publicly to assure you that,

I am,

Rev. Sir,

Respectfully, and sincerely,

Your much obliged

Humble Servant,

T. HURLSTONE.

*Great Newport-street,
Leicester-square.
Nov. 27, 1792.*

P R E F A C E.

THE OPERA of JUST in TIME, was originally a *petit* Comedy in Two Acts, written at a very early age of the AUTHOR, for the *private* Performance of a party of Friends. In this state, without the Writer's knowledge, the Copy was put into the hands of Mr. COLMAN, sen. who was pleased to observe, that it contained too much business, and was too long for an Afterpiece; yet upon the whole, it so far met his approbation, that if it was interspersed with Songs, he would submit it to the *Public* the following Season. This was too flattering a circumstance for the vanity of a juvenile Author to overlook.—Most of the following Songs, &c. were in consequence written; but before they were completed, the unfortunate Indisposition, which deprived the Town of the exertion of that Gentleman's managerial Talents, prevented the Author from receiving the advantage of his promise.

In this state it remained, when the idea suggested to the Writer, that its performance might render his Friend, Mr. MUNDEN, some trifling advantage, and upon that ground, his first *Dramatic Banling* was submitted to the Public, on the evening of the above deserving Comedian's benefit, last Season. The flattering reception with which it was then honoured, and the interest of a Gentleman, not more admired for his literary abilities than his private worth, by every person who has the happiness to know him, and to whose assistance the Author owes much, induced Mr. HARRIS to bring it forward again this Season. At the opening of the Theatre, the Author had the mortification to find, that his Piece would, from some unavoidable causes, be produced under many disadvantages; he had, however, soon the satisfaction to see it cherished by the unbiassed warmth of general applause; and he has now the pleasure to know, that JUST IN TIME has been highly productive to the Treasury of the Theatre, and probably will prove much more so, without the least drawback from the receipts, for the customary aids of Scenery, Dresses, or Decorations.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

To the friendly exertions of all the Performers, the Author feels himself principally indebted for his success; to Mr. JOHNSTONE, he with pleasure acknowledges his obligation for the words of the first air of *Barny O'Liffey*, and for several judicious hints respecting the idiom of the language of that character.

JUST IN TIME;

A

COMIC OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Village Church ;—on one side a neat Cottage nearly covered with evergreens, &c. Several Villagers seated—employed in twining flowers, &c. Sing the following

CHORUS.

HERE, with Liberty blest, brightest gem of our Isle,
United with Plenty and Health ;
At the restless ambition of grandeur we smile ;
Content without title or wealth.

When the dawn first appears, and the Lark tunes her lay,
We rise to sweet scenes of delight ;
Mirth pleasantly softens the toils of the day,
And with pastime we welcome the night.

FIRST MAN.

And so you shall, my bonny lads and lasses—
I delight to see hand and heart go merrily together
through the labors of the day. These flowers,
Master Stave ordered us, be twined into whirligigs.

FIRST WOMAN.

'Tis all done.—Now sure there are flowers
enough to make the whole copse as fine as a May-
day garland.

SECOND MAN.

Good, my pretty smiling Patty Pumpkin. Now
take all your wares to the May-pole on the
green.

[*Exeunt Villagers, repeating the Chorus.*

B

Enter

J U S T I N T I M E ;

Enter MELVILLE, followed by O'LIFFEY, booted, &c.

MELVILLE.

Thanks to our steeds for their expedition.

[*looking at his watch*]

O'LIFFEY.

And double thanks to my poor trusty nag, that would rather break his own neck than his master's; we have rode together like two birds of passage, and faster, your honour, than ever dying man rode to a doctor.

MELVILLE.

A doctor to a dying man you mean.

O'LIFFEY.

I mean! Arrah, sure I know well enough what I mean, your honour, isn't it all the same in Irish, so they both come together at last?

MELVILLE.

We are now arrived at the end of our journey.

O'LIFFEY.

St. Patrick be prais'd! for I thought the journey would have put an end to me.

MELVILLE.

As I shall have occasion, O'Liffey, for the immediate exercise of your ingenuity and fidelity, it is necessary you should be made acquainted with the cause of my present excursion.—

O'LIFFEY

By all means, your honour,—you will thus relieve your suffering servant, and privy counsellor, from a variety of strange notions, which have distressed my mind, almost as much as those cursed bogs and up-and-down ways we have passed, have annoy'd my body!—For to confess the truth, I began to think that your honour was riding post away from your senses.

MELVILLE.

Know then—I am in love!

O'LIFFEY.

In love! oh, by my soul, that's riding away
from

from your senses, sure enough. I find I was not much out in my reckoning—but may be your honour's love's like my own.

MELVILLE.
How is that, O'Liffey?

O'LIFFEY.
As the gentleman says in the play, "it is as big as the wide ocean!" the devil a petticoat ever I saw that I would not be wishing to scrape an acquaintance with

MELVILLE.
There, O'Liffey, we differ.

O'LIFFEY.
Arrah, be easy, your honour, you won't be after telling me that.

MELVILLE.
Come, come, a truce to your nonsense. The charming object of my passion resides but a short distance from this spot, at the seat of her father, Sir Solomon Oddly.—

O'LIFFEY.
Oddly! by my soul and it is odd sure enough—A citizen—one of the wise men of the East, I suppose, by his comical name.

MELVILLE.
You have hit it, O'Liffey—having amassed an immense fortune as a wholesale grocer, he purchased the neighbouring hall, retired from town with his lady, and has for some years past assumed the character of a country gentleman.

O'LIFFEY.
Well, but, Sir — a little less of this old fig-merchant—and a little more of his young sweetmeat, if you please!

MELVILLE.
You blockhead, I am an entire stranger to all the family, except the divine Augusta.

O'LIFFEY.
Divine Augusta!—and is the dear little rogue so handsome, Sir.

JUST IN TIME;

MELVILLE.

Angelic!

AIR II.

How poor are words! how vain is art,
 Augusta's charms to trace!
 Her speaking eye, her feeling heart;
 Such symmetry and grace!
 Her mind more pure than virgin snows,
 That on the mountains rest;
 Pure as the lambent flame which glows,
 Within this faithful breast.

O'LIFFEY.

Sweet creature!—and a snug city fortune, into
 the bargain—Ah, Sir, now can I account for
 your axing leave of absence, since the regiment's
 coming from abroad.

MELVILLE.

You're perfectly right, O'Liffey—since my return
 home, I have made frequent excursions to this
 place;—and the dear little billet, which I re-
 ceived just before we left London, puts her
 affection for me, I think, beyond a doubt—for here
 she requests my immediate attendance to prevent,
 if possible, her union with an odious rival.

O'LIFFEY.

A free-hearted creature, upon my faith; but
 after all, your honour, I'm not much pleased with
 the double face of this business—Tho' it smiles
 upon us with one eye, it carries in the other an ill-
 looking frown of danger, the thing in the world
 I wish to avoid.---

MELVILLE.

Wish to avoid danger!—why, my brave fellow,
 have n't I seen thee march with the utmost in-
 trepidity up to the very mouth of a loaded can-
 non?

O'LIFFEY.

To be sure an you have—What the devil had a
 man to fear when he was marching up to an open
 enemy—but in these mighty *civil* love campaigns,
 a poor

a poor fellow may be very uncivilly knock'd-down by some fly old curmudgeon of a father, or bully of a brother, without giving him time to shoulder his shillelah.

MELVILLE.

O'Liffey, in this affair my happiness, and your future fortune are at stake.

O'LIFEEY.

O, to be sure, if that's the case, notwithstanding the many hair-breadth scapes that I have experienced in your honor's service, and as the good-looking stars have destined that I should dedicate the remainder of my unbroken bones to your generosity, my name-fake the Liffey, shall run backwards before I'lli cease to push forwards to assist you. [STAVE *sings behind.*] Hey-day! what queer looking creature have we here?

MELVILLE.

My friendly rustic and emissary, Stave, the parish clerk.

Enter STAVE from the cottage, with a basket on his arm.

AIR III.

The merry man,
Who loves his cann,
Laughs and jokes
Chats and smokes,
Nor dreams of noise and state:
Enjoys the hour
That's in his pow'r,
Tells a tale,
Quaffs his ale,
Nor fears the frowns of fate.

MELVILLE.

My friend Stave—in health and good spirits as usual!

STAVE.

STAVE.

What, Captain Melville!—I'm marvelous glad to see your Honor, truly.—I was bustling away to the Hall:—wonderful alterations and additions since your Honor was last at Merry Lawn!—all turn'd topsy-turvy!

MELVILLE.

Really!

STAVE.

Fact! why there is scarcely a shrub stands in its old place; and all the flowers are *transmuted* from their beds to the tops of the trees!

MELVILLE.

Alterations indeed! but to what purpose?

STAVE.

Mirth and jollity!—To celebrate the wedding of young Madam Augusta.

MELVILLE.

Is she married?

STAVE.

No:—We could not well do that before the bridegroom comes;—but all's fix'd.—They say he is a prodigious fine gentleman Doctor, from London.—Sir Solomon, her Ladyship and I, held a closeted council last night upon the subject; his worship was for deferring the ceremony to Lord-mayor's-day; but her Ladyship and I were for an immediate division on the motion:—So Sir Solomon finding the opposition too strong, came over to the majority, and the matter passed *crim con.*

MELVILLE.

But why all this preparation?

STAVE.

You must know that her ladyship is too much of a gentlewoman to be outdone in any matter, so understanding it was all the *dash* with the great folks, to have *galleys* on such occasions, we resolved to shew them that we could have every thing on the newest *distruction* as well as the Londoners themselves.

MELVILLE.

MELVILLE.

No doubt——But I imagine, friend Stave, you have forgot the interest I have in this business.

STAVE.

By my band and abilities, and so I had! but that's not wonderful; for your Honor seems to have forgot the manner in which you used to *preclude* the subject.

MELVILLE

I understand you :—sure you are not mercenary Stave? [gives him money]

STAVE.

No not mercenary, but a man who sets up the trade of honesty should have some capital :—Now I am but a poor man, your Honor; and have not the presumption to pretend to more virtue than my betters.

[chinks it.]

AIR IV.

Examine the world with attention you'll find
'Tis interest that sways every class of mankind ;
From the high to the low ;
Is it not so ?
Say aye or no !

You doubt it ; I'll give you a striking example,
Then judge of the others by this single sample ;
And the truth you'll soon know.
Shall I do so ?
Say aye or no !

Sage Phyfic and Law, don't we every day see,
Will advise and prescribe—but first pocket the fee—
With pleasure I trow ;
Is it not so ?
Your aye or no !

So in humbler degrees too my maxim will hold,
Where the main spring's self interest,—the object is gold :
This we all of us know,
Is it not so ?
Say aye—or no !

MELVILLE.

MELVILLE.

This may be all very true, my old friend ; but to business more material—Don't you think that in my former disguise, I might, undiscovered, obtain another interview with Augusta ?

STAVE.

Let me see——no, that won't do !—O, now I have it—Can your Honor mount a ladder ?

(*taking a wreath of flowers from his basket.*)

MELVILLE.

O, trust me for hanging a festoon !

STAVE.

And yet the old Lady may give us manifold trouble.—As for Sir Solomon, he is so buried in writing his *historifications*, that verily your Honor might with ease carry off young Madam, and ye twain be made one, before the Knight would know the fox was about his hen roost !

MELVILLE.

Sir Solomon an author ?

STAVE.

Fact.—Why it is not long since he penned a *monotony* on the death of Brown Bridget, the dairy-maid ; so prodigious clever, that all the village marvelled thereat :—and Dr. COAXEM, our vicar, said it would gain his worship amazen fame in the *literal* world.

MELVILLE.

Well then——while Sir Solomon is soaring sublimely to the skies—I'll slip on my disguise, and endeavour to behold my charming Augusta.

[*Exit MELVILLE into the cottage.*]

STAVE.

Heigh-ho !—you see, friend, what a misfortune it is to be a man of parts !—never at ease—always sought after ; and yet I am happy in the possession of my abilities, merely to be serviceable to my friends.

O'LIFFEY.

A COMIC OPERA. 9

O'LIFFEY.

Your friends are very much obliged to you, my dear; and to do you justice, you seem to have as much business on your hands as a piper at Balinasloe fair; or a parish priest at an Irish wedding.

AIR V. *

When the lads and the lasses are met on the green,
At sweet Ballinasloe, or the fair of Clogheen;
With their cheeks red as roses, and eyes black as flocks,
See the girls frisk and foot it as merry as does.

All the day,
Piper play,
Cries Gossoon,
T'other tune;

While young Darby and Judy, are footing so tight,
The poor Piper keeps puffing, from morning till night.

Judy's bonnet of straw wears the token of love,
Which Paddy had bought her, his passion to prove;
Fine ribbands and roses, to deck out her hair,
And the neatest stuff-gown to be had in the fair.

Sweet Spoleen
On the green,
When they dine,
Whisky fine;

The Piper still playing, the Priest he says grace,
And content, love, and jolity, smile in each face.

Now the fair being done, home they jog side by side,
Every lad with the creature he means for his bride;
The next morn Father Fogarty call'd with his book,
Nine or ten jolly couples together to hook.

Coupling, buckling,
Pipering, fiddling;

Father Fogarty, Piper, and all join the rout,
And the new married couples fall jigging about.

STAVE.

Oh, I have a mort of business!—never at rest
from the dawn to the setting!

C

O'LIFFEY

* The Author is indebted to the friendly aid of Mr. Johnstone, of Covent Garden Theatre, for the words of this Song.

O'LIFFEY.

Ay, juft like myfelf—never at reft but when I am dancing, and never quiet but when I'm finging. But pray, my jewel, what may your principal bufinefs be?

STAVE.

I'll tell you.—I garnifh the pews of our village church—array the fhoulders of the curate—smooth the dog's ears of the books—drive forth yelping curs—toll the bell—lead the pfalm and fay, amen.

O'LIFFEY.

Upon my foul, honey, you have not a plentiful fcarcity of employments.

STAVE.

So that with the duties of my office, drawing teeth,—trimming the beards of my neighbours—curing the ague—fcraping a country dance on the fiddle,—being chairman of our weekly club at the old Plough on the Hill, and Major *Drumo* at the hall, truly I have as much bufinefs on my hands as any reasonable man could defire.

O'LIFFEY.

By my troth, or that any unreafonable fellow would have the good fenfe to wifh for.

(*MARIA, at the upper window of the cottage, fings.*)

O'LIFFEY.

[*looking up to MARIA*—] Hey-day! And I fee by that fweet voice you teach Sky-larks to warble into the bargain.

STAVE.

Oh foftly—now don't difturb the little rogue—for her poor heart does not feem perfectly at eafe.

O'LIFFEY.

Well but who the Devil is fhe?

STAVE.

An innocent creature, that has been in my houfe thefe three days.

O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

Innocent! with such a voice and such devilish pretty peepers: oh, by St. Patrick, she must have murdered half the men in your village, already. One fight of her has almost kilt myself—I'm taken with such a kind of an all-overness that I don't know what the devil's the matter with me.

STAVE.

Yes—she came to our village in a post-chaise, enquired for a lodging at the *Plough*, and was recommended by my friend Stingo to me—her only companion is a linnet;—she seems marvellous unhappy, and enquires particularly, every time I see her, concerning all our goings on at the Hall;—and when I told her just now that the wedding would be to-morrow,—she droop'd her head, wiped a tear from her cheek—and went in pursuit of her bird, that had stolen from its cage—Mum—Hush—stand aside!

[MARIA, *from the window, hangs out a bird in a cage, and sings the following*

AIR VI.

Thy freedom lost, no more, sweet Bird,
In plaintive music rue;
For, ah; the wretch who thee betray'd
Ensnar'd thy mistress too!
Thus ambush'd in the wily brake,
The baneful serpent lies;
And while the nymph its beauty views,
She feels the sting, and dies.

O'LIFFEY.

Faith I begin to think there's something sorrowful enough in this poor lady's story. — (*Looking up to the window.*) Ah, gra ma crie! whisper your troubles down to O'Liffey, and see what the heart of an honest Irishman will do for you—But, be the hush, here comes my master in his disguise.

C 2

Enter

Enter MELVILLE from the cottage in the habit of a countryman.

MELVILLE.

Now, Stave, for my nearest way to the Hall—take this letter (*giving a letter*) and by the aid of your old admirer, Judith, you must get it delivered to her young lady ;—should I fortunately obtain an interview with Augusta, it must be your duty to prevent a surprize.—You, O'Liffey, will wait my further orders in the cottage.

STAVE.

Well, your Honor is a fine, bold, enterprising gentleman, and will certainly get her.—

O'LIFFEY.

Get her! To be sure an he will—and if I had that sweet little Canary-bird in the cabin there, with a snug little potatoe garden and a pig of my own, the devil a bit would I envy him.

STAVE.

Ha! ha! poor little Augusta! but just eighteen years old. I have reason to know her age; for she was born the very day the great bell was hung in our steeple, and I was appointed Clerk of this Parish.

MELVILLE.

Come we lose time.

AIR VII. T R I O.

“ MELVILLE. Since my fond heart, Augusta's, thine,
O may thy virgin hand be mine;
Love grant me this request!

“ STAVE. O, Fortune! goddess, brown or fair,
Let Stave be free from worldly care,
He'll never mind the rest.

“ O'LIFFEY. Safe from fatigue in yonder cot,
Be quietness O'Liffey's lot,
And he will then be blest.

“ TOGETHER. Let not, ye powers who preside,
LOVE, EASE, or FORTUNE be deny'd,
And we shall all be blest.”

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*A Library in SIR SOLOMON ODDLY'S house, a garden seen thro' the windows and large folding doors. SIR SOLOMON seated at a study-table, writing; surrounded with books, papers, &c.*

SIR SOLOMON.

(*after a pause*) READS “ Thus died Mr. Alderman CONIAC, Brandy Merchant, of Candlewick-ward, after eating a hearty supper at *Vintners-hall*; his *Spirits* were ever good, and his character was high above *proof*;—he was fond of *rectifying* the errors of his friends, and all his *measures* met with general approbation;—he loved his *bottle*, and was *rum* when *mellow*.—He wished all *Excisemen* on the *rack*;—and lies buried in the *vault* of his parish, at his particular request, in one of his own pipes filled up with *saw-dust*! —” There's a specimen of my sublime and beautiful—'Gad, it will do!—I shall soon rival Daniel de Foe, or Joel Collier!

AIR VII.

The heroes stout, who danger scorn,
 May boast their arms and tented field;
 Let noisy fame their brows adorn,
 So I the plumed pen may wield;
 Smooth inditing,
 Flashy writing,
 Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

In days of yore, fam'd Troy and Greece,
 For HELEN'S charms contended long;
 Yet all their feats had slept in peace,
 But for old father HOMER'S song:
 Smooth inditing,
 Flashy writing,
 Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

Enter LADY ODDLY

LADY ODDLY.

Let me tell you, Sir, your daughter's behaviour is beyond all bearing.

SIR SOLOMON.

SIR SOLOMON.

And let me tell you, Lady Oddly, that your conduct is intolerable :—How often have I requested that would not intrude into this my *sanctum sanctorum*.—You have overturn'd one of the finest climaxes that ever entered into the head of an historian.

LADY ODDLY.

Historian!—a fiddlestick!—Did ever man in your circumstances turn author!—and on such a ridiculous subject too!—for it surely could never have occurred to any person, except your *wise self*, to write “ *Memoirs of the Court of ALDERMEN*, with “ a *Parallel between Plutarchs Lives*, and those of “ the *Lord Mayors of London!* ”

SIR SOLOMON.

Zookers, my Lady, this is but an ill return for all I have done to please you.—Did I not some years ago serve the office of Sheriff, and accept the honor of Knighthood, at a Royal caudle drinking, purely to oblige and dignify you with the title of a *Lady*; and afterwards retired from a lucrative business, and quitted my comfortable little counting house in Distaff-Lane, merely that you might reign the absolute Queen of this hamlet?—Have I not given my consent to your marrying my dutiful little Augusta, with almost a *plumb*, to a foolish medical puppy;—and suffered you to turn my whole premises upside-down, to gratify your whim, by giving, forsooth, a rural *gala* on the occasion, and lastly did I not——

LADY ODDLY.

Hold, hold; Sir Solomon, not quite so fast! The intended union between Augusta and Dr. Camomile was first proposed to you by your old friend, his uncle, Commodore Larboard:—Indeed I warmly approve of the match; because I
think

think his nephew is the finest gentleman that ever boasted a diploma from the College of Physicians. The gala I acknowledge; but there would be no existing in the world without entering a little into the fashionable elegance of the times!

SIR SOLOMON.

Fashionable nonsense of the times!

LADY ODDLY.

But at the very moment when my superb decorations are on the eve of being completed;—copper-plate cards of invitation actually sent to all the neighbouring gentry;—and I flattering myself with shortly seeing in the Newspapers a charming circumstantial account of the entertainment, beginning a column, with “*LADY ODDLY’S Grand Gala at Congo-hall on the Marriage of her only Daughter!*” To have all my delightful schemes at once frustrated, by the idle objections of a silly girl, is enough to provoke the anger of a saint.—In a word, Sir Solomon, your *dutiful* little Augusta, positively refuses to marry Dr. Camomile.

SIR SOLOMON.

The Muse of History forbid—but here she comes—let me question her—

Enter AUGUSTA, from the Garden.

What answer, Augusta, can you make to these charges of high crimes and misdemeanors, of not marrying Dr. Camomile, preferred against you by your Mamma—come, come;—your reasons, Miss?

AUGUSTA.

I had humbly conceived Sir—

LADY ODDLY.

I say—

SIR SOLOMON.

Nay, nay, Lady Oddly, let the girl conceive for herself, I beseech you.

AUGUSTA.

I trust my dear father will do me the justice to acknowledge, that ever since this unexpected union

was

was first proposed, I have constantly expressed my aversion to it in the most respectful terms;—and altho' my sense of filial duty has thus far induced me to listen to his odious addresses, yet as the fatal moment approaches, my heart feelingly tells me, that we were never formed to render each other happy.

SIR SOLOMON,

Then the feelings of your heart are not worth a fig;—for as *Joseph* says, in his History of the Jews—

LADY ODDLY.

Josephus, you mean, Sir Solomon:—but what have we to do with either Jews or Gentiles?—Why don't you demand what are her objections to the Doctor?

SIR SOLOMON.

Ay.—Ay that's the point; why don't you answer that Miss?—

AUGUSTA

In my opinion, Sir, both his mind and person are equally contemptible.—

SIR SOLOMON.

Why, I must confess that Dr. Camomile is not, in every respect, the son-in-law I could wish;—but all the young fellows of this age are mere cinnamon-trees;—the bark is more valuable than the whole trunk.—When *Stab-ho* and *Polly-buffs* wrote, it was otherwise;—the youth of those days were no more to compare to our lady-like gentlemen, than a *Levant prune* is to a *French Plum*;—they have no taste for true literature now:—but Dr. Camomile possesses one charm that turns the *Scale* against all his imperfections, and which cannot fail of making any reasonable woman happy.

AUGUSTA.

Pray, Sir, what is that?

SIR SOLOMON.

Sterling cash, my little sweet-meat.—

LADY ODDLY.

True, Sir Solomon ; for without that, a wife of fashion and spirit could not enter into the refined enjoyments of the higher sphere ; and if deprived of these, marriage would lose one of its most desirable charms.—

AUGUSTA.

Surely, my dear Sir, and Madam, these cannot be your real sentiments.

AIR VIII.

Behold, deny'd their airy flight,
 The tenants of the gaudy cage,
 No more their warblings breathe delight,
 Those notes are chang'd to strains of rage !
 And should, perchance, in happy hour,
 Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
 Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
 And gladly part—to meet no more.
 Not so the bird whose choice is free,
 In jocund spring he joins his mate ;
 Gaily they range from tree to tree,
 Their little breasts with joy elate.
 And if some ruder breeze should blow ;
 Or chilling rain disturb their rest ;
 Fondly they share each others woe,
 As destin'd partners of one nest.

LADY ODDLY.

What romantic nonsense !—On my conscience, Sir Solomon, I should almost suppose the girl's dislike to the Doctor proceeded from an attachment to some other person, but that I know 'tis impossible—I have always kept too strict an eye on her actions, to be deceived. No, no: I defy any artful young huffey in England to outwit me.

Enter JUDITH, *running*

JUDITH.

O, la, my Lady ! Mountseer le Frizz, Dr. Camomile's *Levant currier*, as he calls himself, is just
 D dif-

dismounted in the court-yard. He says, your worship, that his master, and Commodore Larboard, will be here before he can well put his horse in the stable.

AUGUSTA.

Oh! Melville, to what torture does your absence expose me!

[*aside.*]

SIR SOLOMON.

Now, rebel Miss, we shall soon make you bend to our authority.

LADY ODDLY.

And I would wish you, at the same time, Sir Solomon, to *bend* a little to the temper of the Commodore; for although you are the best friends in the world—at a distance;—yet you never meet, but a quarrel ensues, and you part the most determined enemies.

SIR SOLOMON.

That is, because the Commodore is so very obstinate in his opinions; although he must know that I am always in the right, and he, of course, invariably wrong.

LADY ODDLY.

He doubtless thinks the reverse, and perhaps with much truth;—but of what consequence was it to either of you, whether *Noah's Ark* resembled most a *Spanish floating battery*, or a *West country barge*?—for this, it seems, was the subject of your last curious dispute, and on which he left the house in a violent passion.

SIR SOLOMON.

Well, well, that's all over:—Leave old Larboard to me, as I shall his nephew entirely to you.

AIR IX. QUARTETTO.

JUDITH. Lord, my Lady, indeed now I hear
Their fine carriage drive into the yard;

SIR SOL. Then, Augusta, pray wipe off that tear,
And our wishes no longer retard.

AIR

AUGUSTA.

Can the rose the rough seasons defy,
 And at will all its beauties impart?
 Or can happiness beam from the eye,
 While keen sorrow impresses the heart?

LADY ODDLY. Come, have done with this folly; away,
 And your lover to welcome prepare:

SIR SOL. For to-morrow's the long wish'd for day,
 Which at last puts an end to our care.

AUGUSTA. If'tis vain then to plead, why delay
 To be happy, and banish despair.

ALL. For to-morrow's the long wish'd for day
 Which at last puts an end to our care.

AUGUSTA. despair!
 JUDITH. your care.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall, with a large stair-case,—so contrived that the Characters can ascend and descend in sight of the Audience.

Enter JUDITH, followed by STAVE.

STAVE.

Nay, but my *gentle* Judith, why in this tantarum?—why raise that melodious pitch-pipe above its proper compass?

JUDITH.

Surely I have reason—have I beheld thee these threedays, thou charming traitor? but that bewitching face was formed to delude the weakness of our credulous sex—the time was when you vowed you loved me, as regularly as our village clock struck, or the cock welcomed the morn.

D 2

AIR

JUST IN TIME.

AIR X.

When first you won my virgin heart,
The time I well remember ;
'Twas in the frost on dreary heath,
The fifteenth of December.

The moon was hid, the snow had froze,
The wind blew hard and chilling ;
You shiv'ring cried " Ah ! here she comes
" Zooks, wou'd the maid were willing."

Love smil'd—and as we sliding met,
Resolv'd to see us humbled ;
Your arm encircled round my waist,
I slip'd, and down we tumbled.

Whilst thus together we reclin'd
On winter's hoary pillow ;
You swore you glow'd with love so true,
I ne'er should wear the willow.

STAVE.

Why, my honey-suckle, don't you know the
whole bustle of this intended wedding falls on me,
or I should no more have been absent from thee,
than a gander from his downy mate.

JUDITH.

Go, go STAVE, you don't love me [*fondly*] your
fine strange lodger whom I saw just now coming
across the Park, to the Hall, for all she had
covered her face with a long veil—she has seduced
your affections from me.

STAVE.

Faith, JUDITH, I don't even know what business
she can have here ; and as for not loving thee,
that's impossible, for thy voice is sweeter than the
early lark's—and shriller—[*aside*]

JUDITH.

Away, you flatter me,

STAVE.

Upon my soul, I don't.—But tell me my dainty
dove, how Madam AUGUSTA received her in-
tended bridegroom, the London Doctor, and his
uncle ?

JUDITH.

JUDITH.

O, there have been terrible doings!—soon after their arrival, Sir Solomon, and the Commodore, went into the parlour, I suppose to make up their last quarrel, where they now are, and left her Ladyship, and young Madam, with Dr. Camomile, in the drawing room:—I know not what passed, further than that Miss Augusta positively refused to marry him; on which her Ladyship, in a most violent passion, has just locked her up in the chamber next the grove, and has given me the key to keep, until Miss Augusta thinks proper to obtain her liberty by consenting to the match.

STAVE.

And yet for all the young lady's aversion to the Doctor, truly she has no objection to a husband, could she choose her own yoke-fellow.

JUDITH.

What do you mean?

STAVE.

Why don't she seem to be in love?

JUDITH.

How?

STAVE.

Does she not sigh.—wish to be alone—read much in story-books,—make contrary answers to plain questions,—and sometimes say to thee, O, Judith! and then stop, as if she had forgot herself—eat little,—complain, pretty rogue, she cannot sleep because of provoking dreams.

JUDITH.

Are these signs of love?

STAVE.

Certainly.

JUDITH.

Then surely am I in love!

STAVE.

Lord have mercy on me!

JUDITH.

For there are but two things we differ in.

STAVE

STAVE.

Prithee what are they ?

JUDITH.

Why, I eat heartily, and sleep soundly, which she does not.

STAVE.

Ay, but I think you might give me a better proof of your love ?

JUDITH

Name it.

STAVE.

Convey this letter secretly, and directly, to your little pouting prisoner ;—'tis from a charming gentleman, who has a power of money,—why he gave me his purse to pay the postage of it, and he will reward thee generously for delivering it :—that done I will unfold the whole story.

JUDITH.

Well, I will, on condition you promise to drink my health out of it,—and return in the evening to tell me all you know of the matter.

STAVE.

Thy health ! why there's no taste in life's cup without it—'tis the tobacco to my pipe—the catch that makes me merry—and the tempter to replenish my jug.—

AIR XI. DUET.

JUDITH. Too gay deceiver say no more,
Full oft you've told me so before,
'Tis not so,
No, no, no.

To love me true is not your plan,
'Thou gay deceiver, wicked man.

STAVE. May flingo never touch this lip,
Or I of old October sip,
If 'tis so,
No, no, no,

Your health to me is every bliss,
'Tis true my girl, by this and this. [*Kisses her*

JUDITH. Fie, fie, dear Stave, you're quite a bear,
You've tumbled all my drefs, I swear.

STAVE. To kiss the lass we love's the vogue,

JUDITH. Ah ! flattering dear ; oh, pretty rogue.

[*Exeunt severally*

LADY ODDLY and Dr. CAMOMILE appear above, the DOCTOR handing her Ladyship down the flight of Stairs.

LADY ODDLY.

Why, William, Roger, Peter! somebody throw open the large folding doors into the garden, or I shall faint; for I profess the unpolite behaviour of this perverse girl has nearly flung me into hysterics.

DOCTOR.

Will your la'ship accept of my arm, and please to regale your olfactory nerves by participating of this quintessence;—'tis delicately prepared, from a prescription of my own, at the express request of the Dutchess of Dimple.

LADY ODDLY.

O, you are too good, Sir;—the creature's want of breeding, has, indeed, given me an immensity of ennui.

DOCTOR.

Your la'ships politesse, I see, is conspicuous even in the choice of your indispositions—

LADY ODDLY.

Choice of my indispositions!

DOCTOR.

Undoubtedly, no woman of quality would deign for a moment to be indisposed from any cause incidental to her inferiors—

LADY ODDLY.

Really!

DOCTOR.

Certainment:—Why there is my charming patient, Lady Spadilla Languish, has a routine of *derangement*—for particular noons, as regularly as she gives her routes and card parties at night.

LADY ODDLY.

How new and fanciful!

DOCTOR.

Perfectly so:—it is quite genteel now to slip on a pleasing indisposition with the morning *deshabille*,
and

and be compleatly restor'd to health the instant it is thrown aside for full dress.

LADY ODDLY.

Well, I protest I am charmed with the delicacy of the thought:—I really don't think I shall suffer a moment's health to intrude again before six o'clock in the evening; whilst the fashion lasts:—but surely this delightful invention must be a severe stroke on the emoluments of you gentlemen of the college.

DOCTOR.

Quite the reverse! why your La'ship would scarcely believe that I rattled out no less than six fetts of wheels in the course of last winter, merely in taking fees from my fair patients; when, in fact, the sovereign remedies for their several complaints, were green fruit at breakfast, to remove a pain at the stomach; a crowded Opera, or a Ball-room, to lower a fever: and a *petit soupé* at three o'clock in the morning, to prevent indigestion! Lord, the disorder would be nothing without a Doctor.

LADY ODDLY.

How delightful!

DOCTOR.

Yes, the very quintessence of the ton—The whole antediluvian mode of practice is now nearly abolished, and your La'ship's very humble servant may be said to conduct the healing art in the first stile of modern refinement.

LADY ODDLY.

But you feel the pulse as usual, I suppose, Doctor?

DOCTOR.

What, seize the delicate hand of a lady, according to the old savage custom of the grizzle wigg'd school?—O, no, your La'ship—*toute au contraire!*

LADY ODDLY.

Why how do you manage it?

DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

If it's a nervous case, which we term a spasmodic affection, I set me down with my fair patient to a party at Picquet, and contrive it thus—Quinte Major in Hearts, Ma'am, says I, I fancy are good for fifteen—yes, Sir, with softest sensibility, says she—three Kings are eighteen—then laying my two fingers on her lovely wrist, I go deliberately on—nineteen—twenty—twenty-one—telling the fluctuation of my patient's pulse, with the variation of my own game—till the dear creature is either repiqued, or capotted.

LADY ODDLY.

What an admirable idea!

DOCTOR.

Quite so,

AIR XII.

Were old Galen to rise,
From Elysium below,
Of modern complaints,
So little he'd know,
That amaz'd at the change,
And struck dumb with surprise,
He'd soon hurry back,
Nor believe his own eyes.

For Physic's exploded, so alter'd the trade is,
And wou'd you but know how I please all the ladies;
I prescribe a court dress, a route or a ball,
A play or an opera, or may be all;
First couple lead down—'twill do I can tell,
Cross over—back again—now my lady is well.

Let fools their old nonsense,
Still solemnly broach;
While they trudge it on foot,—
I loll in my coach;
They may pore o'er old books,
And incessantly toil;
Be their's the dull task,
Mine—*Fashion and Hoyle.*

For physic's exploded, &c. &c.

E

LADY

LADY ODDLY.

Charming! What a difference there is, Doctor, between you and Old Potion, our blind Apothecary!

DOCTOR.

"The blind Apothecary!" (*hesitating*) Yes, Madam, I believe there is some little difference between us (*affectedly*)

LADY ODDLY.

Oh! I have no patience with my little tasteless huffey, for being blind to such superlative merit.

DOCTOR.

Indeed (*viewing himself affectedly*) I do think Miss Augusta's optics are not the clearest.

LADY ODDLY.

But I'm determined she shall comply, and be rendered happy even against her will:---the wedding must positively take place to-morrow morning, or all my festoons of flowerets will be faded, and the beauty of my gala utterly destroyed.

DOCTOR.

I honor your La'ship's resolution;

LADY ODDLY.

And now, dear Doctor, will you favour me, by taking a turn round the grounds, which I flatter myself your fine taste will approve:—by this time the rustic artists must have nearly compleated their works, and will wait for me to direct them in the finishing touch to their decorations.

DOCTOR.

I attend your La'ship to witness the happiest combinations.

AIR XII, DUET.

Dr. CAM. Tho' gay your trees, perfume your flow'rs,
Enchantment all your groves and bow'rs,
Yet scarce I wish to stir,
For here superior charms I see—

LADY ODDLY. You flatter sure, you can't mean me!

My dear Sir.

DOCTOR

Dr. CAM. I love August a faith 'tis true,
 But 'tis because she's so like you,
 Or I'm the saddest cur.
 Such lovely shape! Majestic air!
 LADY ODDLY. You make me blush now I declare,
 O la Sir.

"Dr. CAM. The bloom of youth still decks your cheek,
 Your accent mild when e'er you speak,
 No spot your beauties blur,
 'Pon honor's true each word I utter,
 "LADY ODDLY. Lord I'm all in such a flutter,
 Bless me Sir."

[Exit Dr. CAM. handing out LADY ODDLY.]

SCENE a Parlour,

SIR SOLOMON ODDLY and COMMODORE LARBOARD
 discovered at a table,—punch bowl, glasses, &c. ROGER
 waiting.

SIR SOLOMON.

Here Roger, replenish the bowl.

ROGER.

What quite full again, your worship?

LARBOARD.

Aye, up to the gun wale! [Exit Roger] why
 the mutinous lubber would send us on a voyage
 of friendship, with only short allowance on
 board!

SIR SOLOMON.

Why this is social and friendly now;—I am
 amazed, Commodore, how you and I could ever
 have had the least difference,—and on such trifling
 subjects too!

LARBOARD.

'Troth so do I—'twas very extraordinary, but
 as we have both suffered the whirlwind of passion,
 to unship the rudder of our understandings, let us
 in future give the helm to the direction of rea-
 son; and secure our ill-temper close under the
 hatches.

SIR SOLOMON.

Give me thy hand, my old King of Clubs—give me thy hand ; we'll now turn over a new leaf, and begin a chapter of friendship, which shall end but with the finis of our lives, and never exchange another angry word ; and to make this agreement the more binding, let him that first breaks it in word or deed, forfeit a hundred guineas.

LARBOARD.

Agreed ; fill up the glasses to the brim, to our hearty reconciliation : I'd bet a hundred guineas more that neither of us have ever an opportunity of calling on the other for the penalty.

SIR SOLOMON.

A hundred and five pounds ; a good round sum though my dear Larboard ! 'egad if this Christian like treaty had been in force before our last little war of words, your purse had certainly been something the lighter.

LARBOARD.

Not in the least, my good friend ; for you must admit, that in that particular case, you was out of [your *element*, and undoubtedly the first aggressor.

SIR SOLOMON.

Who, I ?---why did not you---

LARBOARD.

No !

SIR SOLOMON.

Why won't you hear me ?

LARBOARD.

Because I know you will not speak to the purpose.

SIR SOLOMON.

Have a care, have a care, I find your are going to fly out again, and treat me as that sturdy old Grecian *Brute-o* did his amiable friend *Cash-o* in the tent.

LARBOARD.

I ! Damme, how provoking that is now ! I never
was

was cooler in my life—but I am positive I was in the right.

SIR SOLOMON.

And I am positive I was not in the wrong.

LARBOARD.

Now, Sir Solomon, why will you be so obstinate; only let me state the case, and I'll convince you in a moment.

SIR SOLOMON.

No, I am sure you will not.

LARBOARD.

You'll not hear reason, then?

SIR SOLOMON.

Zookers, you would exhaust the patience of Job himself.

LARBOARD.

Who flies out now?—who's in a passion now?

SIR SOLOMON.

Zounds! am I in a passion, you old sword-fish? if I was sure of not coming off with the worst on't I'd soon make you as calm as I am.

LARBOARD.

Sir Solomon, don't provoke me—consider who I am.

SIR SOLOMON.

Who you are?

LARBOARD.

Aye?

SIR SOLOMON.

Why you are—

LARBOARD.

What?

SIR SOLOMON.

As old a fellow as myself.

LARBOARD.

'Pshaw, you're beneath my resentment, a ridiculous scribbler, who don't know a Chart from a Logbook.

SIR SOLOMON.

This is too much to be borne—'tis committing homicide, parricide, suicide, and regicide, on my acknowledged literary abilities, and a general massacre

massacre on every side of my whole Court of Aldermen,—therefore I desire, Sir, you and your puppy of a nephew, would quit my house to-morrow morning—for I'd sooner my daughter should marry a Lord, who would spend her fortune at Faro and Newmarket, than be allied to a man who has no more judgment than a porpoise, or command of his temper than a North Easter!

LARBOARD.

First pay me the hundred guineas you have lost.

SIR SOLOMON.

I'd as soon give you the honor and copyright of all my poetry and biography.

LARBOARD.

Expect to answer for this insult.

AIR XII. DUET.

LARBOARD.	The next time we meet—
SIR SOLOMON.	Stand off I entreat,
LARBOARD.	Your house no protection may give;
SIR SOLOMON.	I fear not your threat.
LARBOARD.	I'll punish you yet;
SIR SOLOMON.	In spite of your rage I shall live.
	And should you but dare,
LARBOARD.	For law I don't care,
SIR SOLOMON.	With sword e'er attempt to dissect me;
LARBOARD.	I certainly will,
SIR SOLOMON.	You'll soon have your fill—
TOGETHER.	<i>John Doe—Richard Roe, shall protect me—</i>
	<i>John Doe—Richard Roe, shan't protect thee.</i>
	[<i>Exit Sir Solomon.</i>

LARBOARD.

There he scuds—what an incorrigible hot-headed fool!--if I had been as warm as he is heaven knows what the consequence might have been---Aye, I always said nothing makes a man so ridiculous as passion---

Enter ROGER, running.

Well, Sir, who the devil sent for you?

ROGER

ROGER.

I crave your pardon, Sur,---here's a strange lady without desires to see your honor alone, and that immediately.

LARBOARD.

A lady, Sirrah, desires a private interview with me! it cannot be; forty years ago, indeed, I should not have been surpris'd at such a thing, but now---harkee, Roger, is she young?

ROGER.

She seems so, an please your honour.

LARBOARD.

Is she handsome, you fly rogue, ah!

ROGER.

I conna say, Sur, she has a long white piece of something all over her head.

LARBOARD.

Well, shew her in directly, [*Exit ROGER*] now old Larboard who would have thought that---but mum, here she is.

Enter MARIA, veiled.

A trim-built cock-boat, truly---Madam, I kiss your hands--- I hope she'll furl her topfail tho', or I may chance to pay a handsome salute to some old sea-beaten vessel of threescore;---she's dumb sure!

MARIA.

You are, doubtless, surpris'd, Sir, at this visit from an entire stranger; nor do I know sufficiently how to apologize for the intrusion; yet I trust your goodness will pardon the liberty I have taken when you are acquainted with the reason of it.

[*unveils*]

LARBOARD.

Handsome as an angel!—Lovely creature proceed. Her beauty has already taken possession of the cabin of my heart:—speak, Madam, if 'tis in my power to serve you, freely command me.

MARIA.

MARIA.

I fear, Sir, I shall forfeit all title to that kindness you are pleased to express for me, when you find I come but to trouble you with the melancholy tale of a love-sick girl.

LARBOARD.

What a bewitching eye she has!—Ah! Larboard, thou art a fortunate fellow—

MARIA.

You doubtless knew my father, who commanded the Warrior, and fell in the service of his country, bravely fighting his ship!

LARBOARD.

How, the daughter of my old messmate! as worthy a fellow as ever stepped between stem and stern.

AIR XVI.

When on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,
While the glass circled round with full glee,
King and country to give, my old friend never fail'd,
And the toast was soon toasts'd off by me.

Billows might dash,
Light'ning might flash,

'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too powerful foe in our track did but pass,
We resolv'd both to live and die free,
Quick we number'd her guns, and for each took a glass,
Then a broadside we gave her with three,

Cannon might roar,
Echo'd from shore,

'Twas the same to us both when at sea

MARIA.

Time, at length wiped the filial tear from my cheek, and I pass my days in scenes of domestic serenity and content, till Love, ill-fated Love, intruded, and again deprived me of every comfort.

LARBOARD.

Sweet creature, how she dissolves me!—the moisture I find has got into my scuppers:—don't
cast

cast yourself away in despair, Madam, nothing shall be wanting on my part to bring you safe into the port of happiness; and I think I may say, without vanity, that you have placed your affections on a pilot of spirit and honor.

MARIA.

Rather on a wretch, whose conduct is a disgrace to mankind.

LARBOARD.

Heyday! why that's not quite so civil to one's face, however.

[*aside.*

MARIA.

Unkind, ungenerous Frederic!

LARBOARD.

Frederic!—I'm dreaming sure! my name's Hannibal:—pray, Madam, be so obliging as to inform me what is the meaning of all this; did not you come here to—

MARIA.

Throw myself on your protection—I suffered all your nephew's behaviour with some degree of calmness, till hearing he had paid his addresses to the young lady of this mansion, I resolved, by my appearance on the spot, to obtain a redress of my wrongs.

LARBOARD.

Zounds! what a quicksand of mistake I had like to have foundered on, if I had not hawl'd my wind in time. [*aside*—But how, in the name of wonder, did Dr. Camomile and you become acquainted? for I don't recollect to have ever heard a syllable of the matter before.

MARIA.

Soon after the decease of my much-lamented parent I retired to France; at Amiens it was my misfortune to become acquainted with your nephew; then on a pleasurable trip to the continent—a mutual attachment succeeded, and we were soon

F

after

after married, according to the established laws of that kingdom.

LARBOARD.

His wife!—Zounds, what a viper have I cherished in my bosom, and meant to have made my heir.

MARIA.

He soon after received, or pretended to have received, an express, requiring his immediate attendance at Bologne, for which place he set off, but never returned.

LARBOARD.

The hypocritical young dog!

MARIA.

I have since received a letter from him in England, addressed to me in my maiden name, in which he informed me that there was an insurmountable bar to our ever being legally united, for that, in consequence of your positive commands, he was on the point of giving his hand to a young lady of an immense fortune.

LARBOARD.

I believe it will be his fortune to give his neck to an halter.

MARIA.

Upon which I immediately embarked, and having learnt the name of the lady, and time of the intended nuptials, I came post here to state my case, and appeal to your justice and humanity.

LARBOARD.

Say no more, I shall from this time consider you as my lawful niece:—Lady Oddly, to whom I must introduce you, will doubtless allot you a hammock in her house for the present; and it shall be my task to endeavour to bring your unworthy husband to a proper acknowledgement of his errors.

MARIA.

The weight of this obligation—

LARBOARD.

LARBOARD.

Call it merely an act of justice; you owe me no obligation; we are all subject to beat up the rough channel of misfortune, and split on the concealed rocks of villainy; it is, therefore, a duty we owe to each other, as a part of the crew of society, in our different voyages through life, to protect the injured and succour the distressed.

AIR XIV.

“ How poor is the man, tho’ he wealth should possess,
 “ Who the impulse of pity ne’er knew;
 “ But unfeeling could hear the sad tale of distress,
 “ And with-hold from misfortune its due.

“ The elements’ rigor much sooner I’d brave,
 “ Which my vessel on foul ground should strand;
 “ Or in Biscay’s rough bay meet a watery grave,
 “ Than I’d take such a wretch by the hand.”

[Exit LARBOARD leading off MARIA.]

SCENE, *an extensive Grove of Trees, decorated with festoons of flowers, lamps, &c. pendant from the branches:—on one side a part of SIR SOLOMON ODDLY’S House is seen; and between other wings, small booths for serving out refreshments to a company.—STAVE, and a considerable number of male and female villagers, among which is MELVILLE in his disguise, hanging wreaths of flowers on the trees, and round their trunks; AUGUSTA pensively seated at the window of the house.*

SESTETTO.

STAVE. Come, come bustle away,
 The Sun is just setting:
 FIRST WOMEN. Now don’t tease us, we pray,
 SECOND WOMEN. You always are fretting:
 STAVE. If you frown my dear girls,—
 FIRST WOMEN. Well, what if we do?
 STAVE. You’ll never get married—
 SECOND WOMEN. That’s nothing to you,

MELVILLE. See on her hand she leans her cheek,
Perhaps she thinks on me,
[*observing* AUGUSTA.]

AUGUSTA. Ah! MELVILLE, where thou now but
there,
How should I gaze on thee.

STAVE. Come finish directly, pray try for't,
Her Ladyship's coming: [*looking behind.*]

MEN. Cease then your humming,

STAVE. And the bridegroom—good lack,
[*looking again*]

WOMEN. I'll peep if I die for't,

STAVE. Zooker's stand back.
[*All the women run towards the entrance.*]

STAVE.

Now my dear pretty little rogues, fall back,
pray fall back.

WOMEN.

Well, we will, we will.

STAVE.

Go then to your several stations:—You, Betty Brown, are to serve out the coffee to the gentlefolks to-morrow; Letty Dickens is to make tea; Christopher Codlin, you shall be master of the rolls; and I myself am appointed comptroller-general of the bottles and long corks.

Enter LADY ODDLY *and* Dr. CAMOMILE.

DOCTOR.

Really, the whole is laid out with prodigious taste.
[AUGUSTA *goes from the window.*]

LADY ODDLY.

See there, Sir, the obstinate creature immediately retires from the window at our approaching.

DOCTOR.

How cruelly perverse.

LADY ODDLY.

Well, honest people, I see you have completed your task.

DOCTOR

DOCTOR.

'Pon honor, a pleasing assemblage of rustic strength, and rural beauty.

[*Looking through a glass at the Villagers.*

LADY ODDLY.

I hope those girls who are to dance to-morrow before the visitors will make no false steps, and be very perfect in their figure.

STAVE.

You had better, damsels, shew her Ladyship what you can do:—lads, take your partners.

[*A Dance with wreaths of flowers and tamborins, during which Lady Oddly and Dr. Camomile are seated.*

DOCTOR.

Very well, very well, indeed.

LADY ODDLY.

Tolerable, tolerable. (*seeing MELVILLE*) Stave, who is that strange young man leaning against the tree?

STAVE.

What, that?

LADY ODDLY,

No, that.

STAVE.

That! that!—Odd's bobs, the Captain! what shall I say, (*aside*) the strange young man, an please your Ladyship?

LADY ODDLY.

Yes!

STAVE.

His name is Mel—— (*stops himself.*

LADY ODDLY.

What?

STAVE.

Zookers, I was going to blab all. (*aside*) Why, my Lady, he is—that is—he lives at—in the—the neighbouring parish, and comes here to learn psalmody.

LADY ODDLY.

Learn psalmody and in my grounds!

STAVE.

STAVE.

Yes, my Lady.

LADY ODDLY.

What do you mean?

MELVILLE.

'Sdeath I shall be discovered.

STAVE.

No, no, an please your Ladyship—I, I mean at my cottage;—and so knowing him to be a lad of parts, I got him to come and give a helping hand in hanging the festoons;---that's all, upon my troth.

LADY ODDLY.

He's a very smart handsome young fellow, come from where he will

MELVILLE.

So, all is safe yet. I wish they would take their departure, that I might endeavour to speak with my lovely Augusta.

LADY ODDLY.

Come, girls, follow me to the hall, and I'll give you the ribbons you are to wear at the gala:—Stave you take care of the men:—Dr. Camomile will have the goodnessto excuse me for ten minutes; and if he will make a turn round the canal, I will meet him on the lawn.

DOCTOR.

O pray, my Lady, *sans ceremonie*; the warbling of the birds will amuse me till your return.

[*Exeunt* LADY ODDLY and female villagers.
The DOCTOR retires to the top of the Stage.

STAVE.

Now lads, hey off to the Old Plough on the hill, but be sure you don't get tipfical—till I come; [*Exit villagers*] [*To Melville*] 'Egad Captain, your woundy gentlemanlike appearance had like to have brought us both into a marvelous hobble.

MELVILLE.

It was your confounded hesitation that had nearly ruined all my hopes. 'Sdeath he here still!

[*Exeunt* MELVILLE and STAVE.

Dr. CAMOMILE *solus*.

I have at length got a moment's respite from the antiquated mamma ;—the daughter is unquestionably the only tolerable creature in the family : no matter, the moment I have obtained her fortune I'll drive off to town, and quit for ever this mansion of absurdity. Ah! sure that's Lady Oddly's handsome bumpkin again ; what can he be loitering here behind his companions for ? He comes this way, and wishes, by his manner, to avoid being noticed !—I'll step into this arbour, and observe him attentively. [*Goes into the arbour.*]

Enter MELVILLE.

MELVILLE.

The coast is at last clear—I'll seize the fortunate moment to discover myself to my immured angel.—Augusta! she does not hear me ; perhaps her flurried spirits may have sought relief in slumber!—if so, I'll gently wake her by the soft strains of her favourite serenade.

AIR XV.

The mind oppress'd—by sleep may hope,
To sooth corroding grief;
What hope, alas, if wayward love,
Denies its kind relief?
Rise then, my fair—thy slumbers cease,
And bless thy faithful swain;
Whose bosom only beats for thee,
Thy absence all his pain.
The mimic death ; oh, quick forsake,
Awake, my love—my love awake !

DOCTOR.

Here's a pretty discovery!—the bewitching clodhopper ;—this sufficiently accounts for artful Miss's repugnance to my addresses.

MELVILLE.

Hist, Augusta, 'tis thy Melville calls.

DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

How impatient the rascal is!

(AUGUSTA appears at the window.)

AUGUSTA

My dear Captain!

DOCTOR.

Captain! the military in ambuscade; here's an unexpected mine sprung indeed;---but I may out-general the Captain yet.

MELVILLE.

My dearest Augusta, I have learnt from Stave your present disagreeable situation.

DOCTOR.

Oh! ho! that's the psalmody he taught you, I find!

MELVILLE.

Will you venture to descend?—a ladder is near at hand, and my horses are ready in the village; haste then, let us instantly fly together.

AUGUSTA.

To escape unobserved is at present impossible,

DOCTOR.

Faith that's truer than you are at present aware of.

AUGUSTA.

But I have secured Judith in our interest, who has faithfully promised to release me in an hour's time; be therefore ready near the garden-door that opens into the wood, (the key of which I have in my possession) exactly at ten o'clock, where I will not fail to meet you.

DOCTOR.

I shall certainly make bold to be of the party.

AUGUSTA.

Now pray retire, for fear of an unfortunate discovery!—remember the hour.

MELVILLE.

Rely upon my punctuality and honor.

AIR

AIR XVI. DUET, AUGUSTA and MELVILLE.

Till then adieu
 Adieu my love;
 May no untoward fate decree,
 To blight our hopes in early bud,
 And tear my charmer far from me,
 "Believe me to my purpose true,
 "Till next we meet, adieu, adieu!"

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*An entrance to SIR SOLOMON ODDLY'S Garden from
 the Wood.* [The stage darkened

Enter DOCTOR CAMOMILE and LE FRIZZ.

DOCTOR.

Let me see—this is the garden-door which opens into the wood—"perhaps I had better have made " Sir Solomon and Lady Oddly acquainted with " their daughter's intended elopement, and then " have called her military lover to a severe account for his dishonorable bush-fighting, rather " than to have adopted my present plan—but 'tis " now too late."—Le Frizz conceal yourself behind those bushes, and keep a watchful eye on this spot, whilst I take a turn and see if he is approaching through that avenue, "which seems to lead " immediately to the village, and be sure follow the " directions I have given you."

G

LE FRIZZ.

JUST IN TIME;

LE FRIZZ.

Oui, Monsieur, vous may dépendé pon moi.

[Exit.

AIR XVII. DOCTOR.

Love's fev'rish fit
 Shall intermit,
 If ought my art avail;
 By searching pill,
 I'll try my skill;—
 Should that prescription fail,
 All my skill can invent,
 This pair to torment,
 Emetic, cathartic and lotion;
 Dilute, st-ve, and feed,
 Cup, plaister, and bleed,
 Couch, scarify, gargle, and potion.
 Next a bolus of bitters these lovers must swallow,
 And a sharp-biting blister shall instantly follow.

[Exit.

Enter MELVILLE in his proper dress, attended by O'LIFFEY.

MELVILLE.

I fear it is past the hour of appointment—can you tell the time exactly, O'Liffey?

O'LIFFEY.

The time—by the time-piece, your honor, in my stomach, it must certainly be near supper-time—Oh, may the devil take this same love, say I, it will be the death of us both—there have I been cooped in that little palm-finger's cabin these two hours, without even a solitary potatoe, or a toothful of whisky, to amuse my poor appetite.

MELVILLE.

Prithee hold thy idle tongue.

O'LIFFEY.

My idle tongue—Faith then, your honor, I with my idle tongue was otherwise engaged, sure enough—I am honestly indebted three meals to my stomach, and can't get one to bail me—“I
 “ have confessed judgment to hunger, and famine
 “ will

"will certainly serve execution on me"—Well, of all the living deaths in this wide world, keep poor Barney O'Liffey from starvation!

MELVILLE.

Are you sure that my pistols are safe in the pockets of the chaise, and your's placed in the holsters of your saddle.

O'LIFFEY.

Yes, your honor—I'm well enough armed, I wish I was as well fed—but should there be an occasion, hunger, and the hopes of getting to a plentiful inn, have made me so desperate that I could act wonders for the honor of little Ireland—

MELVILLE.

Hark, the village-clock strikes the hour [*the clock strikes ten*] ten, we are JUST IN TIME, then.

O'LIFFEY.

Pray, Sir, saving your presence, does the old gentleman in black walk here?

MELVILLE.

They tell us he's every where.—

O'LIFFEY.

Lord help my foolish head---I thought he had business enough in London to keep him from rambling into the country---though to make confession, your honour, to be sure there is the devil to pay and play too sometimes in my own dear country.

MELVILLE.

Where did you leave your horse?

O'LIFFEY.

My horse;---I left him comfortably eating his supper, near the *bottom* of the old tree at the *top* of the hill, as happy, poor soul, as liberty and good grass could make him.---O, Wiraftrewa! I wish his poor master was half as well off.

MELVILLE.

Grazing, you blockhead!--run directly and make him fast to the chaise in the thicket.

G 2

O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

Make him fast to the chaise! well I will, your honor.---Upon my soul this master of mine seems determined that neither man nor beast shall have a mouthful in comfort with his consent.—O what would I give now to sit down to a comfortable slice of corn-beef, with about a dozen mealy potatoes with their jackets on. *[Exit*

Enter DOCTOR CAMOMILE and LE FRIZZ on opposite sides of the stage, with pistols.—MELVILLE on seeing them starts back.

MELVILLE.

Ha! surprised by two armed men—do you come to rob me?

DOCTOR.

No, captain, you are the robber, who come thus, free-booter like, to carry from these domains that treasure which I claim, and which her friends are resolved I shall possess.

MELVILLE.

I know you now!

DOCTOR.

Then instantly resign all pretensions to the lady, and quit this place for ever, or—

MELVILLE.

No power on earth shall force me to concessions in violation of my love or injurious to my honor.

DOCTOR.

Since that is your determination, Le Frizz assist me in securing this bold adventurer.

[As they advance to seize MELVILLE enter LARBOARD behind.

LARBOARD.

How! two arm'd pirates about to board one poor defenceless vessel!

LARBOARD steps in between DOCTOR CAMOMILE and MELVILLE, and seizes the former by the arm.

DOCTOR

DOCTOR.

Zounds! my old uncle by all, that's honest.

[Drops his pistol.

[MELVILLE immediately turns upon LE FRIZZ and strikes him, who runs out calling murder, fire, &c. MELVILLE follows beating him.]

LARBOARD.

My hopeful nephew, by all that's villainous—
So, Sir, I now find I cannot even take a solitary evening's walk without running foul of some of your enormities.

DOCTOR.

Sir, when you are made acquainted a little—

LARBOARD.

I am acquainted with too much already.

DOCTOR.

But this man, Sir, is my insidious rival.

LARBOARD.

Not in the affections of poor *Maria*.

DOCTOR.

Ah! *Maria*—then he knows all, and I am ruined [*aside*.]

LARBOARD.

If any thing could make you more despicable than your shameful conduct to an amiable woman it would be your affassin-like attempt on a gentleman, who appears, by his uniform, to have the honor to bear his Majesty's commission.

DOCTOR.

But my dear uncle.—

LARBOARD.

No reply, my dear puppy—I won't hear a word; if ever you hope to obtain my forgiveness, and be appointed to the command of my fortune, reconcile yourself to your injured wife, and make an ample apology to the insulted officer, or, damn me, never dare look an honest or a brave man in the face again whilst you live.

DOCTOR.

My duty to you, Sir, will induce me strictly to obey your injunction.

LAR-

LARBOARD.

I wish you could assign a better motive than your duty to me, for striking the flag of vice and hoisting over it the standard of virtue.

[CAMOMILE bows.—*Exeunt on opposite sides of the stage.*

SCENE.

A Park-like paling, inclosing a plantation

Enter MELVILLE and O'LIFFEY.

MELVILLE.

S'death that yelping cur of a Swifs has alarmed the whole village.—

O'LIFFEY.

I never heard such an howling as the outlandish brute made, in all my born days before.

MELVILLE.

The bustle has unquestionably prevented Augusta from keeping her appointment—be on the watch, O'Liffey, [*Exit O'LIFFEY.*] I must return to the spot, if but to make my acknowledgements to the stranger who so generously came to my relief—Yet should I be discovered by the villagers, the reputation of my Augusta might suffer in the opinion of a censorious world—it ill becomes a soldier to avoid an enemy.

AIR XIX.

But war, the spear, and tented field
No longer now my bosom burns,
To love triumphant I must yield,
While rage to foster passion turns.—

Enter O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

O, thunder anounds, your honor, I hear the whole troop advancing.

MELVILLE.

The noise still approaches nearer.

O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY

I see them now in the thicket—by the number of their lanthorns there must be at least forty men, women and children, armed with shillelahs, sickles, scythes, pitchforks, pokers, and the devil knows what.—They have laid rough hands on the smooth legs of my poor beast, who is kicking, dear creature, as if he was—in the fits.

MELVILLE.

Ha! here's a fenced coppice—I'll get over it for a moment, and so avoid them should they pass this way—O'Liffey, follow me [*gets over the fence.*]

O'LIFFEY.

Follow you—O, by my soul you have got on the right side for once, and to be sure I'll not be after you—when I was a boy, I was always the devil for climbing after forbidden fruit, and little birds nests—what's the matter with you now, O'Liffey? Arrah sure I have got over a higher place than this in my time—troth I think I am about to do some great good deed, and the old gentleman in black is pulling me back again—my dear friend, Barny, you had better try again, or you may chance to get your bones well thrashed by some of those spalpeens flails;—now I'm up, I think I can easily find my way to the bottom without a finger post [*sits on the top of the paling*]. Faith 'tis not every one that is *elevated* can save his neck so easily by dropping.—so down you go Barny. [*jumps down.*]

SCENE

Changes to a distant part of SIR SOLOMON ODDLY'S Garden, the Moon appears rising.

Enter AUGUSTA, with JUDITH,

AUGUSTA.

Good Judith, make no more delays—I'm sure 'tis past the hour—he'll be all impatience.

JUDITH

JUDITH.

La, Miss, if he is not I'm sure I know who is—well, I can't blame you, for truly he's a delicious youth, such a shape—such an air!—eyes like diamonds, and just the nose that I admire.

AUGUSTA.

Prithee, no more words, but pray begone.

JUDITH.

Bless us, how hasty we lovers are [Exit.

AUGUSTA.

The fortunate difference between my father and the old Commodore, may for ever release me from the odious addresses of the Doctor—it has at least prevented the necessity of an immediate elopement—though the conscious moon seems to invite me, by its silver light, to fulfil my promise, and fly with the man I adore.

AIR XX. RONDEAU.

“ Ye fable clouds, O veil those beams,
 “ Which tempt my willing heart
 “ To trace the moss-grown path along,
 “ And prompt me to depart,
 “ Assist me, Prudence, cautious maid,
 “ To sway my doubting breast,
 “ Bring sober reason to thy aid,
 “ And bid this rebel rest;
 “ Yet, O my Melville, still to you
 “ This bosom beats with passion true.”

[AUGUSTA retires to a garden-chair under a tree.

Enter MELVILLE.

MELVILLE,

“ This place is all enchantment—I cannot observe a human creature---yet I thought I heard
 “ a female voice, charming as a syren's---Ha!
 “ Augusta---it cannot be!”

AUGUSTA.

Melville!

MEL-

MELVILLE.
It is, by all that's happy—The same, and your's
for ever. [*They embrace.*]

AUGUSTA.
Where's Judith?

MELVILLE.
I have not seen her.

AUGUSTA.
How did you come here then?

MELVILLE.
I leap'd the paling to avoid being discovered,
and love and chance have guided me to all my
foul desires.

AUGUSTA.
Come then, let us retire privately to the house
for a few moments and devise some means to se-
cure our union without a clandestine elopement.
I may be sought for and discovered here.

MELVILLE.
Rather let us put it out of fortune's power to
part us again.

AUGUSTA.
No, Melville, 'tis my province to rule before
marriage—your's after. A violent fracas has hap-
pily arisen between Sir Solomon and his old com-
panion; the best of it is, my father resolutely de-
clares that he never will consent to my marrying
the nephew of such an overbearing passionate old
man. Judith shall therefore conduct you privately
to the village, and in the morning you may, if
you please, make a formal proposal to my father;
if he rejects it, I will submit implicitly to your
direction.

MELVILLE.
Which shall be to take a trip to Scotland.

JUST IN TIME.

AIR XXI. DUET.

MELVILLE. Believe charming maid,
A fond youth, who adores you,
The sure way to be happy,
Lies open before you ;
The paths deck'd with flow'rets,
By Hymen implanted,
From seeds of true love ;
And by Cupid 'tis haunted.—

AUGUSTA. Rely dearest youth,
You know I regard you,
Their arts shall not triumph,
In vain they discard you.
I'll fly with you chearly,
Like hind o'er the mountain,
The bird swift in flight,
Or quick stream from the fountain.

MELVILLE. Then say shall we soon be united for ever ?

AUGUSTA. We will, nor shall fate my affections e'er sever.

TOGETHER.

Then no dangers we'll fear, which our foes may intend us,
While honor presides love will ever befriend us,

(Exeunt towards the house.)

SCENE changes again to the entrance to SIR SOLOMON ODDLY'S Garden from the Wood.

Enter Dr. CAMOMILE,
DOCTOR.

This wood has in it so many turnings and bye paths, that by passing some of the most obscure of them the Captain has eluded my endeavours to meet him, in order to comply with my uncle's desire, by making him an apology; but if he is resolved to keep his appointment he must unavoidably return to this place——

JUDITH *opens the Garden Door.*

The garden door opens!

JUDITH.

JUDITH.
Hift, hift, Captain Melville.

DOCTOR.
This is Augufta's maid!—What can be the rea-
fon of her coming here inftead of her miftrefs?—
my curiofity is excited—I'll fee what it means.

JUDITH.
Captain Melville, is it you?

DOCTOR.
There can be no harm in humouring the miftake,
and feeing the iffue of the adventure. (*afide*) Yes,
it is me, fpeak foftly—I fear we are obferved.

JUDITH.
I hope not—Lord tis very dark—the moon is
now quite hid behind the clouds—well it is a
pleafant time for lovers---if I had a sweetheart,
I think I fhould like the dark wonderfully.

DOCTOR.
What does the amorous Abigail mean?

JUDITH.
My young miftrefs, poor little foul, is fo impa-
tient---indeed, Captain, I believe ſhe doats on
you.

DOCTOR.
Hum ;—come lead me then to her.

JUDITH.
Well, you have the foftest hand that ever I felt.

DOCTOR.
S'death, lead on. (*Exit into the Garden.*)

SCENE, *the infide of the garden.*

Enter JUDITH and Dr. CAMOMILE.

JUDITH.
How!—the bird is fled—ſhe has perhaps taken
a turn into the next walk—do you ſtep into yonder
arbour until I fee if the old lady and gentleman
are fafe, and I'll ſend Miſs to you here direcly.—
Captain, indeed!—I never met ſuch a tame cold

creature in my life before —little Stave's worth a thousand of him.—

[Exit JUDITH.

[DOCTOR CAMOMILE *retires into the arbour.*

Enter O'LIFFEY, with a large hedge-stake.

O'LIFFEY.

Oh, the heavens preserve you, poor Barny O'Liffey.—I have been groping about this desert of a garden full half an hour, and can't find either myself nor my poor master—I expect every step I take to be shot by some of them devils of spring guns, or put my foot in the mouth of some great gridiron of a man-trap, with teeth as long as my arm!—"and what's worse than all, I'm in danger of being drowned, for 'tis so dark that I can't see a great big moat from a bowling-green"—Oh may the devil confound this same love, I say, over and over again—a mighty pretty figure I should be after making here if I was discovered—arrah what could I say?—I could expect nothing less sure than to be hanged up alive—O Barny, O poor Barny O'Liffey—if I was to lose my life now I'd never forgive my master if I was to live for fifty years after.—[Dr. CAMOMILE *comes from the arbour.*] Arrah, is not that my hopeful knight-errant of a master, Captain Melville, coming down the walk—O the heavens be praised, I have blundered on him at last, however.

DOCTOR.

Perhaps I had better not have entered the garden in the manner I have.

O'LIFFEY.

By my troth I was just now saying the same thing, and likewise, that I had acted more like a madman than a man of sense in following you, not that I, in the least, feared that *durty* puppy of a Doctor

a Doctor, for may my poor eyes never see sweet day-light again if I don't think him a most contemptible poltroon.

DOCTOR.

'Sdeath, this is some servant of the Captain's that has mistaken me for his master, and followed us into the garden---it must be so.

O'LIFFEY.

Ha, ha, ha! I am thinking, your honour, should we be successful, and take away the young lady, how that poor devil of a Doctor will rave and swear.---Oh if I had him here just now, to be sure I wou'd n't unfrizzle his top-not---ogh to be sure an I wou'd; I'd dust his coat for him with this little bit of a twig in my fist, here.

DOCTOR.

This is almost too much to be borne---but I'll be calm, and not discover myself.

O'LIFFEY.

Hush, there's somebody coming this way---upon my soul by the rustling it must be a petticoat---O ho!---I begin to smell a plot, and so, as I hate to spoil sport, I'll beat a bit of a retreat just into the next walk---for though the moon may not be ashamed of twinkling her face upon these occasions, that no reason I should lend her a hand to put my master out of countenance; as, with all her peeping, she'll not enable him to distinguish a peach from a potatoe. [Exit.

DOCTOR.

It shall be so, I'll revenge myself on her pride by my indifference, and boast to her of the regard I have for another, which in honor and duty I ought to have.---Egad I'll go immediately and acquaint Lady Oddly with my resolution.---

Enter MARIA.

MARIA.

Good heavens---Frederic! *[aside and agitated.*

DOCTOR

DOCTOR.

I did not flatter myself, a few moments ago, of having the honor of meeting you here.

MARIA.

I have but too much reason to know it.

DOCTOR.

I have, however, to thank your convenient domestic for the introduction.

MARIA.

My domestic!---he certainly mistakes me for Augusta. [*aside.*

DOCTOR.

Be under no apprehensions, Madam—from this moment I shall not endeavour to counteract your wishes or disturb your peace.

MARIA.

O that he addressed those sentiments with sincerity to me. [*aside.*

DOCTOR.

For had a union taken place between us, I confess it had been merely a mercenary one on my part, a previous engagement to another lady preventing me from sufficiently estimating your merits.---

MARIA.

My hopes revive. [*aside.*

DOCTOR.

In short, Madam, an accident has happen'd that has awakened my conscience, and as I confess myself a penitent—it is now my fixed intention to do justice to my injured Maria—to lay my fortune at her feet—and to employ her pardon.

MARIA.

Know then Maria grants it.

DOCTOR.

Amazement, Maria!---is it impossible? and can you forgive?

MARIA.

Pray no more, my Frederic, let us then instantly make your worthy uncle, and Sir Solomon'

A COMIC OPERA. 55

Solomon's family acquainted with this our fortunate interview.

DOCTOR.

Which I flatter myself will be the means of reconciling all parties.

MARIA.

It has at least rendered me the happiest of women.

AIR XXIII.

The shipwreck'd tar, on billows toss'd,
Lash'd to some plank, and fighting;
The land in view he hoped to gain,
Himself o'erwhelm'd and dying,
Could scarce conceive the joy I feel,
Thus chang'd my hapless doom;
Should Fortune save him from despair,
And waft the wand'rer home.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

O, by my soul, a plot sure enough!—I overheard the last part of their conversation—and so we are on Mr. Sir Solomon's premises after all—well, I and my master were most certainly born under a pair of lucky planets.---I once had my fortune told me by a cunning old woman in the county of Tipperary, and she said I should be in danger of being starved, drowned, and hanged, but that I might be preserved for a tight smart neat bit of a girl, with a——but who the devil's a coming now?---another petticoat by all that's temptations---now, Mr. Barny O'Liffey, you shall have a little bit of a plot of your own---I'll say a tender thing or two to her that will trip up the heels of her heart---O, leave an Irishman alone for that,---

Enter

Enter JUDITH.

JUDITH.

Captain Melville, I can't find Miss Augusta, but I guess she is gone to her dressing room, where if you please you may follow her, for all is safe, and you may venture.—

O'LIFFEY.

Oh, ho, snug's the word (*afide*) I'm extremely glad, my jewel, to hear all is safe, but he has ventured already.—

JUDITH.

Ah, a stranger!—who are you?—what do you want? how got you here?

O'LIFFEY.

Not so fast, my dear—why if your sweet little bit of a charming tongue gallops at this rate, how the devil can I keep pace with you? Arrah, begin again, my jewel, if you please, and let us have one question before the other, and then I'll answer you.

JUDITH.

Well then—what are you?

O'LIFFEY.

Captain Melville's Irish portmanteau, honey—I carry his travelling equipage—I was born at Templeoge, in the County of Dublin, and my name is Barny O'Liffey, at your service—there now, my jewel, I have given you my birth, parentage, and education, in a minute.

JUDITH.

How did you get in?

O'LIFFEY.

Like a bird, my jewel—I scrambled up the wall, and then hopp'd down into the garden like a magpie—

JUDITH.

And pray where is your master?—I left him here.

O'LIFFEY.

My Master! oh, my dear he's just gone, and
is

is now engaged with your mistress—and I, like a good servant, mean to follow his example with her maid. *[takes hold of her.*

JUDITH.

None of your liberties, friend—

O'LIFFEY.

Liberties!---arrah, get out with your self and your liberties, dy'e think I'd be so timberfom with you?

JUDITH.

I don't want to know---but come give a better account of yourself.---

O'LIFFEY.

Account of myself---hav'nt I told you, my jewel, that I'm an Irishman, and is not that plenty of intelligence for any woman breathing---however, if you insist upon being better acquainted with me, you must know that I am a bird of chance as well as passage.---

JUDITH.

What's that?

O'LIFFEY.

What's that?---One, my sweet creature, that likes all countries and customs alike, Ireland, Seringapatam, Venus, Constantinople, Clonakilty, or the Bog of Allan, are all the same to Barny O'Liffey, who still carries with him a light heart, aye, and a tinder one, all the world over.

JUDITH

A smart fellow, as I hope to be married! he may assist me in my scheme to rouse the jealousy of Stave, and induce him to do me that justice he has so often promised; *(aside)* Are all women, as well as countries and customs, alike to you?

O'LIFFEY.

All of the right side of thirty, my dear.

JUDITH.

Then there is hopes for me, for I want a month of it.

I

O'LIFFEY.

O'LIFFEY.

A month! O then you'll see what a month we'll make of it—Oh, by my soul, it shall be the month of months—Come thorum poge ma Colleen Dafs! put your arms about my neck and seal the bargain at once.

JUDITH.

What the deuce would the man be at?

O'LIFFEY.

What would I be at! Arrah why d'ye ask me such a foolish question? Oh, I'll stick to you like the oak to the ivy.

JUDITH.

The charming fellow!—You are very warm in your endearments. If I should be good-natured and like you, could you be constant?

O'LIFFEY.

Constant! Faith you may say that; I'll be as constant as the moon, or any other star in the firmament.

AIR XXIV.

In Freedom I'd live, though your Slave I may be,
Sing farinina, sing farinane.
O then to your arms my sweet creature take me,
Who'll not lie while I'm telling the truth d'ye see.
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

And if while you love, from a breast full of hate,
Sing farinina, sing farinane;
You make me a widow in spite of old fate,
When dead you shall never again see me mate.
With my chic a che, &c.

Then whilst we stand still, let us pleasure pursue,
Sing farinana, sing farinane;
I hate to look backwards when beauty's in view,
For the sight that is black always makes me look blue.
With my chic a che, &c.

In all the wide world were no woman but you,
Sing farinina, sing farinane.
The rest I'd forsake, and to you wou'd be true;
Then your Irishman love, ogh I see that you do;
With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

Enter

Enter STAVE behind them.

STAVE.

Hey-day!

JUDITH.

We'll go in then and talk more of it.

O'LIFFEY.

Talk more of it, ay, and by my soul we'll make more of it too, if I'm not mistaken, arrah—shan't we my jewel?

STAVE.

Not 'till the last amen is said over little Stave.

O'LIFFEY.

No—that's foolish enough now; come, come Judy-gra, do now, and convince this clod-hopping register of marriages and births—that we intend employing him soon in both cases.

JUDITH.

You see, Stave, I am not on my last legs—therefore say, will you marry me to-morrow—ay, or no.

STAVE.

Ay, on the word of a Clerk—for a friend here, [*laying his hand on his breast,*] tells me, that when a woman through love has placed her honor in the keeping of a man—he must be unworthy of leading a psalm, if he does not take her to his bosom, for better and for worse.

JUDITH.

Then there's my hand.

O'LIFFEY.

Oh, thunder and nouns—what a devil of an uncertain thing this love is—arrah Judy, Judy, (*taking her hand*) sure you would not be after playing the fool with yourself, you devil.

JUDITH.

(*Withdrawing her hand*). Indeed, friend, I have only been playing with you to secure my Stave's hand, who has long had my heart.

O'LIFFEY.

Your heart—If that's the case, my jewel, why then I'll not stand betwixt and between you, as O'Liffey

I 2

would

would not give a rap for your love, unless your heart was flung into the bargain,—so my tight little psalm-finger, give me your hand,—I heartily wish you happy—tho' I am sure you'll sing your psalms devilishly out of tune before the honeymoon's over.

STAVE.

No, we mean to become candidates for the Dunmow Flich of Bacon—don't we Judith?

JUDITH.

Yes, and for the honor of humble matrimony, we'll win it too.

O'LIFFEY.

Flich of Bacon? Ay, win it, and *wear* it, and the Devil burn him that ever wishes to deprive you of a rasher of it.

AIR XXII. DUET.

STAVE.	You my damsel be but kind,
JUDITH.	And you ne'er prove a rover,
STAVE.	A truer lad you'll never find,
JUDITH.	I'faith we'll live in cover,
BOTH.	Then quick away,
	We'll hence be gay,
	Nor think of care or sorrow,
JUDITH.	But laugh and dance,
STAVE.	And kifs and play,
BOTH.	To-morrow and to-morrow,

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE. AUGUSTA'S *Apartment.*

Enter AUGUSTA and MELVILLE.

AUGUSTA.

Believe me, Melville, I dispensed with all my sex's little dissembling arts, not doubting but I should make you more truly mine, by an undisguised confession of the partiality I felt for you.

MELVILLE.

By your dear self I swear.

AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA.

Hold, hold, I am not to be deceived, like too many of my sex, by the alluring prospects of delusive hope, which have too often no better foundation than the airy vows of an admirer.

AIR XXV,

Fancy paints the flattering scene,
And courage animates her mien,
On Hope's smooth pinions see her rise,
She leaves the earth to soar in skies,
'Tis love's delusion fans her wings,
And while she soars, she chearful sings.

*Sir SOLOMON ODDLY and Commodore LARBOARD
without.*

SIR SOLOMON.

Old Larboard, how can you suppose that my little Augusta would introduce a man into the house.

LARBOARD.

I tell you once more, I saw them.

AUGUSTA.

Heavens!—what shall we do? here's my father coming.

MELVILLE.

Don't be alarmed, my love, he may as well know of our attachment now, as hereafter.

AUGUSTA.

Not for the universe; if he should discover you here, in this clandestine manner, I should forfeit his good opinion for ever.

SIR SOLOMON.

Augusta, my pretty innocent, open the door.

LARBOARD.

Ay, ay, open the door.

AUGUSTA.

How unfortunate—there is no way for you to escape—pray let me prevail on you to step into this closet till they are gone.

MELVILLE.

Dispose of me in what manner you please.

MEL-

MELVILLE goes into the closet, AUGUSTA locks it,
and then opens the room door.

Enter Sir SOLOMON and Commodore LARBOARD,

SIR SOLOMON.

There, now you see, you obstinate man, that no person is here but my girl—What is the matter lovey?—you seem all in a flutter.

AUGUSTA.

Indeed, Sir, I am a little disconcerted.

LARBOARD.

I saw the lug-sail boat run into this very creek, and here he has let go anchor—It is impossible I should be deceived.

SIR SOLOMON.

I tell you once again you are always deceived; your hopeful nephew deceived you, and you are deceived in your opinion of my daughter.

LARBOARD.

Pray, Miss, favour Sir Solomon with the key of this cabin.

SIR SOLOMON.

No, she shall not—I wont suffer her to give such an unbeliever any further proofs of her innocence. What does the man think the poor dear creature has got a beau hid in her bandbox?

LARBOARD.

Very well; very well! act as you please—I meant all for the best.

SIR SOLOMON.

Come, my little May-flower, convince this suspicious man that his surmises are without foundation.

AUGUSTA.

What shall I do? [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, excuse me.

SIR SOLOMON.

Give me the key, this instant; I insist upon it.

AUGUSTA.

All is ruin'd! [*Aside.*]

LARBOARD.

Now you'll see who is in the right—I assure you, old Larboard, you'll make a very ridiculous figure
here

here, after all. (*unlocks the closet door and discovers MELVILLE.*) Hey-day! Zounds who have we here? Sir, your most obedient. Why, Augusta, child, you seem, indeed, a little disconcerted.

LARBOARD.

What, my fighting friend again! I assure you, old Oddly, you'll make a very ridiculous figure here, after all!

SIR SOLOMON.

'Pshaw, you're a fool. Pray, Sir, who the devil are you?

MELVILLE.

Your daughter's lover, Sir.

SIR SOLOMON.

I guessed as much—Some very honourable fortune-hunter, I suppose—and she is an exceeding prudent, modest, young heiress; and as you seem so perfectly formed for each other, I desire you would both quit my house for ever: for I shall no longer consider myself as her father.

LARBOARD.

Then I shall.

MELVILLE.

[*To Sir Solomon*] I disclaim, Sir, every idea of design on your daughter's fortune, having honourably acquired, in the East, wealth sufficient to enable me to support her in that sphere of life to which her mental and personal accomplishments so justly entitle her.

SIR SOLOMON.

A nabob, by all that's lucky—Pray, Sir, proceed—I have a better opinion of you, by half, than I had a minute ago.

MELVILLE.

If you will bless me with your consent to make Augusta mine for life, 'tis all I wish or hope for.

SIR SOLOMON.

Why, gad take me, you are a very sensible young fellow, and I should like you for a son-in-law

law wonderfully—I knew you was a great person the first moment I saw you stuck up in the closet, like an Egyptian mummy in a packing case.

LARBOARD.

Come, Oddly, give them a Letter of Marque, to sail to the land of matrimony, under convoy of your approbation.

SIR SOLOMON.

So I will if he can obtain my daughter's consent, for let me tell you it entirely depends upon that---for I, and her mamma, were always resolved never to force our child's inclinations.—There is no danger of a refusal (*afide*) What says my little weeping-willow.

AUGUSTA.

I am all obedience, Sir, to your wishes.

SIR SOLOMON.

But no fortune whilst I live.

MELVILLE.

I desire none, Sir.

SIR SOLOMON.

La, la, de ra de (*sings*) The best bargain I ever made in my life. Here, take my daughter, and treat her as she deserves. I'm so pleased with you both, that, as I hope to live, I'm afraid I shall die a year sooner than I intended to make you amends. Give me a kiss, you little, charming, smiling, obliging, dutiful, rogue, you. But zookers, where is my lady all this time?

LARBOARD.

Here she comes, full sail, with the whole crew of the village in her wake.

Enter Lady ODDLY followed by LE FRIZZ, and a number of Villagers.

LADY ODDLY.

Oh, Sir Solomon, these good people have seized and brought to the hall, a post-chaise and four, in which our minx of a daughter was going to elope; there's a discovery for you!

SIR

SIR SOLOMON.
No discovery at all, my life!

LADY ODDLY.
What you knew of it?

SIR SOLOMON.
Yes, and have effectually prevented her from making such another attempt.

LADY ODDLY.
That's well—but how?

SIR SOLOMON.
By the only certain method—that of having agreed to see her married to the man with whom she was on the point of taking wing.

LADY ODDLY.
What, Sir, without deigning to consult me on the occasion? (*Seeing Melville.*) As I live, Stave's handsome psalm-singing pupil, without his disguise. I now see the whole of the business.

LARBOARD.
Lady Oddly, I am sure, will not be less generous to the young couple than Sir Solomon.

LADY ODDLY.
Well, I'll give my consent on three conditions.

SIR SOLOMON.
Name them.

LADY ODDLY.
First, that she is married to-morrow, agreeably to what I have all along asserted. Secondly, that my gala shall be given on the occasion, with additional splendor; and lastly, that Sir Solomon shall spend the winter season in town; for which purpose an elegant residence shall be taken for my reception in one of the fashionable Squares.

SIR SOLOMON.
Agreed.

AUGUSTA.
My dear madam, your approbation was only wanting to complete our happiness.

LARBOARD.
Poor Maria—could I see her as happy now.

SIR SOLOMON.

Maria—here she comes—and, egad, she seems to have been a closet hunting too.

LARBOARD.

My nephew with her---Why, who knows but that this little vessel may be righted by the same spring tide.

Enter DOCTOR CAMOMILE and MARIA.

I see by the signal of content being hoisted that you have reconciled yourself to your amiable wife.

DOCTOR.

My behaviour to you, Sir, has been so unwarrantable, that I can scarcely hope you will pardon what is past, or ever receive me as your friend.

(The Ladies converse apart.)

MELVILLE.

Your apology, Sir, is sufficient, I can be no man's enemy.

LARBOARD.

Well, old boy, what are you studying about?

SIR SOLOMON.

Why, I was thinking how to introduce the occurrences of this evening into my Memoirs of the Court of Aldermen, and in which you shall have honourable mention, for I ever thought you a worthy fellow in the worst of our quarrels---but for our lives to come—

LARBOARD.

Avast, brother, I believe we had better not make any more protestations, for fear of forfeits.

LADY ODDLY.

I give you all joy. [*The ladies come forward.*]

SIR SOLOMON.

And wide be it extended; no brow shall wear the cloud of discontent---but let the whole hamlet ring with rustic merriment.

Enter STAVE, JUDITH, and O'LIFFEY.

STAVE

Egad we are all JUST IN TIME then to claim a
pardon

pardon under your worship's general declamation of peace and good fellowship.

LADY ODDLY.

You scarcely merit it, but I hope you will be more careful hereafter, how you again become the agent of a love affair in our family.

STAVE.

Why, an please your Ladyship, his honour had such a winning way with him, that it weighed down all my resolution—But I'll never teach a captain to sing psalms again while I live—unless it is to oblige your Ladyship's *personality*.

SIR SOLOMON,

Lovers take hands—Nay let us join too; (*To LARBOARD*) and as soon as the morning peeps we'll haste to church, and see these made man and wife (*To MEL. and AUG.*) and this pair reunited.

(*To Dr. CAM. and MARIA.*)

O'LIFFEY.

Faith, and O'Liffey though last, will be one of the first in the throng.

SIR SOLOMON,

In the mean time let us drown all past embarrassments in a hearty cup.

STAVE.

Amen.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Now let the village bells ring round,
The pipes shrill notes and taber found,
The mazy dance and mirthful song,
The festive board and joyous throng,
Hither bring with frolic gay,
To join the lovers roundelay.

Dull care no more shall dare appear,
With languid step and falling tear,
For laughing joy with sprightly vest,
Has chased her far from every breast.

Now let the village bells ring round, &c.

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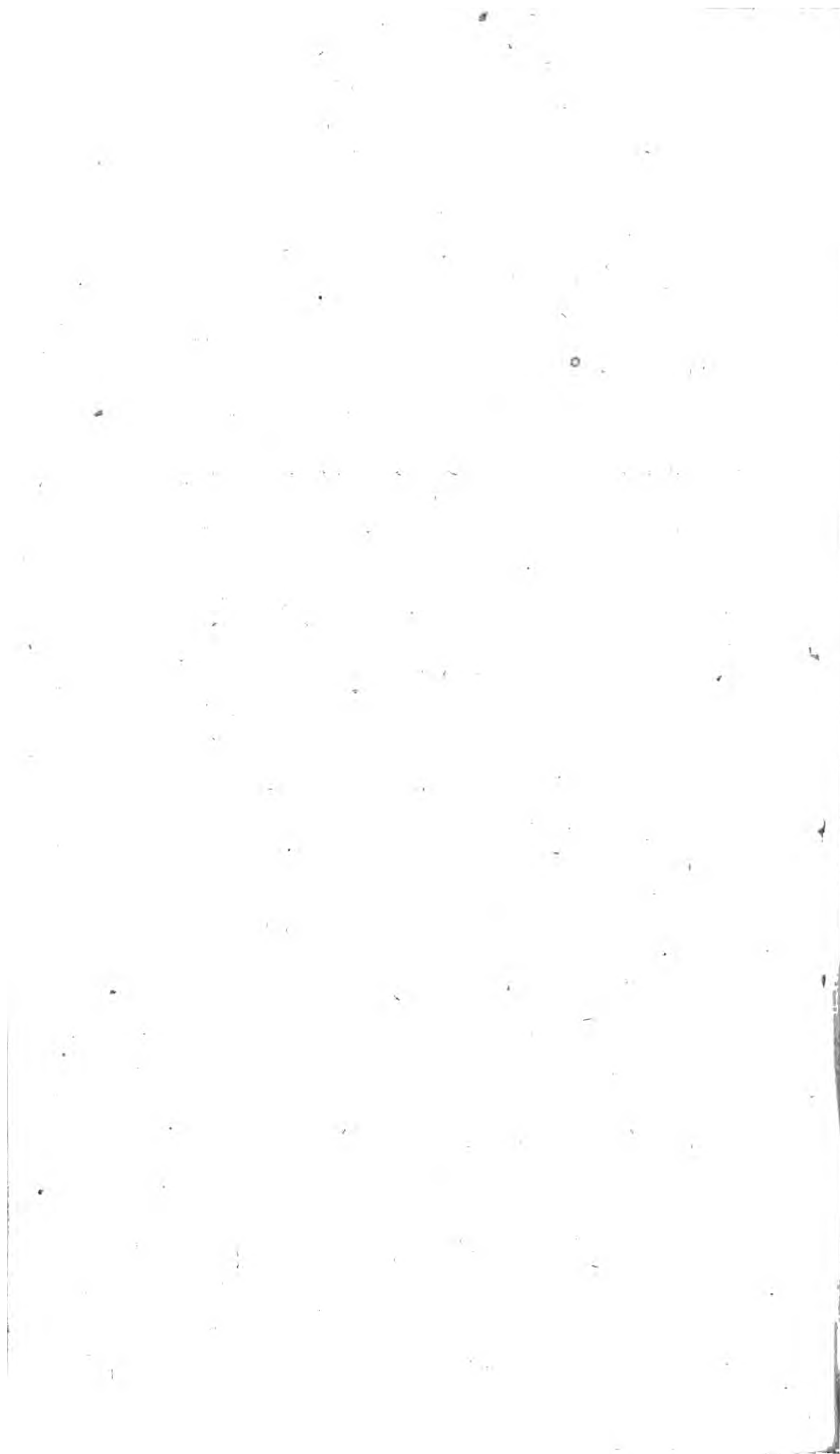
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JAMES'S-SQUARE.

1790.

TO HER GRACE

The DUCHESS of LEEDS.

MADAM,

THE Friendship which the Duke of Leeds has honoured me with for several years, in some Measure authorizes the Liberty I take of inscribing this Comedy to your Grace;—whilst the Favor he has so recently conferred upon me, by condescending to write a Prologue for my Play, makes me anxious to seize an early Opportunity of acknowledging to you, and to the World, how much I feel myself flatter'd by this Mark of his Regard.

The partial Encomiums, which your Grace bestowed upon my Comedy, when read last Winter amidst a private Circle of your Friends, led me to hope with some Degree of Confidence for that Success, which from the Indulgence of the Public, I have now experienced:—Sincerely wishing both
you

(vi)

you and the Duke every domestic Enjoyment, and every permanent Happinefs, which your amiable Qualities fo truly deserve, but which Rank and Fortune do not always enfsure,

I have the Honor to be

Madam,

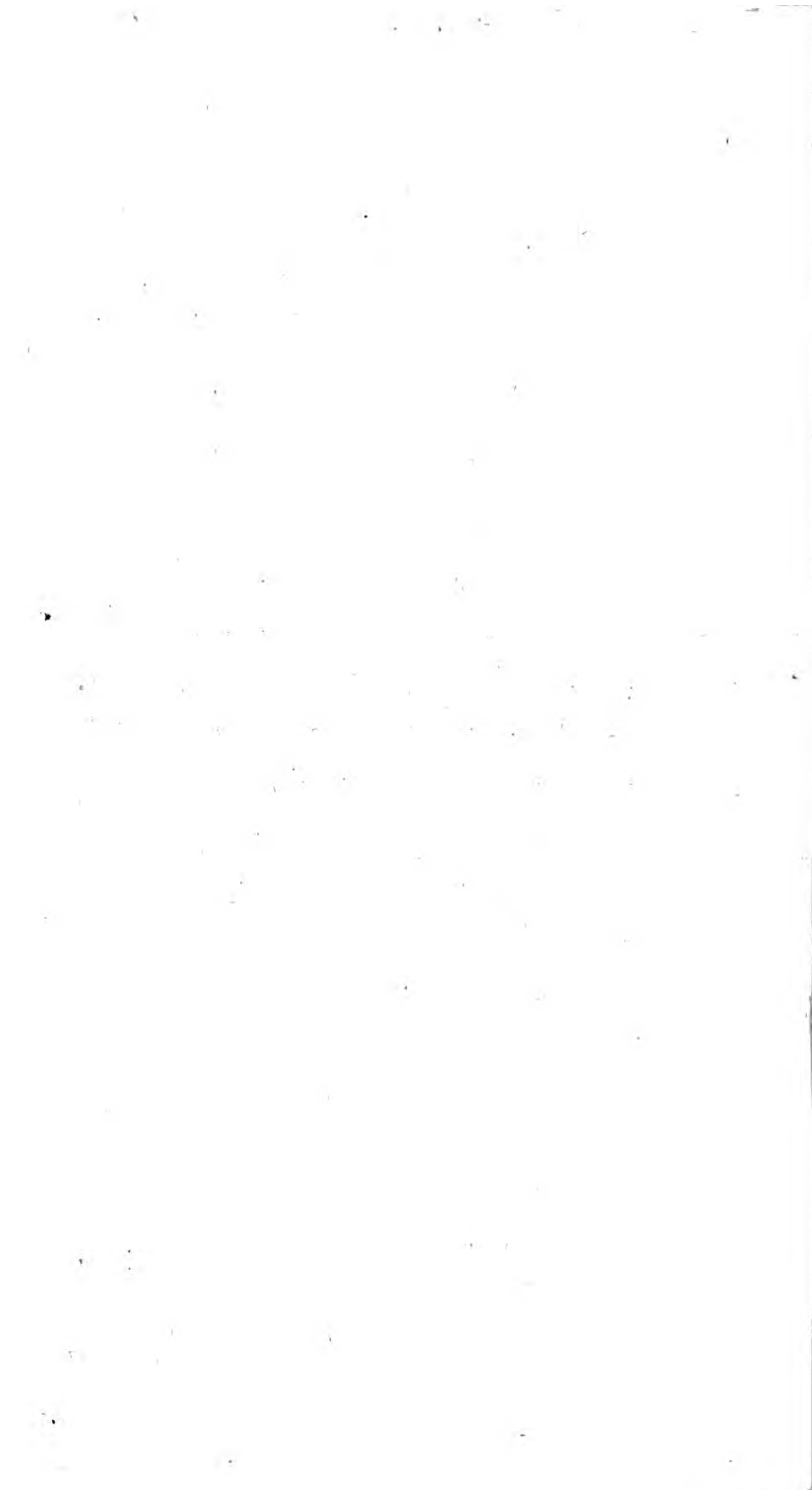
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And moft devoted Servant,

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PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS,

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

CUSTOM commands a Prologue to each Play ;
But custom hath not told us what to say :
No form prescrib'd, 'tis difficult to find,
How to conciliate the Public mind.
The bashful Bard—the modest Muse's fears,
So long have jingled in your patient Ears,
That now, perhaps, you'll scarce vouchsafe to stay,
To hear both their Apology—and Play.
No ! Better sure on him at once to call,
With—Sir, if frighten'd thus, why write at all ?
We're not reduc'd yet to a trembling Pen ;
Zounds, Bards, will croud us soon, like—Gentlemen.
Something like this, I heard a Friend once say,
Who wish'd (poor soul) to hear a new launch'd Play :
Box'd snug at first, completely to his mind,
With only one grave Auditor behind :
E'er the third Act had struggled to its end,
In reel'd three Critics, each the Author's Friend—
On Praise determin'd—Wit confirm'd by Wine ;
Each And ! and If ! was chaste—correct—damn'd fine.
To Taste so mark'd, my Friend, of course, gave way ;
But squeez'd, thump'd, kick'd—still listen'd to the Play ;
Till by repeated Plaudits grown so Sore,
Nor Flesh nor Blood cou'd bear one Comment more.
Such boist'rous Friends they surely cannot need,
Who wish by Merit only to succeed.
To-night we offer to the Public view,
A Character, you'll own, perhaps, is new,
From Doctor's Commons we the Model draw ;
A Promising Eleve of Civil Law ;

And

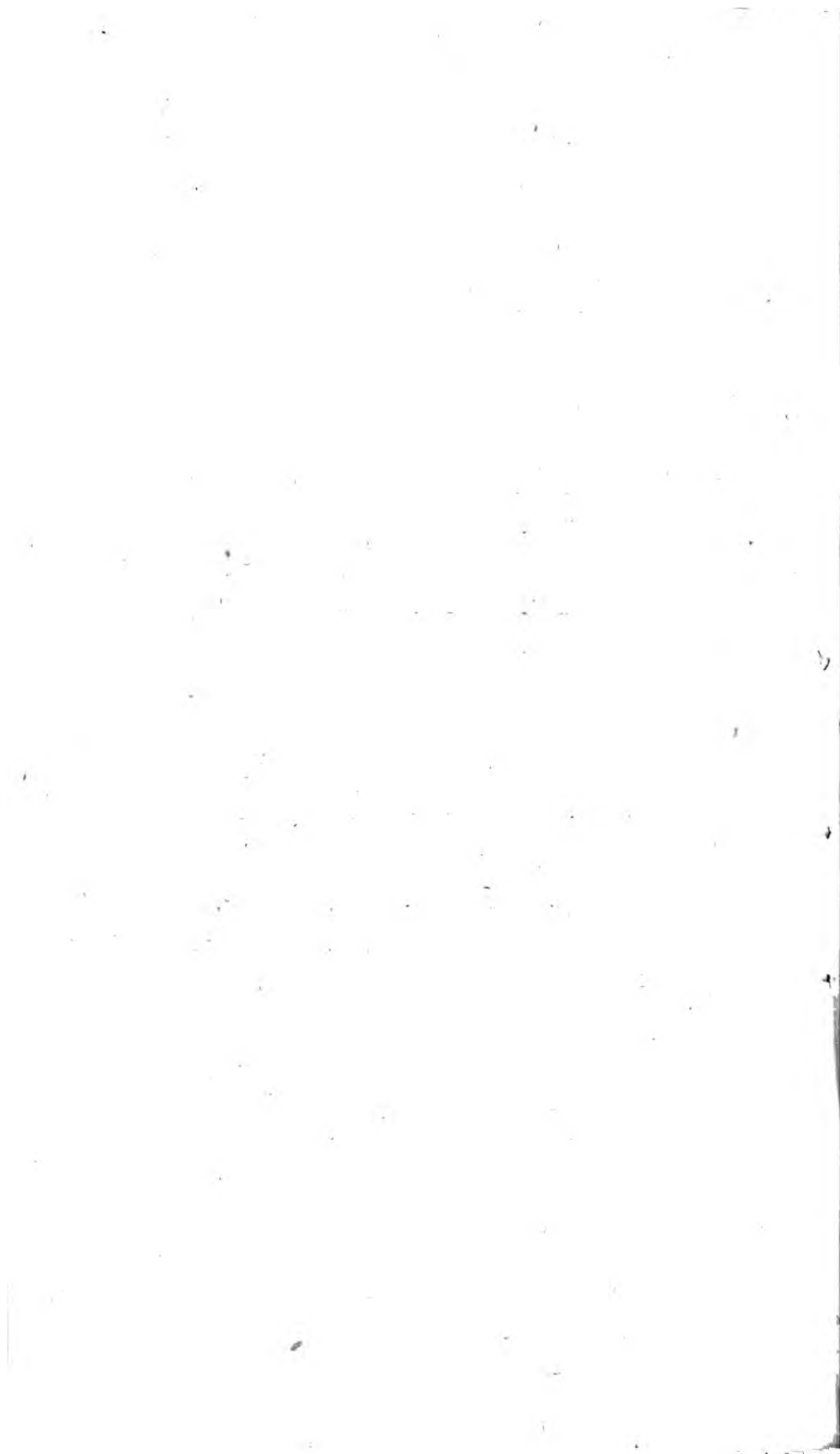
PROLOGUE.

And Civil sure that Law which can provide,
Or (shou'd need be) release you from a Bride.
Thrice blest'd the Mansion, where, in spite of ills
Alive or dead, you still can have your Wills.
Much cou'd I offer in our Author's cause ;
Nay, prove his first great object—your applause ;
But, lest dull Friendship shou'd his Genius wrong,
I'll stop—before the Prologue grows too long,
And *Better late than never* hold my Tongue. }

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Saville	- - - - -	Mr. KEMBLE.
Flurry	- - - - -	Mr. DODD.
Sir Charles Choufe	- -	Mr. PALMER.
Grump	- - - - -	Mr. BADDELEY.
Litigamus	- - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER, junr.
Pallet	- - - - -	Mr. R. PALMER.
Lawyer's Clerk	- - -	Mr. MADDOX.
Servant to Saville	- -	Mr. LYONS.
Servant to Flurry	- -	Mr. WEBBE.
Augusta	- - - - -	Mrs. JORDAN.
Mrs. Flurry	- - -	Mrs. GOODALL.
Diary	- - - - -	Miss POPE.



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Breakfasting-Room in Saville's House.

Saville and Servant discovered. (A knocking without.)

Saville.

SEE who's there, I'm not at home. [*Exit Servant.*]
How strange, that, though I am sensible of my Error, I have not power to correct it—tho' I feel my Ruin, I have not Spirit to avoid it—wou'd I cou'd recal—but 'tis impossible—Last night, completed the loss of all my ready money, and if I cannot instantly raise more on my Estate—

Diary (without.) Not at home—don't tell me—I will see him; whether he be at home or no.

Servant (without.) I tell you my Master's not at home, coming here with your strange jumble of names which never met before.

Saville. This can be nobody but Diary—Augusta's Woman.

Enter Diary and Servant.

Diary. Not at home, indeed; Why, do you think
B I that

I that have read Milton, and Roderic Random, and other historians, am to be deceiv'd by an ignorant—

[Exit. Servant.]

Saville. Patience, good Diary---I am very happy to see you.

Diary. Sir, I have brought you a letter, Sir.

Saville. From Augusta?

Diary. No, Sir, from Mr. Flurry.

Saville. From Mr. Flurry!

Diary. (Taking out a book and giving the letter) Yes, here it is safe enclosed in my dear *Pamela*; it has been there these two days, I assure you.

Saville. Why then not favour me with it before?

Diary. 'Cause I was sadly 'fraid it wou'd make you melancholy; and they tell me you're already a cup too low, as old Saucer, the Poet, calls it.

Saville. Well, Diary, one must learn to brave misfortunes. Let us see what the wise Star-gazer chooses to predict. (Reads)

“ Mr. Saville,

“ Though my Ward, Augusta, is an Heiress, she cannot marry without my Consent; and I am resolved she shall never be the Wife of a Libertine.”---

Diary. (Reading *Pamela* to herself). That Mr. B. was a wicked wretch, to be sure, tho' Miss *Pamela* might wear a check apron.

Saville. (Reading) “ I am sorry on account of your Uncle, my Friend Grump, and wish you were sorry on your own.

PAUL FLURRY.”

Diary (to herself.) What a sad thing it wou'd have been if he had succeeded!

Saville. How! do you come to mock at my distress, Diary?

Diary. Who, I come to mock---I assure you, Mr. Saville, there's no young woman in England enjoys distress more than I do: I never read a book that ends happily, if I know it.

Saville. So, this is what I dreaded, tho' no more than I had reason to expect---by your being the bearer of
of

of this letter, I am to suppose your lovely Mistress agrees with her Guardian.

Diary. Yes, Sir, she is quite agreeable---as we say ---you have so often promis'd to reform, and so often broke your promise,---that---

Saville. True, Diary; but whatever I may feel, I have still pride enough to applaud her conduct, and condemn my own---tell her so, Diary, and tell her besides, tho' I have adored her from life's early period, and whilst I have breath can never cease to love her; yet---but no matter---'tis now too late---

Diary. Never too late to mend, Sir.---Lord, he's a great General, as they said of Sir Isaac Newton.---
[*Aside*] It grieves me to part with him---Oh! Mr. Saville, if you knew all---

Saville. Knew what, Diary?

Diary. What I have seen, Sir.

Saville. Well, what have you seen?

Diary. Oh! such things, Sir---but it is not my business to tell secrets, else I know what I know, and when people talk in their sleep, I guess what they wou'd be at---as Lothario---the Fair Penitent says.---Good bye to you, Sir.

Saville. For heaven's sake, explain a little---but perhaps---farewel, good Diary.

Diary. He's a sweet man---as Juliet says to Old Capillaire, in the Play---Ah! Mr. Saville---if you had been my lover---

Enter Servant with a Coat and Waistcoat.

Saville. What wou'd you have done, my kind friend?

Diary. Any thing you had pleas'd, as your great old ladies did, Juno and Proserpine, and Jane Shore did---stand out of the way. Lord he's a dear fellow, and if my Mistress had ran away with him, we shou'd have all got into a novel together.

Sir Charles Chouse *Enters.*

Your servant, Sir Charles Chouse.

Sir Charles. Good day, Mrs. Diary, what still on the same tune, Eh?

Diary. Ah! we have play'd it for the last time,
Sir. Adieu Mr. Saville. Out of the way Varlet.

[Exit.]

Sir Charles. What, the happy day is fix'd at last Saville!

Saville. Happy, Sir. This is no time for raillery---

Sir Charles. No faith---Marriage is too serious a subject to joke on, but if it stings you now, what will it do hereafter.

Saville. Oh, Sir Charles, I have lost a Treasure.

Sir Charles. Lost a Treasure---When?

Saville. Now---this very moment---the best of Women.

Sir Charles. A Woman---thank Heaven it's no worse. I thought you had lost the other half of your Fortune.

Saville. Fortune! I have lost Augusta---the source---the summit of my hopes.---Read that letter.

Sir Charles (reads). Why how has this happen'd---you are not more of a libertine than you were.

Saville. But am I not more involv'd? Is not my fortune squander'd---gone---am I not discarded by my Uncle, the only relation I have that can assist me---without friends---almost without resource.

Sir Charles. Nay, never droop man---write to your Uncle, promise reformation---talk of prudence and parsimony---get him to raise the wind---and then for another venture: fortune you know must wheel about.

Saville. Sir Charles, you revive me. I'll not give way to despondence---I will write to my Uncle---tho' what hopes can I entertain from such an avaricious disposition---mean while I have scarce a guinea to throw in the way of the blind Goddess, were she inclin'd to favour me.

Sir Charles. Don't let that distress you---tho' I have not the means, our new Friend will be here in an instant, and he is both liberal and capable.

Saville. Our new Friend.

Sir Charles. Yes, the Young Hussar officer with the wound in his forehead, who, from his long residence abroad,

abroad, has been filed the Chevalier.---See here he is, and as gay and lively as ever.

Enter Augusta, in an Hussar drefs, finging.

Care flies from the lad that is merry, &c.

How fares it, my Heroes---heh!---melancholy, Saville, What's the matter with you?

Sir Charles. Hush!---don't interrupt him---he's thinking.

Augusta. Thinking! Sure he can't be so unfashionable. What, turn'd Philosopher, Saville?

Saville. No, Chevalier---I wish I cou'd---but every man ruminates on his losses, and mine are irrecoverable.

Augusta. Not if money will replace them. Come, come, my friend, you lost a few thousands last night, I won them, and if the loan will assist you, you may command me.

Saville. Are you serious?

Augusta. Aye, serious as a Philosopher.---Here---in this pocket-book are notes for near 5,000*l.* take and make the most of them.

Saville. What, without thinking when and how you are to be repaid.

Augusta. Thinking again, Saville---psha!---what's the use of thinking?---true Genius is above it---it always acts by instinct: so take the money, and if you wou'd oblige me, say no more about it.

Sir Charles. Hark ye, Chevalier, if instinct will prompt you to find another pocket-book---give it to me.

Saville. Why this is the most extraordinary act, Chevalier, but without you name some mode of repayment, upon my honour, I cannot accept---

Sir Charles. Stop! I'll settle the difference. You seem not to want the money, and he seems not to want the security: now I want the money, and have no security to give. So the business is settled at once.

Saville. Well, Chevalier, rather than our friend's archness shou'd have no effect, I will accept your offer on one condition---instantly take my bond, payable in three

three days, and by that time, if my Lawyer has not deceiv'd---aye, my Estate will be sold, and I shall be in possession of thrice the sum.

Augusta. Well, if you will have it fo---

Saville. Nay, I will have it no other way---I'll go and prepare the bond this instant. Sir Charles, you will be kind enough to-----

Sir Charles. Oh, leave me to manage where any thing is to be got [*aside to Saville, who goes out*]. Bravo, my dear Cousin, Augusta---bravo---you play your part excellently; in this disguise it is impossible he shou'd know you---why I scarce know you myself. Let me look at you.

Augusta. Hush! this further supply will draw him deeper in the toils---for if he plays again and loses---

Sir Charles. Which he certainly will.—I have secur'd the loaded Dice.

Augusta. And I have secur'd the Lawyer---the very man he has employed to raise him more money, is my particular friend---so when I can get the Deeds, the Property, and the Estate, into my own hands---my purpose is effected.

Sir Charles. But do you seriously wish to compleat his ruin?

Augusta. Seriously.

Sir Charles. Why so?

Augusta. Aye, there's the mystery---one day or other you shall know---in the mean time be assur'd I love him more than ever.

Sir Charles. Then why not marry him?

Augusta. What, to prevent the flame from increasing---heh! Mr. Joker---no---no---besides my Guardian will not consent, or, if he wou'd, my heart and fortune wou'd both be squander'd away upon a desperate Game of Chance. With submission, I must have better security for my affection, than your loaded Dice, Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Well, it's not my affair---only remember our agreement---I am to assist you in stripping him; and you are to help me in improving my wardrobe.

Augusta.

Augusta. Without doubt---if thro' your means I succeed in the enterprize, you shall receive my warmest thanks ; and a pocket-book into the bargain.

Sir Charles. Shall I!----then here I swear eternal obedience, and—

Re-enter Saville.

Saville. How, on your knees, Sir Charles !

Sir Charles. On my knees---I cou'd fall prostrate at the feet of the Chevalier, for his generosity to you.

Saville. Certainly ! I owe him every grateful acknowledgement ; but I never prostrate myself, except to the ladies.

Augusta. You are right, Saville---I never desire to see you so, but in that capacity.---Oh ! this is the bond is it ; and now, I hope, your cares are at an end.

Saville. Would they were !

Augusta. Heavens ! what a sigh was there ; why sure you are not in love ?

Sir Charles. Not in love ; why, poor fellow—he has just receiv'd his *Coup de Grace*—the Lady has seen somebody she likes better—perhaps *you*, or *me*, Chevalier.

Augusta. As you say, she may have seen me ; and who knows but I may be as likely to please her as any body else.

Sir Charles. Very true, upon my honour—the Lady is my relation ; and if you wish to be acquainted, I'll introduce you whenever you please—indeed, she's a very charming girl.

Augusta. Sir, I have not the least doubt of the lady's perfections.

Saville. The whole world can have but one opinion of Augusta.

Sir Charles. Nay, she is a perfect Angel—me-thinks I see her now before me—with her arch look, and roguish leer—such charming talents—such vivacity with so much feeling.

Augusta (looking in a pocket glass). Egad, you colour so strongly, that I cou'd fancy I saw her too ; but that
I am

I am sure the picture is too flattering.—Will you walk, Sir Charles—Saville, we shall meet at dinner.

Saville. Yes, the club are to dine with me—I shall expect you both.—Chevalier, this loan of yours, has given me new life.

Sir Charles. Yes, and it will give the club new life too.—Adieu, Saville—Don't lose your spirits man.

Augusta. No none of your woe-begone looks ;—but put on a chearful countenance.—Zounds, love—I laugh at it. I know no woman I like better than myself. Lookye, I'll stand your friend, Saville : Sir Charles shall introduce me to the cruel fair one ; and if I don't laugh her into something, say I am not the Chevalier—that's all my boy ; if I don't make her resume herself—say I'm not the Chevalier.—Come along Baronet. *(Exit with Sir Charles.)*

Saville. What a fine generous madcap fellow it is. With this temporary relief, I'll try once more to recover ;—if I succeed, Augusta may still be mine. Who knows what Fortune may yet have in store for me.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Flurry discovered looking through a Telescope—a great Folio Book open before him.

Flurry. Twelve signs of the Zodiac—Aye, twelve—Let me see, Arus, one—Tarus, two—Gimini, three.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. There's my delectable husband—with his head full of nothing, but stars and comets, as thick as he's long, yet fancying himself in a decline.

Flurry. Gimini, three—Canker, four—Virago, five.

Mrs. Flurry. Mr. Flurry.

Flurry. Virago five---there she is---No, she is n't---Yes, she is—Mercy on me---What a tail,

Mrs.

Mrs. Flurry. He raves,—will you hear me, Mr. Flurry. (*very loud*)

Flurry. Oh! dear, my wife's voice—She's so boisterous. Will you never consider my poor nerves.—I'm already in a galloping consumption.—Where's my Sal Volatile.

Mrs. Flurry. Where's your senses, rather say.--- Will you never leave off these nostrums, and nonsense? What's the use of gazing all day after a comet? If it should appear, do you think it will pay you for peeping?

Flurry. Not if I estimate it from you, my dear.

Mrs. Flurry. I have not patience.—If I was not the best wife in the world, I should run distracted—I should never survive it.

Flurry. Shou'd'nt you? What hopes then for me, if you were not quite so good a wife as you are.

Mrs. Flurry. Don't distress yourself on that account any longer. I can't see why my youth should be wasted, and my natural endowments lost, where there is neither taste to relish, or anxiety to preserve.

Flurry. You surely can't say that I want anxiety, my life. I have had nothing else since I knew you.

Mrs. Flurry. Then the portion shall be doubled, my life. Do you hear that?

Flurry. Oh, Thunder! I fear I shall never hear again.

Mrs. Flurry. Yes, you will, you will hear, that your ward, Augusta, is going to throw herself away upon a young rake.

Flurry. So would all your sex, if they had the opportunity. A rake is your delight, and his youth your excuse.

Mrs. Flurry. His youth our excuse! Then I am an exception to the rule; for I have thrown myself away, without any such apology to plead.

Flurry. Well, well, I have no doubt of preventing her flights; and, perhaps, I may be able to remedy yours.

Mrs. Flurry. I scorn your insinuation and your menace; and trust I may enjoy the innocent pleasures
C of

of fashionable life, without endangering my reputation.

Flurry. Oh! certainly wife, certainly; nothing can be so innocent as fashionable life: but though you don't *see your* danger, I can *feel* my own. My friend Grump has opened my eyes.

Mrs. Flurry. What, Sir, is my character to be canvass'd by such a mean, pitiful, old miser, as Grump? A wretch to traduce me, with his covetous whims, and short sentences—as careful of his words as of his money.

Grump (without). Will, come up I say—Will—that's enough (*Enters*).

Flurry. Welcome, neighbour Grump. You just come in time to stop my wife's mouth.

Grump. Stop a hurricane!—Can't be done, old Shake-about. (*Slaps Flurry on the back, and breaks his bottle.*)

Flurry. A hurricane indeed; I'm shook to shivers.

Grump. What, broke your bottle totteration. So much the better—teach you to be wiser;—wrap up in whitey brown—can't break that.

Mrs. Flurry. Very neat, and vastly civil.

Grump. Don't mind civility—only picks a man's pocket.—Well, what say you—give Augusta to my nephew.—Had a good fortune once—may have again.

Flurry. Can't possibly think of it, neighbour.—I sent him my positive refusal—He is such a spend-thrift and a rake-shame.

Grump. Take a wife to tame him—nothing else can.

Mrs. Flurry. What, Sir, do you judge from yourself? Do you look upon every husband as a brute—to be tam'd by his wife?

Grump. Brute—aye—first, or last—seldom escapes.—Advise Flurry to be careful.

Flurry. Oh, dear—why put a man in mind of his misfortunes.—I must take a little Daffy.—Will you have a taste?

Grump. Physic the dogs—hate an apothecaries shop;

shop,—colour'd brick dust—and white chalk.—
What's this?—Stare at the sun.

Mrs. Flurry. Pray Heaven he may break that to pieces (*aside*).

Flurry. At the sun, neighbour—No—the comet's tail.

Grump. Tale of a Tub—all fudge—got something else to make you stare—Send away Madam.

Mrs. Flurry. Indeed I shall not stay to be dismiss'd—but like my betters, will take leave to retire. So, Mr. Longhead and Mr. Wronghead, you wise cabinet counsellors, adieu. [*Exit.*

Grump. Happy riddance—Well—here it is—Read your fate, old Tremble—here's a tale for you.

Flurry. What will it touch us, do you think?

Grump. Touch you, yes, pretty nearly:—A kind paragraph in the paper—knew it wou'd get there at last—listen.—(*Reads*) “If a certain buxom lady, of “a thick, punch, fanciful, water-gruel husband,”—Do you mind that?

Flurry. It quite disorders ones frame.—Go on.

Grump. “Makes assignations with baronets, near “an eminent painter's in Marlborough-street.—The exact place of meeting shall be publicly stated.”

Flurry. Mercy on me—I am quite relax'd.—An eminent painter—that must mean my friend Pallet—I'll go there this instant—He'll tell me if there's any house of intrigue near him. I'll go there—that I will. (*Goes and returns*)—But suppose it should be all a lie.

Grump. Aye—but truth's as cheap as lies;—besides, see what a picture they have drawn of you—thick, punch, fanciful—water-gruel husband—Must be you, like as two peas.

Enter Litigamus with Parchment and Papers.

Litig. Make bold to intrude—but ask pardon for the offence—Reverend sirs, believe I have never had the superlative honour of spreading parchments for either, but if my information is right—one of you two must be the happy man.

Grump. Think you seem the happiest of the bunch—little parchment spreader. Who the devil are you?

Litig. A proctor, at your service—write—draw, scrawl, scribble—dash—&c.—Can fill a skin with the tightest—a licence—or a will.—All the same to Litigamus—Marriage or death—both necessary evils. Permit me to have the honour of setting your name down in the divorce list. (*to Grump.*)

Grump. Can't be set down—have no honour for you—there's the happy man—told you so—Old Hornbeam. All the world knows of your good fortune.

Flurry. Gracious! what will become of me—Pray Mr. Lit—tit—gamus, what brought you to my house?

Litig. My own lucky stars.

Flurry. Stars! Oh then you came here perhaps—to tell us about the comet?

Litig. Comet! no! no!—that's too remote for my practice; some bright luminaries, that blaze close at hand best suit my purpose.

Flurry. Blaze, close at hand!—Oh lud! Oh lud!

Litig. Yes, my business is to make discoveries of a nearer kind.

Flurry. Nearer—what in the moon?

Litig. The moon—no—nor the man in the moon neither—by moonlight sometimes—tho' my satellites mostly shine in the dark—But here's my almanack (*taking out another newspaper*)—and if I am right—as I said before—you are the happy man.

Grump (*reads*). Yes—just such an almanack as mine—foretells the same event—same bill of fare.

Flurry. Bill of fare—where?

Grump. Where—Horn Tavern—Doctors Commons,

Litig. Yes, that's the place for action—no time to be lost such a handsome—good looking Gentleman to be so treated—Doctors Commons is the place—Citation—Jactitation—Excommunication, &c.

Grump. Botheration—I think too Mr. Cetera—What can this handsome, good looking gentleman do.

Litig.

Litig. Might I presume to recommend, nameless—I wou'd say—no body more alert, active, bright—quick at proof—clear in statement—nice in terms—I forbear to expatiate on myself—but only give the cue—in a week you shall be involv'd—in a fortnight altogether by the ears—thoroughly exposed in less than a month, and a compleat happy man in a quarter.

Grump. There's expedition—only give the cue.

Flurry. Mercy on me, I have no cue to give—I know no more of my wife than you do—If we could but consult the stars.

Litig. You had better consult the civilians.

Grump. Yes, stare at a proctor—odd looking thing enough.

Litig. Thing! Mr. Roughcast—aye, and the best thing a husband has to trust to.—We fight his battles, and pepper his adversary without endangering his own noddle.

Grump. No occasion, wife takes care of his head before hand.

Litig. Let Madam, do her worst—the stronger the proof, the sooner he becomes a happy man—don't be uneasy, Sir,—I have not the smallest doubt of your success—facts clear as day—evidence ocular and auricular—the lady totally done up, and yourself the most pitiable object in the world.

Flurry. Oh my nerves—my poor nerves! I must have something to take, where's my dalmahoy? Oh! oh! oh! oh.

Litig (taking one arm). Take my arm—sweet, Sir. I'm a specific always at hand.

Grump (seizing the other). Come, tumble on, Old Scarecrow.—Here's a coat of arms for you; antlers for a crest—and a proctor for one of the supporters.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Pallet's House: a Room with Pictures—large whole length of Mrs. Flurry, in a Conspicuous Situation.

Pallet. A VERY fine woman indeed, as I us'd to say to my wife. I wonder who she can be; my good friend Sir Charles Choufe, who introduc'd her here for a touch of my art, has never yet favour'd me with her name—wonder at that too—as I am in most of the Baronet's secrets—but great men have their mysteries, and seldom open the budget, without a little reserve at bottom.

Sir Charles. (without). Your master is quite alone, is he?

Pallet. Oh! here comes the Prime Minister himself!

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Pallet, my old boy, I am glad to see thee. How goes business?

Pallet. Always ready for employment, as I us'd to say to Mrs. Pallet.

Sir Charles. Aye, you're a d—mn'd wicked, good sort of a fellow, that's the truth of it.

Pallet. I rejoice to find you so early abroad—before, as I may say, the sun has risen, or the nobility got up—but—indeed, the morning air makes gentlemen look as if they wou'd live for ever.—As a painter, I quite rejoice.—As a physician, I shou'd die myself.

Sir Charles. True, Pallet—I believe I do look tolerably; but thou hast a pretty way of touching up a picture—What think you of my fair friend on your canvass there?

Pallet.

Pallet. A fine subject, indeed, for a brush—exquisite complexion, charming features, beautiful locks, and a rich prospect in the back ground.

Sir Charles. Take great care then—that she is not canvass'd elsewhere.—Mum, is the word.

Pallet. Mute as my own Pallet—people who talk only betray secrets, and talking of talking; I know when it's proper not to talk at all.

Sir Charles. Betwixt ourselves—She is actually a married woman; whose husband is as rich as Croesus, and who knows but, with a little management, I may be able to dip in the same purse. She is confoundedly virtuous at present—but she has a damn'd deal of discernment, and that's all in my favour.

Pallet. Yes, she will soon improve in good company, indeed she begins to appear like a woman of fashion already; for she talks loud, tho' she has nothing to say—forever in a bustle, tho' she has nothing to do; and beyond all, thinks she excels in painting.

Sir Charles. So she does—you may see that in her countenance; but the best of the joke is—that, tho' I have been acquainted with her some time, I have never once seen her husband.—She tells me—he is always sick, and I am not sorry—

Flurry (without). Hey!—

Sir Charles. Heh!—who have we here—take no notice of me.

Enter Flurry.

Flurry. Servant! servant, Mr. Pallet—I wanted a little word with you; but I am so heated, I can scarce speak—I have such a woman upon my hands—heh! Who's that?

Pallet. Only a discreet friend of mine—nobody you have occasion to be afraid of.

Flurry. Well then, as I can rely on you, I want to ask your advice. Pray do you know of a convenient house hereabouts, where people—you understand me—might meet together if they choose it?

Pallet [Aside]. A woman upon his hands—convenient house—sure he don't mean mine—or perhaps he
does

does want such a little snug retreat—(to him) Why, Sir, there are such places, I believe, to be met with—but you, who are a sober married man—would wish, I presume, to have a curtain drawn over the exhibition.

Flurry. Curtain drawn! Me in an exhibition—you suffocate me; sure you can't think I want such a place myself!

Pallet. Dear me—I beg pardon. Like to have a sad mistake [*aside*]. But talking of wants, pray, may I ask, what it is you do want?

Flurry. Why, I have seen a *wicked* story in the papers, which I am *anxious* to have confirm'd—about a bad house in your neighbourhood.

Pallet. In my neighbourhood?

Flurry. Yes, near an eminent painter, in Marlborough-street.

Pallet. An eminent painter—that, indeed, can mean only me—Gad very near blowing myself [*aside*]. Sir, I can assure you, I know of no bad house at all—this Gentleman can vouch for it.

Sir Charles. I—I—Yes,—I can vouch for it—It's word for word, as he states it.—Pray what were you talking of—I hope I don't interrupt business.

Flurry. No, I wish you did interrupt business—I have some reason to suspect a lady of mine being too partial to a dissipated rake of a baronet—Don't you think it very rashly, sir, in a man of fashion, to attack any gentleman's wife, who is a quiet peaceable, good sort of man, and attacks no body.

Sir Charles. Shocking indeed, sir.—What say you Pallet?

Pallet. Oh dreadful, and so sweet, so gentleman like a gentleman—a gentleman who is incapable of using any other gentleman so.

Sir Charles. Most shameful! have you any idea of the gallant?

Flurry. Oh no! but they tell me it's one of your idle fellows about town—and an ill looking dog I hear; but are you sure, there is no such house of meeting hereabouts.

Pallet. Nothing of the kind I can venture to say.

Flurry.

Flurry. Aye, it's all an impudent lie, I suppose—well, that's a cordial indeed—This is a sweet pretty house of yours, Mr. Pallet. Some charming pictures too.

Pallet. Happy in such a connoisseur to commend.

Flurry. You know I promis'd you shou'd draw my wife's picture some day or other—heh! zounds—what the devils that I see? there she is—why you've got my wife at full length—O heavens! I shall faint—where's my Dalmahoy?

Sir Charles. The devil—his wife—this is certainly Flurry himself.—

Pallet. To be sure it is.—Why wou'd not you mention his name before?

Sir Charles. What a discovery!—Zounds, exert your ingenuity, make some damn'd good lie or other.

Pallet. I'll try—(*Aside*) Ha! ha! ha!—My good friend, Mr. Flurry, so it's like your wife is it—Ah! poor Mrs. Jenkyns—It's rather a flatt'ring likeness, tho' I shou'd suppose—but I have a way of making my pictures like every body.

Sir Charles. Gad, so you have Pallet—very like—poor Mrs. Tompkins. Now I observe. I know her at once—

Flurry. Tompkins—Jenkins!—What is all this? I may as well take another look—aye, there is some difference now I perceive,—no, it can't be my wife, she cou'd never get here.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. My dear Mr. Pallet, have you finish'd my picture?

Pallet. Hush!

Mrs. Flurry. What is the matter—I tell you sir Charles is very impatient, he says it is not half handsome enough—Oh dear Sir Charles are you there?

Flurry. (*advancing*) Yes, and I am here, and you are here, and Mrs. Jenkyns is here, and we are all here—Oh! Mr. Pallet, you are a pretty man, and this discreet friend of yours is I suppose, the ill looking dog that I was caution'd against—Yes, now I see it is.

D

Mrs.

Mrs. Flurry. For heaven's sake Mr. Flurry, how can you expose yourself before strangers.

Flurry. I believe it is you that expose me, but not before strangers.

Sir Charles. Now to bring her off. (*aside*) Upon my honour, I feel myself extremely chagrin'd to be the innocent cause of sewing diffentions between so deserving a couple; but wishing to have a portrait of my deceased friend, Mrs. Jenkins.

Flurry. Why just now you call'd her Tomkins.

Sir Charles. No, no, Jenkins.

Pallet. Oh! Jenkins.

Sir Charles. The late widow Jenkins, and hearing your fair lady resembled her in features, I prevailed on her good nature to sit for an hour or two, that's the whole affair.

Pallet. Yes, a perfect sketch, drawn by a master.

Mrs. Flurry. I had best pursue the hint (*aside*). Well, if this is to be the consequence of my wish to oblige, Mr. Flurry may break his heart e'er he shall find me good natur'd again.

Flurry. I don't recollect---I ever found you so before.

Sir Charles. Let me persuade you, Sir, not to put wrong constructions on the most harmless---

Pallet. A mere dash of the pencil, effac'd in a moment.

Sir Charles. A circumstance that happens every day.

Pallet. No sooner seen than blotted out.

Sir Charles. The first families in town---

Pallet. Flock to my house continually, and no one ever presumed to call it in question.

Enter Litigamus.

Litig. This is the bad house---I've found it out---this is the place of affignation---have had my scouts at work, my client---the parchments are filling, and your exposure will follow immediately---Oh! these I suppose are the parties concern'd---an amicable suit perhaps---quite the same thing to me.

Sir Charles. Why, who the devil are you, and what is your business here?

Litig.

Litig. My business is every where, never out of my way; if parties are adverse, there am I—if amicable, here stands Liti—a wedding, or a divorce, abuse or praise—fill but the parchment—enough for the proctor.

Sir Charles. Stop his mouth Pallet—Gad, this friend of your's Mr. Flurry, is a very facetious fellow, ha! ha! a very pleasant fellow indeed.

Flurry. Yes, he came to my house pleasantly and told me a very pleasant story, advis'd a pleasant mode of redress, and now seems as pleasant about it as if nothing had happen'd—Don't you think so my dear?

Mrs. Flurry. Yes, my dear, a very pleasant business altogether.

Litig. (to Pallet) Sir Charles, a generous client you say?

Pallet. (to Litig.) As a prince—besides he wants nothing of the lady but a little loose cash perhaps, that he may reward his friends the better.

Litig. (to Pallet). Always open to conviction, and love to prevent animosities.—*(To the company)* A very whimsical mistake indeed.

Flurry. What you are in the mistake too?

Litig. Oh yes.—Nothing so common in practice; my friend Mr. Pallet assures me, there cannot be a more striking likeness, than the one to the other, and dare say, Mr. Flurry is perfectly convinced that Mr. Tomkins, Jenkyns, what's his name, was a most desirable woman, and shou'd my client wish for the picture—

Flurry. Oh don't mention it; I never desire to see their likenesses again, let's be gone.

Litig. Well, de Mortuis nil—please you an arm for each. Between man and wife, who so proper to direct the path—lead them right—tread lightly o'er—*(Treads accidentally on Flurry's toe.)*

Flurry. Oh dear—I shall never tread again—I have no foot left. I shall sink—Oh! oh!

Litig. Ask ten thousand pardons—a little too heavy—Servant gentlemen, *(sees Sir Charles, and*

Mrs. Flurry, ogling each other) there, you see how it is—All will be well again from top to toe.

Exeunt Flurry, Mrs. Flurry, and Litig.

Sir Charles. This cursed picture has been very unfortunate.

Pallet. An unlucky stroke, but pretty well varnish'd over.

Sir Charles. That quivering fool will never suffer his wife to come here again, and he and his proctor together may so watch her motions, that I despair of getting a separate interview.

Pallet. It's hard upon us artists, that a lady mayn't set where she pleases.

Sir Charles. Therefore I'm determin'd to execute a plan which I have sometime had in my head; will you assist?

Pallet. Doubtless.

Sir Charles. You have heard of your brother painter, doctor Hubble bubble.

Pallet. What the great man who cures by a look?

Sir Charles. Yes, that makes the dumb to roar a catch, and teaches the gouty to dance a hornpipe.

Pallet. Oh! Sir Charles, he's a most wonderful genius.

Sir Charles. True! then what do you think of passing for him?

Pallet. I—imitate the great man—impossible.

Sir Charles. Why so—I'm sure you are quite as wonderful a fellow—I'll be your assistant.—Go and procure us a couple of suitable disguises.

Pallet. Egad, quite new—hitherto I have only painted others—I must now go and try to paint myself.

Sir Charles. Lose no time—at present, I have another engagement on my hands.—Adieu—I've no doubt of success as I've such a damn'd wicked good sort of a fellow for an ally.

[*Exit.*]

Pallet. Yes,—I'm up to any thing, as I us'd to say to Mrs. Pallet.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Saville's House—Large folding Doors.

Enter Augusta, and Saville following.

Saville. You shall come back.

Augusta. No, while I have my senses, I'll keep them,

Saville. Keep your senses! psha!—don't you wish to be on a footing with the rest of the company.

Augusta. Faith, I am not so ambitious—I hate wine.—You forgot I have lived abroad, Saville—I can't sit like a dull Englishman, a whole afternoon, grinning at table jokes, and prying over politics—My mind is active—all life and fire.

Saville. Come, come, confess, you are going to sigh away the evening with some fair incognita.

Augusta. With a woman, Saville—No, hang it—that wou'dn't answer my purpose.—If Sir Charles does not come soon, the scheme is undone. (*Aside.*)

Saville. Where are you going then!

Augusta. Oh! Perhaps to judge of the play, by a lounge in the lobby—or enjoy the Opera, by a strut in the coffee-room—or else, take a nap in the gallery of the House of Commons, to prove my patriotism;—in short, like the bulk of mankind, any where to avoid reflection.

Saville. That's just my own case—follow my example—if you would avoid reflection, the best remedy is at hand, to lose sight of care—take a bumper my boy.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. You are wrong there—that's the way to see it double.—If the man hates thinking—send him to me—The only reflecting thing in my house is a looking-glass.

Augusta. Well, Saville as our friend Sir Charles is here, I've no objection to return for a few minutes;—but remember our agreement—No play for me.—A word,

word, Sir Charles—Are the false dice ready—are we sure of success? (*Aside to Sir Charles.*)

Sir Charles. Yes, my confederates are in the next room, and my life on't, we strip him of the last shilling.—(*Aside to Aug.*) Come let's dispatch—See the lads are at it already—the bones are in motion.

Saville. Are they? Then flesh and blood can't resist—and now Chevalier, we'll lose sight of reflection forever. [*Exit to company thro' the folding doors.*]

Enter Grump, with a Letter.

Grump. Got a letter from my nephew—Come, to see if it's true—(*Reads.*)

“ Dear Uncle,

“ I am sensible of my error—grown quite another being—live with friends as prudent at yourself. Favour me with a little supply, to forward the reformation.

Your ever obliged

GEO. SAVILLE.”

Grump. Prudent as myself—can't be—however something in it, perhaps;—wish to be good natured—lend him a guinea.

Re-enter Augusta, from middle Room.

Augusta. So, they are already deeply engag'd—and I have given them the slip—while he is pigeon'd it's better I should be out of the way.—Who have we here?

Grump. One of the prudent set, I suppose—not much like me though—Pump him:—Servant.

Augusta. Servant old Truepenny; what brings you here—warrant in your pocket—arrest the word, heh!

Grump. Yes, that's the word—don't like it, mayhap. Where's my nephew?

Augusta. His nephew! as I live, old Grump. He is rich, and I may assist Saville, without injuring my my own designs (*aside.*) Oh, Sir, I ask ten thousand pardons; your nephew is quite an alter'd man.

Grump. Hear so—begins to reform.

Augusta.

Augusta Begins---finish'd! He has already shun'd all his old friends.

Grump. That's right---hate old friends; apt to borrow money.—Don't much like new ones.

Augusta. A wise maxim, Sir, therefore I should be happy to borrow a little, as being neither one nor t'other; for betwixt ourselves, your nephew is grown so close of late—

Grump. Think he is---keeps close in his hole—
Why not come out?

Augusta. No, I mean close fitted, penurious, wary. I dare say he outdoes you in every thing:---you keep no servants, perhaps, and only starve yourself;---now he keeps several, and starves them and himself too.

Grump. Starves them, does he? Then you are not one of his keeping, that's certain. However, if he is so miserable, step on—enjoy it with him.

Augusta. Stop! stop! You hav'n't heard all yet—He is grown excessively fond of study, and is at this moment up to the elbows in Blackstone.

Grump. What Law! heh! Don't like it—keep out of the way—interrupt him, perhaps.

Augusta. Yes, you had better come another time. Good-day, Mr. Grump—I give you joy, your nephew is grown quite studious—Good bye to you---so studious, so peaceful, so quiet—Your very humble servant.

Grump. Aye, call another time—Paid my visit ---sav'd a guinea. Servant---glad to find every thing so quiet. (*Going,*)

(*A laugh within.*)

Ha! what's all that?

Augusta. Plague take their clamour, (*More noise.*)

Grump. What, Hell broke loose? Blackstone in a passion.

Augusta. Stay, Sir, I'll explain the whole affair:---The fact is this---Men of the first character and learning, who countenance your nephew, are met in the next room, to discuss literary subjects.

Grump. Literati; what in blue stockings, heh!
aye

aye---Laugh at their own jokes; never at any body's else.---Take one peep at the blue stockings, however.

Augusta. Stop, Sir---for Heaven's sake, Sir, stop! If they see you, they may grow desperate; they may lampoon you---write your life.

Grump. Write my life! so much the better---get into good company; shine in the tete-a-tetes.---Will take a peep.

Enter Sir Charles, from folding doors.

Sir Charles. Joy! give me joy, Chevalier---I have carried off the golden fleece. I have won every thing. Here, here, my friend, here's you cash again, and his notes for as much more.

Augusta. Stop your tongue---Don't you see?

Sir Charles. See, yes, I do see, and a fine looking fellow it is; just one of us. Come, take a round, Trusty---'sife you shall enter---and get as drunk as the rest of the party.

Grump. Drunk! What, Literati get drunk?

Augusta. No, no, he means intoxicated with science, and flush'd with the heat of argument---don't you, Sir Charles?

Sir Charles. I mean flush'd with the juice of the grape, and as drunk as piper s

Augusta. Why you've lost your senses.

Grump. Not he---can't lose what he never had---Smoke, the whole.---Literati, indeed!---button my pockets.

Augusta. Indeed, Sir, you misunderstand him: they may have been drinking a little to quicken their fancy, and deciding their controversial subjects by betting.---Nothing so common, is it Charles?

Sir Charles. You never were more out in your life; come along with me, old Crabstick, and I'll give you ocular proof, proof positive, my Trojan. There---seven's the main, and nothing's the chance;---now are you satisfied?

Grump. Yes, see how they starve themselves.---Off while I'm safe.

Sir Charles. Nay, you must not go thus, my little
money

Money Flincher; they are all so mad, you might pick their pockets without being discover'd.

Grump. Might I---not a bad halfpenny amongst them, though---Get my own pick'd perhaps, hang'd into the bargain. No, off while I can.---(*Laughs*) Good bye, Literati. [*Exit.*]

Augusta. So, you have amus'd yourself to some purpose: You don't know Saville's uncle, old Grump, when you see him?

Sir Charles. No; never saw him in my life.

Augusta. Except this instant, that you frighten'd him away, when I had persuaded him of Saville's reformation.—'Slife, though I have my motives for ruining him, there's no reason why I should not keep his uncle as a *corps de reserve*.

Sir Charles. Don't be vex'd at my talking more than yourself; but step in, and enjoy the victory—Ha! here he comes; I must to my physical scheme on old Flurry. Adieu, my sweet cousin; what you wou'd be at, heaven knows; only two things I am sure of; you love mystery, and I love money; and so, as he has none at present left to lose, fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Saville.

Saville. Confusion! Day after day, the same unweary'd persecution—never one fortunate hour. You here, Sir (*To Augusta.*) As you would not be present while we play'd, I think you might have avoided witnessing your friend's defeat.

Augusta. Why so? One may hurt less than t'other.

Saville. How, Sir, is this a time for mirth?

Augusta. Nay, don't be angry, Saville; when a man has lost his senses, he can't expect to keep his money you know.

Saville. Death and fire, keep your temper, Sir; restrain your warmth.

Augusta. Warmth, Saville; I never was cooler in
E my

my life ; and what's more, I believe you'll never find a way to warm me.

Saville. Look ye, Sir, I have lost some thousands ; and if you'll be temperate. (*Aug. sings.*) Temperate I say, Sir, for one moment ! Distraction ! Will you hear me.

Augusta. Why I do, I do hear you.

Saville. Then out of pure good nature—merely out of good nature, I will give you a throw for five thousand.

Augusta. Nay, Saville, I never game ; besides it would be playing for nothing—you have none of the ready left.

Saville. Then by heavens, I'll be calm no longer : Hark'e, Sir, you add insult to my despair ; and here I tell you I have been dup'd—dup'd by knaves and cheats.

Augusta. Cheats ! Zounds ! I hope you don't allude to me, Sir.

Saville. Yes, Sir, I suspect you were in the combination ; and to be plain, Sir, I have no doubt, but you advanc'd the money only to ensnare me ; and if you do not instantly give me a chance of retrieval, I will proclaim you to the world a thief and an impostor.

Augusta (aside). Oh lord ! no body near---I'm frighten'd to death.

Saville. Come, Sir, I have call'd you impostor.

Augusta. No, you hav'n't—indeed you hav'n't.

Saville. Then I add coward to the stigma, and now I am resolv'd on having satisfaction, one way or other. Come, Sir, no evasion---the sword or the dice.

Augusta. Oh lord, Sir, I never gave a Gentleman satisfaction in my life.

Saville. Mean, dastardly wretch, defend yourself this instant.

Augusta (kneeling). Oh ! have pity, Sir, if you'll be calm, I'll give you a thousand pounds—

Saville. A thousand devils !---Give me a fair chance.

Grump

Grump (*without*). Tell him not to write any more--- won't pay postage. [*Enters.*]

Augusta (*rising*). D—mn you, Sir, what do you mean by offering me a thousand pounds. (*draws and offers to fight.*) [*Saville retires.*]

Come on, I say, Sir.---What, you've had enough have you; Damme, I knew---I shou'd humble you.

Grump. What, young flash away turn'd duellist!

Augusta. Sir, I have been so insulted, that I shall leave the house while I can keep my temper. Mr. Saville, if you can shake off your natural timidity, you will let me hear from you; if not, I shall be oblig'd to expose you, I shall, indeed.

Grump. Fine fellow! lick some of my debtors into payment---What George! Literati, too fierce, ha!

Saville. Sir, this is no time for explanation.---As for you, mean wretch as you are, think not to escape my resentment.

Augusta. What, you can bully now! Sir, if you'll believe me, when you came, the hectoring combatant you now see, was down on his knees for pity, offering a thousand pounds.

Grump. Aye, aye, great bully I warrant—not worth so many pence.

Augusta. Yes, Sir, he wou'd have frighten'd any other man out of his senses---but I, Sir,---I have humbled him---come, go about your business, I pardon you.

Saville. Pardon me! but you are too contemptible for notice. Dear Uncle, permit me to retire for a moment to recollect myself. [*Exit.*]

Augusta. Contemptible, indeed.---'Sblood I'll follow and chastise him this instant.

Grump. Great mind to let him---the dog deserves it---no---spare him this time; walk with me.

Augusta. Well, Sir, out of mere respect to you---else---zounds---if I did'n't know you'd prevent me, I'd---But no matter, I am cool.

Grump. That's right, more adapted to Literati;

come walk side by side—there now (*cocking his little old hat*)—two hero's together. Od! lick the world—heh! Brother, Alexander.

Augusta. Yes, my little Clytus, when you come to know me, you'll find that I'm a match for any man; if I choose to engage with him, [*Exeunt.*

END OF SECOND ACT,

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Room in an Old House, with Electrical and Magnetical Apparatus.

Enter Sir Charles and Pallet in Disguise, as a Doctor and his Man.

Sir Charles. BRAVO, Master Pallet! Excellent--- how well one painter can copy another. You look like the real Doctor Hubblebubble himself. I always said you had a good knack at disguise. What think you of me for your journeyman?

Pallet. Not an apothecary's 'prentice in town can be better prepar'd for a pestle and mortar; and, with submission, I may say, disguise fits natural upon us both.

Sir Charles. I have borrow'd this old house, and provided the trumpery that you see, to give a better colour to the plan.

Pallet. But are you sure, Flurry will venture hither?

Sir Charles. Quite certain; I knew he had heard of Dr. Hubblebubble's late fame in magnetism, and other modern wonders; therefore sent him a line in the Doctor's name, assuring him that he wou'd make a complete cure of him, gratis, for the sake of his own reputation. You may easily imagine our valetudinarian bit at the proposal.

Pallet. No doubt; but how can I bite him when he comes? my brother, brush, may understand something of physic; but I confess myself quite a novice in the science.

Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Novice! so much the better; what signifies science in this age; puff your own ignorance, take advantage of the credulous, and you are sure to have a multitude at your heels. You must talk to him in High Dutch.

Pallet. I cou'd as soon converse with him in Chinese.

Sir Charles. No matter, any jargon will suffice--- his folly will keep pace with yours, I warrant you.--- Do but detain him here, till I can have an interview with Madam, and the business is done.

Flurry (without). Ha! Hem!—

Sir Charles. Hush! here he comes---to your studies—adjust your perriwig, and fix your brow.

Flurry (without). Mercy on me! what a terrible steep old stair case; I'm up at last. [*Enters*]. Oh dear! Where's the Doctor—Is that the great man that promises to cure me with a touch, gratis?

Sir Charles. Yes—the worse you are, the sooner you'll be well.

Flurry. Dear me! how lucky it is that I'm so bad—may I speak to him? he seems quite taken up with himself; I expected to have seen the whole town at his door.

Sir Charles. Hush! no noise—this is a private day—don't interrupt his meditations; and above all, mind how you tread—the whole room is one electrical matter. If you touch a nail, you'll be convuls'd.

Flurry. Oh lord!—lay hold of me. (*Pallet puts out the lamp*)—Dungeons and death—why we are almost in the dark.

Sir Charles. In the dark—to be sure—that's the way your great physicians practise—always in the dark—now, Sir, prepare yourself.

Flurry. Yes—I—I—will—what must I do?

Sir Charles. Draw near the Doctor—as the first proof of his art. He'll put you to excessive pain.

Flurry. Excessive pain—Oh lud! I'm in a cold sweat already.

Sir Charles. Never fear—you'll soon be warm'd—now Doctor. Here stands your patient.

Pallet.

Pallet. Bring out de surprising magnetic chair.

Sir Charles (*bringing it*). Aye, this is the panacea—this is the univerfal remedy. Come, Sir, lofe no time—get into it—[*afide*] once fix him there, and I'll be off.

Pallet. Fix de patient, and go fetch de instruments.

Flurry. Instruments!—Oh mercy!—I fhall be cut up alive.

Sir Charles. Quick, quick, lofe no time, I hav'n't a moment to spare.

Flurry. Why, what are you about?—wou'd you trufs me up like a rabbit?

Sir Charles. So, he feems pretty fafe; and now to feure his Lady;—Doctor, don't lofe fight of your patient. [Exit.

Flurry. What are you going to do, Doctor?

Pallet. Now for de cure—firft, dis afiatic cap muft be put over your face—come, no struggle.

Enter Augusta.

Augusta (*afide*). I met Sir Charles rufhing out of this door in fuch a drefs, and in fuch hafte, he cou'd n't answer me.

Flurry. Take it away—take it away; mercy Doctor! What, wou'd you iron mask me?

Augusta. Here's something myfterious—perhaps Saville is in the plot.

Pallet. Put on de cap, or I fall give you endless pain.

Flurry. I won't—I won't be blind-folded.—Oh lud, will no body help me.

Augusta (*overfets the table with all the Electrical Apparatus*) I'll aid the confufion, to feure our retreat.

Flurry. Oh lud!—Oh dear—the worlds at an end—We fhall be all burnt in our beds. Help! help! [Exit.

Pallet (*with the dark lantern looking about*). Zounds, what a crafh! Sure some one muft have got into the room.—Damn the chair (*tumbles over it*), I don't fee any body.—I'm as much terrified as Flurry himfelf.

Augusta [*afide*]. Are you fo? then it's high time I fhou'd take courage.

Pallet.

Pallet. Well, I have finished my Doctorship—and so perriwig be gone.—Now, if he does but succeed with Mrs. Flurry.

Augusta. Who succeed with Mrs. Flurry?

Pallet. Oh forgive me my sins.

Augusta. Peace, blockhead; who is to succeed with Mrs. Flurry—Sir Charles, or Saville?

Pallet. Dear, sweet, Sir.—

Augusta. Don't prevaricate.

Pallet. I won't. Saville, did you say?

Augusta. Aye, Saville, Sir.—Come, confess, or I'll do you more mischief—than you intended to that old trembletonian.

Pallet. If I betray, Sir Charles, I ruin every thing (*aside*), better lay it to Saville (*aside*). Well, Sir, since I must confess the truth, the whole is a scheme of Mr. Saville's.

Augusta. So!

Pallet. He prevail'd on, Sir Charles, and me, to lure Mr. Flurry into this old house, that he might pass an agreeable half hour with his wife, and Sir Charles is now gone to inform him of our success.

Augusta. Conduct me to them then.

Pallet. What, Sir, wou'd you spoil sport?

Augusta. Sport do you call it—Shew me the way this instant.

Pallet. I will, Sir!—Oh lord! I never was so frighten'd in all my life—if I can but get safe into the street, little Pallet will soon brush off (*aside*).

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Outside of the House.

Enter Augusta and Pallet from the Door.

Augusta. Come along, Sir; no more electrical tricks, if you please, follow me.

Pallet. To be sure, Sir—but first let me secure Old Puzzlepate from following us [*aside*].

Augusta.

Augusta. Why do you loiter so?—Come Sir, lead the way.

Pallet. That I will, and make away too—if I can.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Litigamus.

Litig. Charming fellow, Sir Charles! a few more such Baronets wou'd support a new Doctors Commons. Crim. con. as plenty as hops—Old Flurry little thinks what he's about now.

Flurry (*from the window*). Help! Help!—where am I?

Litig. What, my dear Mr. Flurry up in the cock loft.

Flurry. My dear friend Liti—is it you—where are we?

Litig. Where are we?—in Knight Rider-street, Doctors Commons.

Flurry. What, are you come to the Doctor to be cur'd with a touch, gratis?

Litig. A touch, gratis—Oh no,—that wou'd not do for me. When I am touch'd, I always take.

Flurry. Oh dear, how shall I find the way out of this confounded old mansion. Will you step up and assist me?

Litig. Swift as thought—but ho—proceedings are stop'd—the door is lock'd—it will be impossible to join issue on this occasion.

Flurry. The door lock'd! O mercy, I shall be robbed and murdered. I'll try to get out of the window.

Litig. Heaven forbid; you'll break your neck. I may lose a client (*aside*). There's a ladder yonder, by that house that's repairing. I'll go and fetch it directly.
[*Exit.*]

Flurry. Be quick, be quick! While I'm here, my wife may be going off with her gallant. Oh! if ever I think of a touch again.

Re-enter Litigamus, with a Ladder.

Litig. Now, dear Sir, make haste and descend; but take care; one false step you know—

F

Flurry.

Flurry. Yes, yes, I know—I'll be after them—hold it fast, Mr. Proctor. Am I safe? There now—I'll be after them as quick as a lamplighter. (*Runs out.*)

Litig. (*With the ladder on his shoulder.*) Gad, I think I look more like a lamplighter—Ha! ha! A whimsical fuit this. No matter; a good proctor can carry any thing. [*Exit with ladder.*]

Enter Mrs. Flurry and Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Surely, my dearest madam, you are not ferious.

Mrs. Flurry. Hav'n't I reason to be ferious, Sir Charles? I am not the dupe you wish'd me. My servant told me, Mr. Flurry was here; and I infist that you let me enter the house directly.

Sir Charles. I tell you he is not there; but if he was, you would not come in search of your husband? Why if this were known, it would ruin you in polite life forever.

Re-enter Pallet, with the key.

Pallet. Thanks to fortune, I have escaped from my troublesome companion, ha!

Mrs. Flurry. Don't prevent me, Sir Charles; I infist on looking after him; Sir open the door immediately.

Pallet. What, put man and wife in the same piece?

Mrs. Flurry. I will no longer be trifled with.

Sir Charles. Think of the difference between the lover and the husband.

Pallet. Yes, a good copy, and a bad original.

Mrs. Flurry. Unhand me, I say; nay, then 'tis time to call help! help!

Saville enters.

Saville. How! a lady in distress—release her this instant, or by heavens—

Sir Charles. Silence, Saville—don't interrupt pas-time.

Saville.

Saville. Sir Charles, is it you? I hope then there is no occasion for my interference.

Mrs. Flurry. Sir, if you have any spirit or humanity, you will prevent my being detain'd any longer from my husband, who is lock'd up in that house.

Saville. Mrs. Flurry, the friend of Augusta! Why, Sir Charles, you wou'd not keep the lady from her husband.

Pallet. Her husband! the old story. Harkye,—hackney'd as the *pave*—notorious, common—

Saville. Stand by, Sir, I know the lady well; and the respect that is her due. Say no more—but let her enter the house directly.

Sir Charles. Zounds, Saville, is this your friendship?

Saville. Friendship! I am sorry, Sir Charles, to find you so unworthy of it. Come, Madam, favour me, with your hand; there—be assur'd while I have life, no power on earth shall interrupt you. (*Puts her in.*)

Sir Charles. Death and fury! Do you know what you have done, Sir?

Saville. Yes, released a lady from violence; and, perhaps, saved my friend from dishonour.

Sir Charles. Mighty well—I understand this irony—but let me follow her—or by all that's—

Saville. Spare your warmth, Sir Charles; you have heard my determination.

Sir Charles. Then you shall hear mine—let me pass this instant; or abide the consequences.

Saville. The first I will not—the last I'm prepar'd for.

Pallet, (with a tuck stick). Come out my two edged brush—you shall give the finishing stroke, I warrant.

Saville. Is this your usual bravery!

Sir Charles. No matter, Sir—I will pass.

Enter Augusta.

Augusta. Saville, in danger; let me forget my sex and fly to save him—(*Placing herself on the side of Saville.*)

Flurry (without). Oh lud! I can't find her any where.

Sir Charles. Augusta and Flurry coming—confusion—we must retire; Saville, you shall repent this insult. [Sir Charles and Pallet *Exeunt*.

Saville. I have much to repent of; but this I shall ever reflect upon with pleasure.

Enter Flurry.

Flurry. I have lost my wife—I have lost my wife—and now I have lost the Proctor.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. Oh! Mr. Flurry, how happy I am to find you; where have you been—how did you get out of the house?

Flurry. How did you get into it. Where's your gallant—Oh if I cou'd but find the proctor.

Augusta, (aside). So, all is as I suspected, and I have been fighting in the defence of a rival.

Mrs. Flurry. Indeed, Sir, I have been much oblig'd to this gentleman in your absence, and while I live his generosity must be engraved on my heart.

Augusta, (aside). A very passionate acknowledgement indeed.

Flurry. Ha! what am I oblig'd to more gentlemen than one. I thought, Mr. Saville had been attach'd to my ward, and not to my wife.

Augusta, (aside.) So I thought too.

Flurry. Oh lud! at this rate, my poor nerves will be play'd upon by every fellow in town—however I am now going to a place where they will put me in a way to reward you all—Doctors Commons for me—Oh! if I cou'd but catch the proctor. [Exit.

Mrs. Flurry. Mr. Saville, your most obedient, I shall find a better time to thank you. [Exit.

Augusta. I suppose so.

Saville. How comes it Chevalier, after what has passed we meet as friends—tho' you wou'd not fight with me, I see you dare to draw in my defence.

Augusta,

Augusta. The truth is—I am a strange creature, Saville; nay, so very contradictory, that at times you wou'd almost think me a woman—I bullied before your uncle to prove your temper—I offer'd the thousand pounds to try your generosity, and I cou'd do no less than assist you in your love affairs, especially when the lady is so deserving.

Saville. You mistake, I was her protector only, not her lover.

Augusta. Come, come, confess—She is a very beautiful woman, and you wanted to mar Sir Charles's happiness by making your own—Ha! what's the matter with you? Heavens! there's blood upon your arm.

Saville. I know it—a mere scratch, not worth a thought.

Augusta. Not worth a thought—Oh here take my handkerchief, bind it directly—Come, you must—you shall—Nay then I'll bind it myself. Let me see! Heavens! What a wound—Oh Saville!

Saville. What agitates you?

Augusta. The sight of blood dissolves me—it penetrates my soul. I can't support it.

Saville. This from an enemy?

Augusta. I am not your enemy Saville, I'm your friend; one whose heart bleeds for every wound in yours—But while we talk you grow fainter. Let me conduct you to Mr. Flurry's—there perhaps, the lady who loves you, will console you.

Saville. Why will you misconceive me, I never loved but one nor ever can; the angel I was attach'd to, was as superior to the rest of her sex—But I'll trouble you no longer—farewel.

Augusta. Stay! let me accompany you.

Saville. No, I have private business, and will detain you no further.—Give me your hand Chevalier, you are a generous fellow, and I feel much distress'd from the thought of having injur'd you—we shall meet again. [Exit.

Augusta. Poor Saville!—He little thinks how well I know where his private business is; but as his lawyer

yer happens to be mine too, I hope to get possession of his remaining property by to-morrow at farthest.

Enter a Lawyer's Clerk.

Clerk. Sir, my master, Counsellor Gab, hath order'd me to run after you with a letter.

Augusta. From Saville's lawyer, the very man I was thinking of. (*Reads*).

"Dearest of ladies. Circuits—nisi, prius—manifold briefs, and some motions of course, oblige me to move out of town—must defer client Saville's distress till return—hope no distress to you, can but be more done up.—Have said the needful, cou'd say more, but desist, I am a man of few words.

"Your's very

"*Gabriel Gab.*"

Bless me, this delay may be fatal—Saville's circumstances can never suffer him to wait for this man of few words. He will most likely apply elsewhere, and my plans be entirely overset. Let me consider, I have it.—As I find Saville has no knowledge of his lawyer's person, I'll pop my friend, the counsellors tye, over this little noddle of mine—borrow his chambers in his absence, and prove myself as wife in one gown as another. [*Exit,*

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Chambers in the Temple.

Enter a Lawyer's Clerk, shewing in Saville.

Clerk. PRAY Sir, walk in, I expect my master from Westminster Hall immediately—He beg'd you wou'd not go away.

Saville. I believe it is somewhat past the time appointed.

Clerk. I dare say, Sir, he'll be here in a minute, pray Sir sit down.

Saville. Thank you friend—I shall amuse myself.

Clerk, (aside). I wonder how, madam, my sham master will escape being discover'd—but women and lawyers talk equally fast—therefore her talk won't be so difficult. [Exit.

Saville. My distresses croud upon me so rapidly—I know not whither to turn myself—the money I am now about to raise, is my last stake, half of that is gone already, my uncle has refus'd every assistance; but what does it signify—I have lost all hope of my Augusta, and the charm of living is no more.

Augusta (as a counsellor) without. Thomas pay the coachman sixpence, counsellor Coaxem pays the other tester—We stopp'd ten yards short of Temple Bar on purpose (*Enters*). Your name, Sir, I presume is Saville—Sorry I have been so detain'd and stopp'd, by cause why, at Westminster Hall—but if so be as it shou'd be so, as that I have not made you wait—there is nothing lost, by not putting in appearance.

Saville.

Saville. No apology, sir, is necessary, I assure you, you know my business, and I understand can do it—the deeds are all in your hands, and you approve them; your letter so informs me.

Augusta. Sir, my name is counsellor Gab—and when counsellor Gab says a thing—that is when a thing is said—then he says no more about it—you want to find, raise, and make up a sum of money. Counsellor Gab has client to that effect—You shew cause of security, and then effect follows cause, as in cases out of number.—I am a man of few words.

Saville. I like few words full as well as yourself—I am in want of money, and have shewn cause as you say.

Augusta. True, want of money is like a chancery suit, a trial of patience.

Saville. I perceive it is indeed—but if every thing is ready, there can be no occasion for further delay, and in that case, I have only to satisfy you.

Augusta. As to the money, all that remains is a bill on bankers in form due at sight, payable to bearer, perfectly legal, but avoids stamps, and shall be sent to-morrow; but if so be as that you like, wish, or request mode that is different—Counsellor Gab is always ready to satisfy client, without making use of many words—and if you wish for an opinion—

Saville. By no means, Mr. Counsellor, I wou'd not wish to trespass on your time

Augusta. You're right; a trespass on the case is as I said before. *Vide* cases out of number, suits, pleas, costs, taxes and demurrers; for instance, if a man loses his mistress.

Saville. I beg you will not trouble yourself.

Augusta. Or to prove clearer, suppose plaintiff has lost fortune to sharpers, the action—

Saville. Needs no rhetoric to condemn it.

Enter Clerk.

Clerk. A lady desires to speak with you, Sir.

Augusta. A lady! well desire the lady to walk in.

Saville. I fear I intrude.

Augusta.

Augusta. Oh, not in the least; the lady shall be dispatch'd immediately; I never throw away my time upon women.

Enter Diary.

Diary. If I may be so inquisitious as to ask, your name is Mr. Lawyer Gab. I waited on you from my mistress, Miss Augusta Melmouth. Lord, Mr. Saville here; who would have supposed it? But I beg pardon, as Orestes said to his friend, Pilgarlic—

Saville. Well, what of your lady? don't be afraid of me. I hope she is well, and I ought to wish that she is happy.

Diary. Now to act my part as well as my mistress (*aside*). Nay, as for the matter of that, my young lady wants nothing—that is, nothing more than other young ladies want too. She wish'd to know whether Mr. Lawyer here, had examin'd the marriage articles on her side, and whether Mr. Lawyer on t'other side had examin'd them too; and whether they were ready on both sides;—and so I came to enquire, like the Busy Body there, in the Way of the World.

Saville. What did you say? Marriage articles!—Sure your young lady, Augusta, is not going to be married?

Diary. Lord, Sir, and why not? If gentlemen deal cards one way, ladies must play their cards another, as Skippio says, in Gil Blas. Don't you think so, Mr. Lawyer.

Augusta. Skippio! Never saw an opinion of his in my life; but as to cards, if two females engage with one gentleman, it's odds but he'll be put to his trumps.

Saville. You seem merry Sir.

Augusta. Yes, during term, smile and talk—in vacation, sad and silent.

Saville. Permit me, Mrs. Diary to ask only one question—Who is destin'd to be the possessor of that heart the proudest might aspire to; and which once the humblest was bold enough to solicit.

Augusta. I swear by the assizes, Mr. Saville, but you seem as if, as how you wanted to take a client out of

my hands, if the young lady chuses to marry. If A. wants to join issue with B. what has D. to do with it?

Diary. Aye, what has D. to do with issue? So, pray let us alone Mr. Saville; and do you, Mr. Lawyer, be pleas'd to send home the marriage ceremonies, that my mistress may put her hand to them as soon as possible; for when we women take a thing in our heads, we are determin'd to go through with it, as Cæsar says in his dictionary.

Saville. I ought certainly to beg your pardon for the earnestness of my enquiries; but the Lady mention'd, was one, whom I was once weak enough—But no matter—I shall only intrude further on your patience.

Augusta. Not in the least, I feel interested in that warmth which does you so much honour—but perhaps the Lady may be ignorant of it.

Saville. That is not now material—Bless me, I have exceeded my time; I have an appointment with Sir Charles Chouse, which obliges me to be punctual.

Augusta. Obliges you to be punctual—there is surely something in your manner that seems to indicate, what I hope is not true, that you have an affair of honour on your hands—Can I be of service?

Saville. Sure, Sir, I ought to be surpris'd at the alteration of your stile.

Augusta. Oh dear, Sir, we lawyers have two languages, one for forms and courts, another for feelings and friendship.

Saville. I am oblig'd to you, Sir, for the compliment, but all I have to request is, that you will send the money to-morrow.

Augusta. Counsellor Gab has promis'd, and performance follows of course. Would I cou'd detain him till I had seen Sir Charles (*aside*). Sir, on second thoughts, if *so be* the laws delay is irksome, as necessity has no law, please to wait in that library till I return, and I'll endeavour to get the sum specified on notice immediate.

Saville.

Saville. It is impossible for me to stay—to-morrow must suffice.

Augusta. Let me advise you, Sir, to tarry—shan't be long—you'll find pretty recreation in my library—Statutes at Large—Burn's Justice—new edition—Lawyer's Vade-mecum—Every Man his own Attorney—Pleadings at Nisi Prius.

Saville. Very instructive—but I can't profit by them at present—Your servant.

Augusta. Pray, Sir, stay a little.

Saville. It is not in my power.

Augusta. Do, take counsel.

Saville. I tell you I have had enough of counsel.

Augusta. I hope, Sir, you don't doubt my ability.

Saville. Not in the art of talking, I assure you.

Augusta. If you did but know me, you wou'd n't wonder at my excellence in that.

Saville. I wonder at nothing in a lawyer, but the difficulty of getting rid of him. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Augusta. I will but stay to disengage myself from these law encumbrances, and try if I can't be beforehand with Sir Charles, for I am determin'd to prevent this dreaded rencontre, if possible. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A large Exhibition Room in Pallet's House, with various Pictures, and a whole length of Mrs. Flurry. A Window with a Curtain down, &c. a Sopha, &c.

Enter Litigamus with a large pocket-book and pencil.

Litig. Here am I, still upon the look out in Master Pallet's seminary, tho' he himself is no party to this motion; for his friend, Sir Charles, I find, tho' a good maker of clients, is but a sorry one himself, therefore I am gone over to my first opinion.—Old Flurry has got it into his head that his Lady is coming here again, to meet her paramour, so he has sent me hily to take notes of proceeding. Ah blefs, all billing and

cooing, I say! they are the sack and sugar of Doctors Commons—give me a dashing wife to lead up the dance, and a good husband to pay the piper—Sure I hear somebody—I had better conceal myself—it will look so treacherous, to pretend friendship, and then discover the parties—No, at all events—I'll betray with honour—Where shall I go?—Oh! aye—aye—this sofa will do the business. [*Conceals himself under it.*]

Enter Mrs. Flurry and Sir Charles.

Mrs. Flurry. Leave me, Sir.—I will no more be deceiv'd.

Sir Charles. Nay, my dear Mrs. Flurry, hear reason.

Mrs. Flurry. No, Sir, I'll hear nothing; I insist on your pursuing me no further. I had never ventur'd here again had I not seen you at the end of the street, and stepp'd in on purpose to avoid you.

Sir Charles. Now, my dear Madam, how can you be so ungenerous?

Mrs. Flurry. Ungenerous, do you call me—Can I forget your treachery, your disrespect, your violence.

Sir Charles. The irresistible effect of your charms, my angel; believe me a pretty woman should always forgive the transports which her own beauty occasions.

Mrs. Flurry. I tell you again, Sir, leave me.

Sir Charles. No, I will still be your shadow; you know the sincerity of my passion for you.

Litig (peeping). Aye, now my business is going to begin (*aside*).

Mrs. Flurry. Whither wou'd you lead, Sir Charles? don't I know you.

Sir Charles. I swear you misinterpret all my sentiments. Love—pure disinterested love, is the foundation of those attentions which must occupy my life. Those who view you, cou'd not doubt it—then let us thus seal our reconciliation.

Litig. This is a case in point—A. kisses B's hand.

Mrs. Flurry. I beg, Sir Charles, you will desist—

Litig (peeping). All nonsense.

Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Come, come, opportunity is the bliss of love.

Litig. Five thousand pounds damages at least.

Pallet (without). But my dear Mr. Flurry, have a little patience, depend upon it, your Lady can't come into my house without my knowing it.

Mrs. Flurry. Oh heavens! my husband—I'm undone if he sees us again together. Whither shall I fly—can't we get out of the room?

Sir Charles. Zounds, they're at the door; here let us step behind your picture—the fair copy shall conceal the beautiful original. (*They go behind.*)

Litig. Five thousand pounds reduc'd to a cypher.

Enter Pallet, Flurry, and Grump.

Pallet. There, now you have search'd the whole house, and you see what I told you is true—no Mrs. Flurry to be found.

Grump. Glad of it—better never found again; don't you think so Old Incredulous?

Litig. Fresh company, I must turn over a new leaf (*aside*).

Flurry. Dear me, I scarce know what I'm about—there is the confounded picture I told you of.

Pallet. Yes, tho' I say it myself, the copy is as it the original was there too.

Grump (pulling the sofa round to look at the picture). Aye, one as bad as t'other; but come, let's look—looking at a picture costs nothing—What's that behind, a lamb or a goat?

Pallet (discovering Litig). Oh mercy! A man conceal'd!

Flurry. Murder! thieves and robbers!

Grump. Ha! what—rob me.—Wish he wou'd—was robb'd once, and never had a better day in my life—hang'd the man, and got forty pounds by it.

Litig. Don't abuse me, Gentlemen, I come here on business; I am no robber, I am a limb of the law.

Grump. All the same thing—better lopp'd off.

Pallet.

Pallet. My house is no place for law, I can assure you, we never have any bad people here—

Flurry. Yes you have, Mr. Pallet, bad enough—my wife is a proof of it. As to Liti, I sent him myself to see what he cou'd make out.

Grump. Make you out a bill that will make you sick.

Pallet. Come, Master Proctor.—Step out of my house, no law's delays here—you'll find nothing to make a bill from, in this apartment.

Litig. Are you sure of that, Squire Pallet,—perhaps there may be objects in the back ground that may swell the landscape amazingly—figures out of sight.

Pallet. I protest and vow, I don't know what figures you are prating about.

Flurry. Prate away dear Liti—have you discover'd any thing wicked? Do speak and make me happy.

Litig. Perhaps, yes,—perhaps, no—the picture indeed is not quite finish'd—sorry, on my own account, it is not, as well as my clients—a great deal out of both our pockets,—but undone now—may be done another time—Sir Charles is a man to wheedle over a Lady.

Pallet. As I hope to be E—R—A—I don't comprehend a word; what Sir Charles do you allude to?

Litig. Why, the same Sir Charles that puzzled you about Mrs. Jenkyns, and Mrs. Tomkyns—that was himself so generous, and made love to another man's wife, merely for the sake of a little loose cash, to reward his friends the better.

Flurry. Oh, that my wife did but hear that!

Pallet. Red and white lead, Mr. Turncoat! how dare you go about thus to disgrace me under my own roof?

Grump. Can't be disgrac'd—thought no worse of here, than every where else.

Litig. Nay, if you doubt my evidence, I'll call him in the twinkling of an eye, to speak for himself—he's within a yard of somebody's elbow.

Flurry. Oh lud!—I'm frighten'd to death.

Pallet. You audacious dirtier of parchment, do you think

think I suffer any dark doings in my house, when I am out of it.

Litig. I don't mind abuse, it's what I am us'd to—so I'll make bold to draw up that curtain, and throw a new light upon the subject.

Pallet (*going up to the window, draws up the curtain, and on seeing Sir Charles, let's it drop again*). I'll save you the trouble, for I defy your malice; Sir Charles has not been here, I can't say when, and shou'd he presume to come without my knowledge, I shou'd soon let drop.

Sir Charles (*giving Pallet a purse*). Hush!—the proctor knows I am here—stop his tongue, and hold your own.

Litig. Yes,—you do drop indeed.

Pallet (*giving a purse to Litig*). Why, what does the man mean—do you want the sun to put your eyes out?

Litig (*takes the purse*). Oh no! I had much rather be hoodwink'd—perhaps I am mistaken—I thought that—but—what was it that we were talking about. Mr. Pallet—my hands are so full of business, that my memory is very treacherous.

Pallet. Nothing can be more likely for a gentleman of great practice, as I frequently find myself—when I mention'd Sir Charles, I hardly recollected what I was doing—the best artists may begin a design without knowing how it will be finish'd.

Grump. No good design here—bad beginning—worse ending.

Flurry. Mercy on us! We're all as much in the dark as ever, I'll go and open the curtain myself (*going towards the window*).—

Pallet. Sweet Sir, can't think of troubling you—besides your proctor is satisfied himself.

Litig. Quite so—Mr. Pallet's arguments are irresistible.

Flurry. No matter, I will draw up the curtain.

Grump. That's right—peep for nothing—lend you my spectacles.

Pallet (*stopping him*). My pictures are not yet dry—you may put out some of the figures.

Flurry. I will go to the window.

Pallet.

Pallet (*struggling to keep him back*). You must not.

Mrs. Flurry (*disengaging herself from Sir Charles*). Unhand me, Sir Charles.

Flurry (*starting*). Oh heavens! my wife coop'd up with her gallant.

Grump. Yes—you have put out the figures, indeed.

Mrs. Flurry. Mr. Flurry, to you, Sir, only, I owe any apology, if apology be necessary; but, conscious of my own innocence, I feel no fear in appearing before you.

Flurry. Oh cockatrice, don't think of imposing upon me, I have already been frighten'd out of my senses upon your account; and now don't I find you here hid behind your own self? Oh! Mr. Pallet; what you blush do you?

Pallet. Dear Sir, you know I live by colouring. Good Madam, do me justice. Tell any story to save us both (*aside*).

Mrs. Flurry. I disdain prevarication, Sir, and want no such aid; I came here actually to avoid this gentleman, whom I saw at one end of the street, and who, unknown to myself, follow'd me in at the other.

Litig. Very right—So that's the way both ends meet.

Mrs. Flurry. Let me hope, Sir, you will not insult, unjustly, a woman's feelings; if you have been present all the time, you can testify what has pass'd.

Litig. Perfectly right in your statement; I have the whole down upon paper, with the damages that wou'd have been, but for interruption.

Flurry. There—there! I told you what wou'd have happen'd; the proctor is a loser as well as myself; but I'll bring my action against you, Sir Charles, nevertheless.

Sir Charles. Mr. Flurry, I beg we may understand each other; hitherto I have taken compassion on your weak side.

Grump. So he did—took compassion on your wife.

Sir Charles. But if you are not satisfied, I have further satisfaction at your service.

Flurry.

Flurry. Lud! lud! What, wou'd you murder me?

Litig. What, put an end to the suit before term, or cause shewn, or before one Doctor of Civil Law has spoken upon the case?

Sir Charles. Peace, you ignorant—

Litig. Ignorant!

Sir Charles. Yes, ignorant.

Litig. Oh, oh! Ignorant! a Lawyer too—that's a libel.

Sir Charles. Silence, babbler; the lady will, I am sure, clear me from all attempts on her honour; and as for you, (*to Flurry*) look'e, Sir, should you presume to attack mine—I say, look'e, Sir, you will follow me immediately. [*Exit.*]

Litig. Heaven forbid; trust to the law, my client. We don't want courage in the Courts; leave your quarrel to me; I'll call out the parties—Citation—Jactitation.

Mrs Flurry. A truce to your jargon, Mr. Proctor; we can quarrel enough, without your interference.

Flurry. That we can, without any interference at all. Bless, me, what a happy man I am! to have my wife painted for nothing; my proctor convinc'd by a look, and my throat cut by way of satisfaction. Oh! what a fortunate husband am I. [*Exit Mr. and Mrs. Flurry.*]

Grump. Yes, fortunate as wife—such a head for matrimony—always judge of a tree by its branches.

Pallet. What an unlucky thing it is to exhibit a picture, without first examining the back ground.

Litig. (*counting the guineas.*) And yet, my good Mr. Pallet, how wonderfully you shine in your profession.

Pallet, (*putting his hand to his mouth.*) And my dear Mr. Liti, how greatly you excel in yours.

Litig. Do you think so? Then you shall paint my picture.

Pallet. Ha! ha! ha! then in return, you shall make my will. [*Exeunt, laughing, and wheedling each other.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

H

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Augusta's Apartment, in her own House.

Enter Diary

Diary. **W**Ē women are always upon the Change, as they say in the City, and I am sure my mistress wou'd make an excellent weathercock. Once I thought she was all love and rapture about poor Mr. Saville; but now—Oh, here she is, *propria quæ maribus*, as the Heathens call it.

Enter Augusta, (in her own dress).

Augusta. Glad to see you, Ma'am, come to yourself again; but as you was bold enough to wear the breeches before marriage, I think you might have as well continued them on till afterwards.

Augusta. Suppose I don't mean to marry at all, *Diary.*

Diary. Not marry at all Ma'am! Why now you have ruin'd Mr. Saville, you must give him satisfaction, as poor Polydore, the Orphan says.

Augusta. Better one shou'd be ruin'd, than both of of us, *Diary.* What prospect of happiness can I have with a man, whose irregularity of life is so conspicuous, his rage for play is equall'd only by the inconstancy of his heart—Mrs. Flurry.

Diary.

Diary. Mrs. Flurry; dear Madam, have you forgot Counsellor Gab—his concern about the marriage settlement—his anxious enquiries.

Augusta. Not to be depended on Diary, in the least—light and unsettled in his nature; he flies from one scene of dissipation to another. On hearing, as I suppose, of the discovery at the painter's, and finding his inamorata as faithless as himself, he had immediate recourse to the gaming table, and there lost every farthing of that money, which I had, under my assum'd character, taken so much pains to supply him with.

Diary. Poor dear Mr. Saville; then he is now quite stripp'd—as bare as Parson Adams himself: He'll never be a Pyramid to your Thisbe.

Saville (without). I must, and will see her.

Diary. As I'm a maid, Mr. Saville himself! My dear mistress, think of his distress; stay and take pity.

Saville enters (in disorder.)

Saville. Augusta!

Diary. Ah, Sir, I fear its all in vain; you're an undone man.

Saville. I am indeed; the last blow is struck; and hope has forsaken me forever. What, avoid me Augusta? Believe me, there is no occasion; I come not here to interrupt your happier hours. Gay, blooming, and surrounded with life's brightest prospects, I ask you not to share the sorrows of a wretch, who suffers justly for his own imprudence.

Diary. Lord, Sir, that's just what my mistress says herself.

Saville. I doubt it not; her looks betray the sternness of her heart. Turn not away, Augusta; hear me but a moment. 'Tis the last request I shall ever make. I came to bid you an eternal adieu.

Diary. Dear, dear, what a dismal word that is.

Saville. If I have been thoughtless and extravagant, believe me, Augusta, my love has never been estrang'd from you; mid'st all the torments of a torn distracted bosom, your sweet idea still has twin'd

around my heart. Even now the fond remembrance of those dear delights that mutually engag'd our earlier years, doubles my distress, and makes the agony I feel extreme.

Diary. I cannot bear it any longer. What a Sampson Agonistes he is!

Saville. I leave you, Madam, to that happiness, I was not born to bestow. But if I am now ruin'd beyond a possibility of recovery, know that I have plung'd myself still deeper and deeper, from the delusive hope, of again retrieving my shatter'd fortune, only to lay it at Augusta's feet. I should have thought a single tear of tender recollection, would not have cost too dear. My friend, the Chevalier, can testify how strenuously I have vindicated your conduct, and arraign'd my own.

Augusta (coolly). The Chevalier, Sir, entertains the same opinion of you as Augusta does.

Saville. Yes, Madam, I see how it is. Too late I find, of what little moment my peace of mind is to you: Saville, the proud, the prosperous, and the affluent, you might have condescended to receive;—but poor, abject, and disconsolate; his fortunes ruin'd, and his heart broke down, not only Love disdains, but even Pity will not spare a sigh. From this hour I fix my opinion of your sex. Weak is the man who expects to find sympathy, or feeling in a woman's breast.

[*Augusta curtseys, and exit.*]

Saville. Confusion! does she mean to insult my sorrows! Can she triumph over my distress? Unkind Augusta!

Diary. Dear Sir, don't take it so to heart; be calm.

Saville. Calm, Diary! Impossible! Who that has ever lov'd like me—Oh, Oh!

Diary. Lord! Lord! I can't stand it—it's too much. Mr. Saville, Sir, don't think I've a heart like my mistress; I pity you, I feel for you, indeed I do. Oh! if she had ever read Pluto's Lives, or the great
Heroes

Heroes of Antiquity, she wou'd have known what real sympathy was.

Saville. She has certainly form'd some other attachment, and I will know the worst—my good Diary, I thank you for the part you take in my concerns: accept this purse—'tis all the recompense I have in my power to make you; and now tell me, as the last favour I shall ask, who is to be the happy partner of your lovely mistress?

Diary. Don't, Sir, don't—Oh! Mr. Saville, I cou'd discover; but I won't take it, indeed I won't.

Saville. Take it—I insist upon it; and now tell me every thing you know.

Diary (taking the purse). You have been cruelly deceiv'd; indeed you have—My artful mistress!

Saville. How, Diary!

Diary. I us'd to think it was all out of kindness to you; but now, I fear she is false as Queen Dido.

Saville. Keep me not on the torture of suspense; but go on.

Diary. Well then, under another name.

Saville. Another name!

Diary. Yes, under another name, she has contriv'd to get possession of great part of your fortune.

Saville. Amazement.

Diary. In short, Sir, she was the very Lawyer that prated away so fast, and talk'd you out of your bonds and parchments.

Saville. Astonishing! But what can that avail her? she gave me the full amount of their value.

Diary. Yes, but in another disguise. As the lively Chevalier, she contriv'd to have it all won from you at the dice table.

Saville. Augusta, the Chevalier! Now I see it all—treacherous, deceitful woman. Sir Charles the partner of her iniquity. He is to be the happy man—to share the fortune of the plunder'd Saville. He introduc'd me to the Chevalier, as to an honourable friend; he recommended the Lawyer; he constantly held out the allurements

allurements of the gaming table, while she, whom I ador'd!—Oh, false dissembler.

Diary. Be comforted, Sir, weeping is in vain. Better try to forget her; she is not worth your thinking of. (*Bell rings.*) There's her bell; I'll go and give in my discharge. Well, the best friends must part, as poor Dapple said to Sancho Pancha. Adieu, Mr. Saville; I'll keep the purse for your sake; adieu (*weeps*). Lord love him, he's a sweet, much wrong'd, and most injurious man. [*Exit.*]

Saville. No wonder, Sir Charles fail'd in his appointment, with such a complication of guilt and baseness; how cou'd he face me honourably in the field? but the hour of retribution is not far off.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. I am happy to meet you here, Mr. Saville, and to take the first opportunity of returning my thanks for those obligations, which my husband wou'd neither understand, or permit me to acknowledge.

Saville. Mention them not, Madam; I know of none.

Mrs. Flurry. You seem disturb'd, Sir. Has any thing unpleasant happen'd? I hope you are not unfortunate as myself.

Saville. Oh, Madam, I am unfortunate indeed. Augusta has undone me.

Mrs. Flurry. She is, I fear, an artful woman, and in league with that designing man, who wou'd have undone me.

Saville. Yes, she has not only join'd to deceive, but plotted to defraud me.

Mrs. Flurry. May the companion of her guilt be the author of her punishment. I have good reason to think, Sir Charles will soon be united to her. I overheard them just now in close conversation. He left the house but this instant, and the last thing she desir'd of him, was to procure a licence directly.

Saville. Villain! but he shall not triumph long—Your injuries, as well as mine, shall be aton'd for.

Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. Moderate your transports, Sir, think not of me—my wrongs have been sufficiently aveng'd, and to speak truly, my own indiscretions have left me, not entirely blameless.

Saville. Ah! Madam! touch not that string, 'tis torture inexpressible.

Enter Flurry.

Flurry. Mr. Saville here!—How dare you shew your head, you young libertine, after your behaviour to-day?—not content with inveigling my ward—do you want to seduce my wife?

Saville. Sir, I scorn, in either instance, an action so dishonourable; my exertions, in behalf of your Lady, will, if you give yourself the trouble to enquire into them, entitle me to your regard; my attachment to your ward, Augusta, was, on my part, sincere; but to spare you any further uneasiness, on that head, you will find she is going to bestow her hand on another more conformable to her inclinations; and I am free to confess, better adapted to promote her views in life—Farewell. [Exit.

Flurry. Ha! how!—what—give her hand to another.—Exertions for this, and attachment to t'other. Pray Madam, what does all this mean?

Mrs. Flurry. You have hitherto so carefully avoided all proper explanation, and have so greedily listen'd to every reproachful censure on your wife, that I am at length wearied of endeavouring to exculpate myself—your senseless jealousy distresses me every day more and more, and if you cannot grow more generous, I am determin'd to leave you, and retire into the country.

Flurry. Aye, do, leave me—I won't faint! I can take care of myself—I'll send for Mrs. Tomkyns, and Mrs. Jenkins, to bear me company.

Mrs. Flurry. Barbarous man! when I am driven from the society of my friends; when I have banish'd myself forever from you, you will find, too late, what injustice you have done my fame (*weeps*). You see, Sir,

Sir, to what your inhumanity has reduc'd me—I leave you to your triumph. [Exit.]

Flurry. She weeps—Oh lud—I can't stand it—any thing but that, it looks like innocence—it does—for I weep too—Oh lud! lud!

Enter Grump and Sir Charles.

Grump. What, crying Old Snivelface!—Wife seem'd in tears too—Wet summer may hap.

Flurry. Yes, no sunshine for me, friend Grump—quite a cloudy prospect—but perhaps I've wrong'd her.

Grump. Well—what if you have; right her again—stand the steadier.

Sir Charles. You have wrong'd her, Mr. Flurry, I came on purpose to vindicate her character, and ask your pardon for my own intemperate warmth—I alone have been to blame.—When old gentlemen marry young ladies—we rakes you know—

Grump. Will try to join in the family compact—Always told you so, Old Liquorish,—

Sir Charles. Come, Mr. Grump, you have heard the story, and I am sure will assist in justifying innocence.

Flurry. Ha! will you friend?—Lud I never cou'd have thought to make the poor thing weep—Well, let's go and sob together.

Grump. Yes, sob away—tears cost nothing—more showers less storms—get along, Tricklebeard.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *A superb Apartment in Flurry's House.*

Enter Saville, and a Servant of Flurry's.

Saville. Mr. Flurry, you say is not come home.

Servant. No, Sir.

Saville. Do you know whether Sir Charles Chouse is expected here?

Servant. I believe he is, Sir—I understand he has been into the city on some business for Miss Augusta Melmoth,

Melmoth, and they are to meet here to consult her guardian upon it.

Saville. Then, if you please, I'll wait their arrival. (*Exit Servant.*) 'Tis as I expected, Sir Charles has procur'd the licence, and now Flurry is to be bullied, or cajol'd into consent; I shall, however, have one opportunity of exposing—if not, of chastising my worthless rival—Ha!—Augusta alone!—I was not prepar'd for this—she shall find my pride equal to her own—I'll quit the room.

Enter Augusta.

Augusta. How! Avoid me, Saville?—Trust me there is no occasion; think you I came hither to share the sorrows of a man who suffers for his own imprudence?

Saville. Far from it, Madam, you came to share the wreck—that imprudence has supplied.

Augusta. Rather say, by caution and foresight, I have prevented my property, from being embark'd in the same precarious bottom.

Saville. Ungenerous, Augusta! think not by taunts to shelter yourself from my just reproaches.

Augusta. How, Sir, is a woman to be reproach'd for keeping guard over her passions, and not suffering her love to lead to her undoing?

Saville. Talk not of love—had I possess'd the wealth of India, and you had continu'd the same tender, faithful fair, my fond heart once thought you; tho' poor and friendless, a wanderer thro' the world, bereft of every thing but truth and virtue, I wou'd have snatch'd you to my shelt'ring breast, and shar'd with you each blessing I enjoy'd—Talk not of love, you know it but my name.

Augusta. Your mistaken opinion, Sir, moves my pity, not my anger; I will now confess that once I cherish'd for you as pure and ardent a flame as ever warm'd a youthful bosom. You first engag'd my unsuspecting heart—even in the dawn of life, I lov'd you; and 'mid the gladfome round of childish joys, my little fluttering breast prefer'd its Saville.

I

Saville.

Saville. Oh, Augusta, why thus dissemble still?

Augusta. Hear me, Sir. As we advanc'd in years, I beheld, heaven knows what agony it gave me—I beheld you wedded to dissipation—to every species of riot, intemperance and extravagance; while a determin'd and desperate attachment to the gaming table engag'd your whole soul, and mark'd you for destruction.

Saville. And then, conscious of my weakness, you prudently united with your friends, to profit by my distress.

Augusta. What else remain'd for me? instead of the flattering prospect my early fancy pictur'd, I saw attendant upon you, only ruin and dismay. Instead of a discreet, affectionate husband to guide and protect me; instead of a tender companion to cheer the walk of life, to sooth the little cares we all must know, and share the tranquil pleasures of a peaceful home, what did your conduct offer to my view? a sullen partner of an unquiet dwelling—his temper sour'd by disappointment—his mind alienated from his family—his house a torment—his wife a burthen, and himself a victim to despair.

Saville. Add to the picture a base designing woman, who, lost to every sense of generosity and honour, meanly took advantage of that unhappy victim's folly to aggrandize her own fortune, and bestow it on adventurers as worthless as herself.

Augusta. Sir, you grow scurrilous—I shall not stay to be affronted.

Saville. Madam, Madam,—you shall hear me—'tis now my turn to upbraid—and I'll not lose this, perhaps, only opportunity—I am no stranger to your deceptions—You personated the lawyer to get the deeds, and writings of my estates into your own hands.

Augusta. I did.

Saville. You were disguis'd as the Chevalier?

Augusta. I was.

Saville. Your pretended friendship was but to blind me to your arts—Your loan of money to entice me
into

into deeper play, that you and your associate, Sir Charles, might carry off the spoil.

Augusta. You are right.

Saville. Shameless effrontry—and now that base associate has, by your direction, procur'd a licence for your marriage.

Augusta. He has.

Saville. You mean then to bestow your hand and fortune on that cowardly partner of your fraud and treachery.

Augusta. I shall bestow my hand and fortune where I please; nor know I what right you have to question me.

Saville. Grant me patience—unfeeling harden'd woman, on this head, at least, I have a right to question you; Why did you enrich yourself at my expence? Why did you pursue me thus in various shapes to abet my follies, and hasten my undoing—could you not be blest unless I was miserable; what, what cou'd induce you to swell your cup of happiness with the embitter'd dregs of my misfortunes?

Augusta. Love—that powerful passion which you say I know not, but by name; if I laid aside the delicacy of my sex, 'twas but to save you from ruin—if I won your money, 'twas to secure it from the hands of sharpers—if I got possession of your deeds—'twas but to keep them from the clutches of the usurer, and if I have procur'd a licence for my marriage, I have procur'd it in my Saville's name, and shall be proud and blest to share it with him.—

Saville. My soul! my angel—Can you forgive—

Augusta. Oh, Saville!—we have our failing too—you must, in your turn, forgive—Sir Charles has explain'd the circumstance of the rencontre in the street, and I blush for the injustice of my suspicions.

Saville. Believe me, none but yourself e'er held a place in my affections.—Oh, Augusta, you have now an added power over me—and my heart assures me, that check'd by your sweet reproofs, and sway'd by your charming admonitions, no temptation on earth will ever again lead me to risk that happiness which

you so feelingly describ'd—the tranquil pleasures of a peaceful home.

Augusta. Hush! here comes my guardian—now for our last trial.

Enter Sir Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Flurry, and Grump.

Grump. Bravo! Old Totteration—Wife too good for you after all.

Flurry. Odd, I'm the merriest new, old reconcil'd husband alive—Dear wife, give me a kifs—'Slife I am so hearty—I cou'd—I shan't want my dalmahoy this twelvemonth.

Grump. Tell a story—want it in half an hour.

Saville. Mr. Flurry, I am rejoic'd to see you in such charming spirits—May I presume—

Flurry. Yes, you may presume—I have heard of your losses and crosses—and your pains, and your gains—Your defending my wife—and your challenging, Sir Charles, who tho' a sad dog—one must allow is a very candid fellow.

Augusta. His alertness to procure the licence in your name proves that—Do you know but for me he would have met you in the field?

Sir Charles. I hope the good part of my character in this drama will apologize for it's defects, and that my friend Saville will not think of cutting my throat till he is tir'd of the noose I have been labouring to provide for him.

Saville. Give me your hand, Sir Charles—Should that ever be the case, my ingratitude to this paragon of her sex, wou'd make it more than proper you shou'd cut mine.

Grump. Heh! Brother—that is, Sister Alexander—Baronet has told us all—give joy—profligate—see you've got the lady—more than you deserve—friend Flurry consents now, to oblige me—don't you Old Whimfical.

Flurry. Aye,—there—there—may you be as happy; that is nearly as happy as myself, and Mrs. Flurry.

Grump.

Grump. Well said Waste Away, love your wife, and don't fear growing thin.

Mrs. Flurry. I sincerely congratulate you both, and hope my example may prove a caution to my sex, and teach young married women, that with the purest intentions they may, by indulging idle vanity, expose themselves to every misfortune, and encounter every disgrace.

Sir Charles. And now as matters are settled—may I my dear cousin, throw in a little hint about instinct.

Augusta. I understand you, sir.—There is the promis'd pocket-book—May it's contents make you comfortable, and past errors teach you to be wiser.

Sir Charles. Ten thousand thanks, my dear, madam, for your counsel, and it's accompaniments, when rich, we are always wise; 'tis poverty only makes us yield to our weaknesses.—Let me see—100—200.—

Litigamus Enters with a Brief.

Liti. Joy! Joy! my Client—Defendant there seems to have money enough now to pay damages—No compromise I beseech you—here's a brief sufficient to blacken the whole sex.

Grump. Too late for such kindness—a day after the fair, Eh, Master Blackball—No more Sophas—done with peep bo—Cut up brief for patty pans.—

Liti. Eh! what! no divorce—no action?

Sir Charles. No, Mr. Hoodwink—not one doctor of civil law to speak upon the case, and what is worse, none of my notes in your pocket.

Liti. Bless me—a very bad case indeed—

Flurry. To tell you the truth Liti—You discover'd so little, and I have found out so much, that I don't wish to be expos'd any further.

Liti. Perfectly right my client—As well pay for silence as loquacity—Put up my brief, and make proper charges—As there is no divorce—I am right happy to hear the next best thing—a marriage is going to take place—You and this lady I presume, sir,—never saw a finer couple—make no doubt but she's the most amiable of her sex at present—but shou'd any little accident

cident happen—any faux pas—Liti's the man, tack or separate—Paper or parchment, makes no odds—Liti's the man for any thing.

Augusta. That we see plain enough—And whenever there's occasion you shall have the earliest intelligence—Meanwhile, as I have already worn the gown, permit me to address this court.

Do not with hasty judgment sternly chide,
 Let your good-nature your discernment guide;
 Shou'd then your kindness sanction our endeavour,
 Who shall dispute, *'Tis better late than never.*

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

THE Drama done, and all it's Int'rest over,
Content the Husband, and secure the Lover ;
Our timid Bard, who dreads the Critic ire,
And thinks my little Tongue can never tire,
Wou'd have me re-assume the Wig and Gown,
To plead his Goose-quill Cause before the Town,
Lord, Sir, says I, some better Council bring ;
For Females in a Wig are not the Thing.
Your bearded Barrister, if smartly made, is
A surer Advocate among the Ladies.
Madam, he cried, or perriwig'd, or bare,
So you but talk, I never need despair.

Suppose ye Fair, as I'm so *smooth* a Prater,
I take a Line more consonant to Nature :
Give up the vain Attempt your hearts to warm,
And 'gainst the Men, with Female Weapon Arm.
Oft have the Wits, unmindful whom they vex,
Expos'd the Foibles of the softer Sex.
Laugh'd at their Drefs, their well-shap'd Cork, their
Feathers,
Their steady Bloom, unchanging in all Weathers ;
Swore Locks were Grey, that seem'd a comely Brown,
And, though all paid for, deem'd them not their own.

Why not retort ? Avenge the insulted Fair,
And shew these Men, what wond'rous things they are.
Now don't be frighten'd—poor eccentric Elves,
I only shew what most you like——yourselves.

How ! tremble at a Woman ! Shame betide—
Tho' I look fierce, like you—I'm all outside :
Yet, e'er my efforts your attention call,
To that dear Portrait, which should hit you all,
Let me delineate what was once a Beau,
The Band-box Billy, of some years ago.

Sweet

EPILOGUE.

Sweet Image of Mamma, in ev'ry Feature,
The Youth came forth, a most delicious creature,
With full drefs'd Skirts, not quite unlike a Hoop,
Hat under Arm, fine Button, and gilt Loop—
Stiff Stock, long Sword, still dangling in the way,
He sometimes ventur'd to a first-night Play :
Tripp'd through the Lobby, most completely curl'd ;
Nor did a paw-paw Thing for all the World.
Thus he discours'd, " Sir Dilberry, od's so,
Dear, dear, good-lack ! have you a Place below ?
Dem it, don't crowd so, fellow—Oh ! how shocking !
He's spoil'd my Hair, and dirtied all my Stocking."
Such was the Smart our Grandmama's would praise,
Rather unlike the Smart of present days.
For I defy all History to shew,
One thing in Nature, like a Modern Beau ;
Hat slouch'd, short Stick, Knee Trappings, that bring back,
The Memory of renown'd Sixteen String Jack :
Eternal Boots, and Collar, you'd suppose,
Cut, in kind contact, with his Buckship's Nose.
Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the Doxies,
He storms the Lobby, and assails the Boxes ;
With Gait and Manner—something in this way,
Proves his rare Taste, and descants on the Play—
" Here, Box-keeper ! why don't the Rascal come ?
Halloa—Tom Gerkin ! can you give us room ?
What this ?—The Farce—Macbeth—an Opera ?—Oh !
Came out last Season—stupid stuff—damn'd low :
Zounds let's be off ;—Z——ds be a little calmer ;
Who's that, the *Jordan* ?—No, you Fool—R. Palmer.

Thus some are found, by every Act revealing,
Perfect Indifference to Sense and Feeling.
To such our Play not sues ;—but you, ye Fair,
Ye wife, whom Nature form'd with happier care,
Whose tender Bosoms, tho' by Passions rent,
Feel the soft Virtues in their full extent.
Cherish our Author's Plan, which aims to prove,
Life's best exertions spring from Virtuous Love.

HOW TO GROW RICH:

Wm. A. Glasgow

C O M E D Y.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pavè	-	-	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
Smalltrade	-	-	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Sir Thomas Roundhead	-	-	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
Latitat	-	-	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Hippy	-	-	<i>Mr. Blanebard.</i>
Warford	-	-	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
Sir Charles Dazzle	-	-	<i>Mr. Farren.</i>
Plainly	-	-	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
Nab	-	-	<i>Mr. Cubit.</i>
Formal	-	-	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
Servant	-	-	<i>Mr. Rees.</i>
Sir Charles's Servant	-	-	<i>M. Ledger.</i>
Sir Thomas's Servant	-	-	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
Smalltrade's Servant	-	-	<i>Mr. Blurton.</i>
Lady Henrietta	-	-	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>
Rofa	-	-	<i>Mrs. Esten.</i>
Miss Dazzle	-	-	<i>Miss Chapman.</i>
Betty	-	-	<i>Miss Stuart.</i>

SCENE—A SEA-PORT TOWN IN ENGLAND.

P R O L O G U E.

(Written by R. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.)

WHILE jarring discord flies this happy land,
And Whig and Tory shake each other's hand,
Proud to display the flag of Briton's pride,
And hoist The Union on their country's side :
That noble banner of our nation's fame
Unstain'd by cruelty, unknown to shame!
Still may it ride triumphant o'er the wave
The signal both to conquer and to save!
While England's sons in gallant bands advance,
To hurl just vengeance on perfidious France ;
And adverse parties zealously unite,
For freedom's cause, and freedom's King to fight :
Our Author, loyal, though not bred to arms,
Has for his own concerns, some slight alarms—
He shakes his head, and owns he sometimes fears
The muse of smiles may join the muse of tears ?
Together read the sweet pathetic page,
And banish joke and laughter from the stage ;
'Till comedy, quite sentimental grown
Doffs her light robe, to wear the tragic gown.
Draws from the virgin's breast hysteric sighs,
And thinks to weep—is all the use of eyes!
Still may each rival muse her pow'r maintain,—
With smiles Thalia best supports her reign :
To start the tear and palpitate the heart
Justly demands her *Sister's nobler art!*
Each has her charms, and while to nature true,
Each finds impartial advocates in you.
If these fair rivals, jealousy forgot,
Should once embrace, and tie the friendly knot ;

P R O L O G U E.

Mirth must retire and hide her dimpled face
Convuls'd with laughter, at the strange embrace ;
Our Bard discarded, must his jokes forego,
And Vapid's frolics, yield to Werter's woe!
The Author's prospects bear a brighter hue,
Should his light scenes be now approv'd by you ;
'Twas *You* who taught his earliest hopes to soar
Be still his patrons, as you've been before !
Acquitted often by this gen'rous court
He dares, once more, rely on your support.

HOW TO GROW RICH:

A
C O M E D Y.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in SMALLTRADE'S
Banking House—Doors open in the Hall, and
Clerks seen writing.*

Enter WARFORD and PLAINLY.

PLAINLY.

NAY, do not think me curious or impertinent, Mr. Warford—I have lived so long with you and your uncle, that I cannot see you unhappy without enquiring the cause.

Warford. My uncle is himself the cause—his weakness and credulity will undo us all.

Plainly. Excuse me, sir; but I'm afraid the young lady now on a visit at our banking house—the charming Lady Henrietta!—has she not made a very deep impression?

B

Warford.

Warford. To confess the truth, she has; and though from my inferior situation in life, I can never aspire to the gaining of her affections, she may still have to thank me for saving her from ruin.

Plainly. From ruin, sir!

Warford. Ay; she is now on the very brink of it—When her father, Lord Orville, went abroad for his health, he gave her a fortune of eight thousand pounds, and left her to the care of her uncle, Sir Thomas Roundhead—At his country seat, Mr. Smalltrade met with her, and being banker to her father, he thought it his duty to invite her to his house.

Plainly. And she had no sooner enter'd it, than she became acquainted with Sir Charles and Miss Dazzle—I suspect their infamous designs.

Warford. Yes, Plainly;—when Miss Dazzle has robb'd her of her fortune at the gaming table, Sir Charles is to attempt to deprive her of her honor—but if I don't shame and expose them! Oh! think of the heartfelt satisfaction in saving such a woman as Lady Henrietta! 'Tis true, most of her fortune is already lost, and Sir Thomas is so offended at her conduct, that (wanting an heir to his estate) he has adopted his god-daughter, Rosa.

Plainly. 'Sdeath! I wish Sir Charles and his sister were driven back to London—They are a disgrace to this, our fashionable sea-bathing town.

Warford. What most I fear, is lest my uncle shou'd join their confederacy—I know it is their plan to lure him into partnership, and he is so anxious to encrease his fortune, that under the
idea

idea of growing rich, he may be deluded into any scheme.

[SMALLTRADE *appears at the doors, reading a ledger.*

Here he is—Be secret and discreet, Plainly, and perhaps the next time we converse, I may be proud to tell you, I have saved an innocent lady from treachery and ruin! *(Exit.*

Smalltrade. (coming forward.) “ Smalltrade debtor to Sir Harry Hockley two thousand pounds in specie—Creditor two hundred in paper.”—Ah! that’s very well! I don’t know how it is—My little nice bank is not the thing it was—People of real property have become country bankers now, and play’d the devil with us petty, dashing traders. *(Knocking at door.)* Plainly, see who’s there.

Plainly. Give me leave, sir. (Taking ledger, &c.) *[Exit.*

Smalltrade. There’s nothing like a snug country bank—ready money received—paper notes paid—and though I make fifteen per cent. and pay their drafts in my own bills, what of that? A five guinea note is so convenient for carriage or posting—lays so close in a letter, or slips so neatly in the sleeve of a coat—Oh! its of great use to the country, and a vast benefit to myself.

Re-enter PLAINLY, follow’d by a Servant.

Serv. Is this your country bank, as you call it?

Plainly. It is.

Serv. I want change for this draft of Sir Harry Hockley’s.

4 HOW TO GROW RICH:

Plainly. Very well—How much is it for?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Smalltrade. What?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Smalltrade. Mercy on me! You've set me all in a tremble! Draw on a country bank for a hundred pounds—Why, does your master suppose himself drawing on the bank of Amsterdam?

Plainly. True, sir; and if you recollect, we had a large run upon us yesterday.

Smalltrade. So we had—a very large run! Sir Thomas Roundhead drew in one draft for the enormous sum of twenty-five pounds; and here's your master draws for a hundred—Talk of a country bank! The bank of England cou'dn't stand this.

Serv. I can't tell, sir—Sir Harry said he had ten times the money in your hands.

Smalltrade. So he has, and what then? Doesn't he place money in my hands that it may be safe? and if he is to draw it out in large sums, that is, if he is to get it when he wants it, where wou'd be the use of a banker? Plainly, pay the draft in my own notes; and d'ye mind, let them be all at thirty and forty days sight—Young man, go with my clerk.

[*Exeunt* PLAINLY and *Servant.*

'Tis near the time my accomplished cousin, Miss Dazzle, is to wait upon me—She writes me word she has to communicate a new mode of growing rich—Dear! how I long to hear it? It's my way always to catch at every thing—Here she is.

Enter

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. Good morning, Mr. Smalltrade—I'm sorry we hadn't the pleasure of seeing you at our gala last night.

Smalltrade. Pray be seated, cousin, (*They sit.*) Ah! I'm told it was the most grand, expensive entertainment.

Miss Dazzle. Expensive! your pardon, sir—It didn't cost me and my brother a shilling.

Smalltrade. No!

Miss Dazzle. No—and what will surprize you more, it is our sumptuous house, our brilliant rooms, and extrayagant entertainments that pay all our expences—In short, Mr. Smalltrade, we've found out a new mode of growing rich.

Smalltrade. Have you? (*rubbing his hands*) That's what I want to hear about.

Miss Dazzle. And that's what I came to impart to you—In a word, sir, we keep a bank.

Smalltrade. Do you? Well, that's one way.

Miss Dazzle. Yes, such a bank! so opposite to yours! We know nothing of notes, checks, clerks, or currency—We don't rise early in the morning to settle our accounts, or shut up before evening to prevent our customers from settling theirs—No all our business is done in the dark, my dear cousin.

Smalltrade. In the dark! so is mine too, my dear cousin.

Miss Dazzle. Then, while you are satisfied with a hundred pounds profit in a week, we are not content with a thousand in a night, and if ever we stop payment, which fortune avert! we have nothing to surrender but mahogany tables, wax-lights, cards, and dice-boxes.

Smalltrade.

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Smalltrade. (*rising*) I understand—you keep a Faro-table—Oh! take me!—Take me as Groom-porter and I'll make my fortune, if its only by picking up the droppings.

Miss Dazzle. There's the point—if you would but consent to become a partner with myself and my brother, our profits wou'd be trebled.

Smalltrade. Wou'd they? That's nice!

Miss Dazzle. The case is this—Occasionally, though it seldom happens, we want ready money to carry on the campaign.

Smalltrade. Ready money! Ah! there's the devil—I've nothing but paper.

Miss Dazzle. Nonsense! Your notes can be changed into cash, and Sir Charles and I will pay the discount.

Smalltrade. What! pay the discount out of your own pockets, and give me a third of the profits besides?

Miss Dazzle. Certainly.

Smalltrade. Then I'll be a partner, and—Yet, hold, hold—I'd better not determine too hastily (*aside.*) Miss Dazzle, here's my visitor, Lady Henrieta, so, as we're disturb'd you see, I'll wait on you in an hour and talk further.

Miss Dazzle. By that time Sir Charles will arrive from London—Good day.

Smalltrade. Adieu! Zounds! I always had a turn for gaiety, and I don't think I need fear being imposed upon; for I've so long managed a trading bank, that I must understand a gambling one!—I say, cousin, not a word to her about the new mode of growing rich—Good day!

[*Exit.*

Miss Dazzle. So, the old gentleman is caught in the snare; and aided by his bank, what will not

not ours atchieve? Lady Henrietta, who has refused my brother's hand and title, will now be his on other terms, and Warford, who is our enemy, will be involved in his uncle's ruin.

Enter WARFORD and LADY HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. Why so grave, Mr. Warford? You really can be very pleasant if you please; but those gloomy looks! I declare you are quite an alter'd man; isn't he, Miss Dazzle?

Miss Dazzle. Every thing changes, Lady Henrietta.

Lady Henrietta. Why, that's very true;—now to look at the alterations in this town since last summer—Friends have become enemies, and enemies, friends—You shall hear.—The other night, I went to Lady Changewell's, where I used to meet all my old acquaintance—To my astonishment, I didn't see a soul I knew.

Miss Dazzle. Really!

Lady Henrietta. No—an entire new set of faces—So, I asked her ladyship after her friend, the little Colonel—She said, “they didn't speak now.” “Where is your companion and favorite, Lady Brilliant”—said I.—“Oh! the creature is in debt, said she, and wants me to lend her money.”—“And where is your dear, darling, loving husband,” said I.—“My dear, darling, loving husband lives with an Italian Countess,” says she—“We're divorced, and I am to be married to-morrow, to my old bitter enemy, Sir Francis Fickle—I now think him a most delightful, charming fellow, and believe he's the only real friend I ever had, ha! ha, ha!”

Miss Dazzle. Excellent!

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Lady Henrietta. Yes—its seldom a friendship lasts above a year—Is it, Mr. Warford?

Warford. I hope there are instances, Madam.

Lady Henrietta. So do I, Sir—but I am afraid they are so rare—Heigho! if I don't mind, I shall catch your spleen, and be as grave and sentimental as yourself.

Warford. And why not, madam? Why be ashamed of sentiment? 'Tis true it is the mode to ridicule and laugh at it; but I doubt if fashion and all its fopperies, can find a pleasure to supply its loss.

Lady Henrietta. Vastly well! Didn't I tell you, Miss Dazzle, he could be very pleasant? You really have talents, Mr. Warford; but the worst of them is, they go more to instruction than amusement.

Warford. Then I am satisfied, Lady Henrietta, and if I could convince you that happiness is not to be found, either in the fever of dissipation, or the delusions of a gaming table.

Lady Henrietta. Fie! don't abuse gaming,—the thing I doat on—

Warford. Excuse me, madam;—but if I might advise, you had better never play again.

Lady Henrietta. Oh! monstrous! Why, you tyrant, would you shut me from the world and cloister me in an old castle? If you did, I'd still game—I would, if I betted on the ivy, and took odds on the ravens and rooks—Wou'dn't you, Miss Dazzle?

Miss Dazzle. Me! I'd keep a rookery on purpose.

Lady Henrietta. Ay, that you would—but come—I'm going to meet my uncle, Sir Thomas, at the library—would you believe it? He, too,

too, is so offended at my turning gamester, that he has forbid me his house, and adopted his little God-daughter for his heiress;—but—let's walk.

Miss Dazzle. With pleasure—we shall see you at Faro in the evening.

Lady Henrietta. Oh certainly—Nay, how you frown now, Mr. Warford? Come, I'll make a bargain with you—if I lose a thousand pounds to-night, I'll promise never to game again—never! because, having nothing left to lose, I must e'en make a virtue of necessity, and reform in spite of myself—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Outside of Sir CHARLES DAZZLE'S house.—View of the Sea.*

Enter Sir CHARLES, (followed by a Servant with a Portmanteau.)

Sir Charles. So, once more I'm escaped from the fever of London and got safe back to my favorite sea-port—Take the things in.

[*Exit Servant into house.*

I suppose my sister has so plucked the pigeons in my absence, that there's scarcely a feather left in the town.

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. Welcome from London, brother—I have just left the idol of your heart, the charming Henrietta!—As usual, the banker's nephew was attending her.

Sir Charles. Ay, ay; its all pretty plain—but I won't be scandalous.

C

Miss

Miss Dazzle. Well, if she's his to-day, she'll be yours to-morrow—I have seen Mr. Small-trade—he talks of becoming a partner, and if you play your cards well, Lady Henrietta will be completely in your power.

Sir Charles. Yes; for when I've won all her money—I can be generous enough to become her protector! [*aside.*] Well, sister, we shall ruin them all; and now-a-days you know you can't do your friend a greater service.

Miss Dazzle. What! than to ruin him!

Sir Charles. To be sure—Where is the ruin'd man that doesn't spend twice the income of the richest citizen in London? Don't many of them have executions in their house in the morning, and give galas at night? An't the very bailiffs turned into servants, and don't they still stake five thousand on a card? Nay, I know a man that has done it all his life.

Miss Dazzle. Do you? Who?

Sir Charles. Myself!—I never had a shilling and I've always lived like a Nabob—And how have I done all this? How, but by hospitality! By entertaining my friends elegantly at one table, and genteelly picking their pockets at another.

Miss Dazzle. Very true; and when we've ruined the banker, his nephew and his visitor, they'll think themselves much obliged to us—But mind and humour Smalltrade, for, without ready money, we can't go on—Who's here?

Sir Charles. (*looking out.*) Where?—Oh! it's a hanger-on of mine—a mere Jackall, who dangles after me in hopes of preferment—I brought him
him

him from London, thinking he might be useful.

Miss Dazzle. What, is it Pavè?

Sir Charles. The same—The dog has a good heart;—great good humour, and is descended from a respectable family; but in running after people of rank, and high company, he has so reduced his fortune, that he now depends on me to get him promoted.

Miss Dazzle. Ay; I've heard of him—introduce him to a lord, or promise him an appointment, and he'll do any thing to serve you.

Sir Charles. Aye; so great is his furor, that an interview with a Prince, or an audience of a Minister, wou'd turn his brain—but I believe, were he once provided for, he wou'd neither betray his benefactor, nor disgrace his Country.

Enter Pavè, (a long roll of Paper sticking out of his Pocket.)

Pavè, (running up to Sir Charles.) Sir Charles!—hark ye. (*Whispers.*)

Sir Charles. Lord Orville coming home! What then?

Pavè. Then, Lord Orville is your acquaintance, and I am your friend, and—you understand—I'm always ready.

Sir Charles. Pray, sister, have you any interest? If you have, this gentleman, Mr. Pavè—

Miss Dazzle. I shou'd be very happy; but I fancy there is nothing more difficult than to get a place.

Pavè. Yes there is, Ma'am,—to deserve it! And that I deserve it, is evident from my long

list of promises—(*takes out roll of paper*) here it is Ma'am—My four first promises depend on Lord Orville, you see—my next is from you, Baronet.

Miss Dazzle. Pray, Mr. Pavè, do you find that when these great people make you promises, they always keep their words?

Pavè. Oh! Sir Charles will answer you that question, Ma'am—Heh!—Mum! Baronet!

Sir Charles. Nay, Pavè, you know the other day I referr'd you to a man in power.

Pavè. You did;—and he referr'd me to another, who kindly sent me to a third, that politely hurried me to a fourth, till at last I got kicked down stairs by a person who said he knew none of us—You see the scheme is this, Ma'am—Nobody will speak first in your favor, but all promise to second any body who will, because, judging by themselves, they know nobody'll speak at all.

Miss Dazzle. Well, if I was you, Mr. Pavè, I'd try some more public mode of getting preferr'd—For instance now, suppose you advertized.

Pavè. Don't mention it—I did advertize once, and what do you think happened? A gentleman waited upon me, calling himself Lord Sulwin—superb equipage—elegant appearance,—free in his promises—secure in his interest—I bowed, smiled,—gave his lordship a thousand guineas, and he proved to be an attorney! A money lending rascal! And I've never seen or heard of him since!

Sir Charles. An attorney! Ha, ha, ha! Should you know him again?

Pavè. Know him! I shall never forget him, because he did the thing so genteelly as he expressed it—Oh! if I catch him!

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Smalltrade. How d'ye do, Sir Charles? Cousin a word—(*taking Miss Dazzle aside.*) Well, I've made up my mind—I'll enter into your scheme—I'm determined to grow rich.

Miss Dazzle. Ay, I thought you'd see your interest, Mr. Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. I do—I see we shall make fools of them all—At night I'll come and be a looker-on; and now, if you'll step into the house, we'll arrange articles of partnership.

Miss Dazzle. With all my heart—Come, sir.

Smalltrade. A third of the profits remember; and hark ye, as your visitors are so fashionable, I suppose I must make an appearance—look like a gentleman! I can do it, I assure you—but then, how to understand the technicals? to talk like the rest of you? Oh! evil communication will corrupt my good manners—So, come along.

Miss Dazzle. Brother, will you follow? Mr. Pavè, we shall see you in the evening.

[*Exit into house with SMALLTRADE.*]

Pavè. (*Stopping Sir Charles, who is following*) Gad! this must be some great man—Baronet, who is that little fellow.

Sir Charles. A man of very great power—If you'll remind me, I'll introduce you at night.

Pavè. Introduce me! Oh! don't trouble yourself—I can do that myself.

Sir Charles. I believe it—Mind you are useful
now

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now—recollect I brought you down to assist in all our schemes—Speak highly of your patron.

Pavè. Ay, and of myself too, Sir Charles: For in this unthinking age, say you're a clever fellow, and every body believes it—They remember they heard you prais'd, and forget where—I know my duty—Success to you, my ever dear, kind patron! [*Exit Sir CHARLES.*
Dirty, shuffling rascal! I've been his dangler these five years, and never got any thing but promises—Oh! if Lord Orville, or even that great little man would befriend me!—I'll get a new patron,—I will! Sir Charles's contemptible tricks are beneath a man of my consequence—I'll about it instantly; and though necessity may make me dependent, it shall never make me mean; for if I can't be promoted, so as to be of service to my country, hang me if I'll be promoted at all. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An elegant Saloon at Sir CHARLES'S—
One door leading to Faro-Room—the other to
Supper-Room.*

Flourish of Clarinets.

Enter WARFORD and Servant.

Warford. Tell Mr. Smalltrade I desire to speak with him.

Servant. Mr. Smalltrade is engaged, sir—
Looking on at the gaming table.

Warford. Tell him his nephew is come according to his orders.

[Exit Servant in Faro-Room.

'Sdeath! 'tis as I suspected—he has sent for me to bring articles of partnership between himself and these impostors—What is to be done? He is convinced he shall make his fortune by the undertaking, and so great is his credulity, that 'till he is completely ruined, he will not detect the imposition—Can I believe it? Yonder he comes. (*Stands aside*)

Flourish of Clarinets.

*Enter from Faro-Room, SMALLTRADE full-dress'd,
handing in Miss DAZZLE.*

Miss Dazzle. Well, Mr. Smalltrade, how do you like Faro? Don't you see it's the way to get money?

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. I do—I see my fortune's made.
(*Turns about.*) Heh! What do you think?
Sha'n't I do? Don't I look like one of us?
(*Struts about.*)

Miss Dazzle. You do indeed.

Smalltrade. I've learnt all your cant words too—I'm not a greenhorn or a flat—I'm an old rook and a black legs!—Just like you and your brother.

Miss Dazzle. Well, but Mr. Smalltrade!—the music—gaming—the company—Altogether, isn't it a most enchanting amusement?

Smalltrade. It is indeed—and Faro's a monstrous pretty game. Cousin, do you know I'd a great mind to have had a touch myself.

Miss Dazzle. How! you play, fir!

Smalltrade. I don't know how it was—I felt an odd, ticklish sensation—a sort of itching at the end of my fingers, and presently I caught myself putting a guinea on a card.

Miss Dazzle. Well, but you took it up again.

Smalltrade. No, I didn't—I let it lay, and somebody else took it up for me.

Miss Dazzle. What, you lost it?

Smalltrade. I did—I lost my guinea! Oh! it's a sweet game! I don't wonder at the money rolling in—But where's the supper?

Miss Dazzle. Yonder.

Smalltrade. So it is—What a feast for the senses! Eyes, ears, taste, feeling, all gratified!—But hold, hold—By the law of the land don't we come under the vagrant act? Mayn't a justice of the peace send you, I, and all the noble host of Faro to be whipt at the cart's tail?

Miss

Miss Dazzle. You forget—Gold makes justice blind.

Smalltrade. True—that's another way of growing rich—But where's Warford? I wish Warford would bring the articles.

Miss Dazzle. There he is, fir—I'll leave you to talk to him—for in the next room, they can do no more without me, than I can without them. Adieu! Call me when you want me.

[*Exit.*

WARFORD *advances.*

Smalltrade. Well, fir, what do you stare at? Does the splendor of my dress surprize you, or are you angry because I want to grow rich? Where are the articles, fir?

Warford. They are not yet finished, fir.

Smalltrade. Look ye, fir; you think this bank isn't so good as mine; but I'd have you know they have ten times our customers. People will game, fir.

Warford. Will they, fir?

Smalltrade. Yes; there's a curst, ticklish sensation makes a man game whether he will or not; then, when I give turtle and venison at home, I'm obliged to pay for it myself; but here egad! they make other people pay for it: and a couple of lemons squeez'd into a quart of water, will fetch twenty guineas a tumbler!—But, George, now, isn't this a most delicious scene? The supper! Look at the supper, you dog! Doesn't the very smell make you happy?

Warford. Sir, I am sorry to see you so imposed upon.

Smalltrade. Imposed upon!

Warford. Yes, fir—If you have any feeling for yourself, regard for me, or affection for

D

Lady

Lady Henrietta, who is plac'd under your protection, you will refuse to countenance such infamous designs—They will draw you into the partnership, rob you of your fortune, and laugh at you for your folly.

Smalltrade. Indeed!

Warford. Yes, sir; and without your assistance they must fall to the ground; for though they make large sums every night—they contrive to spend 'em every day.

Smalltrade. Oh! then they do make large sums, do they?

Warford. Certainly—But how is it done? By perverting the laws of hospitality—by annihilating the bonds of society, and under the specious mask of rank and character, perpetrating crimes that common sharpers are excluded from.

Smalltrade. What's that to you or me? If the money's made, it's quite enough to satisfy my conscience! So, go, sir—finish the articles of partnership, and bring them instantly.

Warford. Oh, sir! consider—Even now perhaps Lady Henrietta is falling a victim to their artifices, and if you join the confederacy, all—all will be undone!

Smalltrade. Go, sir—no reply—I must and will be obeyed.

[*Exit WARFORD.*

Senseless flat! While I can fill my stomach in one room, and my pockets in the other, what do I care for him or Henrietta? But now to take a peep, just to see who's losing. (*Looks in Faro-Room.*)

Enter

Enter Pavè.

Pavè. Really, this is a most shocking business—I'm told they've drawn in their relation, a filly country banker—Sir Charles brought me down to be useful, but no prospect of advantage to myself, shall ever induce me to take part in a bad administration.—Ha! yonder's that little great man—Now, if I can but coax him into my list of promises! Sir, your most obedient.

Smalltrade. Sir, your most devoted.

Pavè. I see, sir, you're a friend of my patron, Sir Charles—And, next to being a man of rank one's self, I know nothing like living amongst them—Where does your interest lay, sir?

Smalltrade. My interest! Who the deuce is this?

Pavè. I wish I knew his title. (*aside.*) Pray be seated, sir. (*They sit.*) Now, sir. (*Taking out his roll of promises.*) Look at that list of promises! Many of your noble friends, you see, sir—but nothing done! Nothing!

Smalltrade. Many of my noble friends! Oh! what, you want promotion, do you?—My dear sir, I've no influence.

Pavè. Excuse me, sir—I know better—Do you think I can't tell a great man when I see him? (*SMALLTRADE looks pleas'd.*) Besides, when was it that such manners, such an appearance, and such a style of dress cou'dn't command every thing. (*SMALLTRADE looks more pleas'd.*) My dear sir, you remind me of the old court, you do indeed—Of an old bedchamber lord,

D 2

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. (*greatly pleas'd*) Bedchamber lord! Ay; I'm very upright. (*Holds up his head.*)

Pavè. Perhaps you are diffident, fir—never applied.

Smalltrade. Why, that's very true—I never did ask a man in power a favour, never—I've a great mind to try.

Pavè. Do—make the experiment, and by way of founding, get a small snug appointment for me, before you ask a grand one for yourself.

Smalltrade. I will—I'll get a little one for you, and a great one for myself—Was there ever such a delicious scene? How riches do pour in upon me!

Pavè. Riches! Why, did the scheme never strike you before?

Smalltrade. Never—And I'm amazed I cou'd be such a greenhorn. (*rises.*) Oh! I'll go and ask Sir Charles directly.

Pavè. Ask Sir Charles! Pooh! he's only one hope himself.

Smalltrade. One hope! What's that?

Pavè. Why, don't you know? As we're alone I'll tell you—There's a country banker—They've drawn in the old greenhorn to be a partner!

Smalltrade. What!

Pavè. He'll stop payment of course, and as he's not a man of character—only a little sneaking, shuffling shopman.—For my part I'm glad on't, an't you, fir?

Smalltrade. Indeed I am not, fir.—So, he's to be a bankrupt, is he?

Pavè. Certainly—I shall, perhaps, be one of
his

his creditors—But between you and I, I sha'n't sign his certificate.

Smalltrade. You won't sign his certificate!

Pavè. No—what business has a tradesman to turn black legs? To be sure he won't sneak into the Gazette like a tailor or a tallow-chandler for a paltry hundred or so! No—he'll preserve his dignity! Fail like a gentleman for thirty or forty thousand pounds—You take the joke, don't you?

Smalltrade. No, dam'me if I do? And they mean to ruin him do they?

Pavè. Ruin him! Oh! it's all settled! Sir Charles told me he saw him lose a guinea just now—"Poor devil," says he, "he little thinks 'how near it is his last.'" Ha, ha, ha! (*Walks up the stage.*)

Re-enter WARFORD (with the Articles).

Warford. According to your commands, sir, I have brought you the articles.

Smalltrade. Have you? Then thus I tear them. (*Taking and tearing them.*) George, I ask your pardon—I'm so asham'd, yet so gratified, that though that impudent dog has insulted me, I can't help liking him for having open'd my eyes.

Pavè. (*coming down stage*) Well!—have you thought—Oh, mum—applying to a friend!—That's right—stick close to every body.

Smalltrade. Did you ever hear such a fellow? But come, let's return home, and instead of this new-fangled mode of getting money, we'll grow rich the old way—By honesty and industry, my boy.

Warford.

Warford. Stay, fir—think that Lady Henrietta is still in danger, and sure you will not leave the house till she is released.

Smalltrade. What can I do, George? Neither you nor I can persuade her, and unless her father, Lord Orville, were here——

Pavè. Lord Orville! That's the man! He can settle us all—Oh! I wish I knew how to oblige him.

Warford. Do you, fir? Then, his daughter, Lady Henrietta, is now at the gaming table, and if you will but save her as you have this gentleman, I'll answer for it, her father will reward you.

Pavè. Reward me! my dear fir, when a lady's in distress, do you think I care who or what her father is? Lord Orville's daughter! Whugh! Here's an opportunity! Oh! I'll go find her out directly.

Warford. Be cautious, fir—for if Sir Charles discovers your intentions——

Pavè. What then, fir? Do you suppose I'm influenced by any but people of merit and distinction? Such as Lord Orville, and your elegant friend, my graceful bedchamber lord, who, I know, will not forget the snug appointment—Where shall I conduct the lady?

Smalltrade. We'll wait below—And, d'ye hear—Tell Miss Dazzle not to forget to fleece the country banker.

Pavè. I will—And shew Sir Charles I'm a man of real consequence. Adieu! wait here a moment, and you'll see the little tradesman come out howling! But it won't do—I sha'n't sign his certificate! Ha, ha, ha!

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. By this time he's lost his last guinea, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Pavè.*

Come, George, let's go wait below, and depend on't, that fellow will extricate Henrietta—What an odd dog! He seems so anxious for preferment, that I've a great mind to turn away my under clerk on purpose to give him a place.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment at Sir Charles's.*

Sir CHARLES and Lady HENRIETTA, discovered at Cards.

Sir Charles. Point—Sixty.

Lady Henrietta. Good.

Sir Charles. Sixieme major.

Lady Henrietta. Good.

Sir Charles. Quatorze.

Lady Henrietta. Good—(*rises*) I'll play no more—Never was such a series of ill luck—Well, Sir Charles, what have I lost?

Sir Charles. Oh, a trifle! Never think of it, Lady Henrietta.

Lady Henrietta. Nay, you may as well seal my doom at once—Come!

Sir Charles. Well, if you insist—Here are your notes for money lent at Faro, one thousand pounds, and what I have now won is five hundred, making in the whole fifteen hundred pounds.

Lady

Lady Henrietta. A very pleasant trifle! But don't imagine I can't pay you, sir, don't—

Sir Charles. Nay, allow me to relieve you at once—Take back the notes, forget the debt, and think me amply paid, if but a smile the return.

Lady Henrietta. No, Sir Charles—I cannot consent to be so obliged—'Tis true, my imprudence has involved me beyond all hope of being extricated, and my father is abroad, and my uncle won't protect me!—Yet, sir!—

Sir Charles. Lady Henrietta, I know your situation, and feel for you—therefore let me intreat you to accept the notes, and when you want a protector, you know where to find one.

Lady Henrietta. A protector, sir!

Sir Charles. Be not alarm'd—You know my intentions are honourable, and since you have no other friend to protect you—

Lady Henrietta. Sir, I deserve this, amply deserve it—I might have known, when a woman turns gamester, her fortune is the least she loses. The society vilifies her feelings—the fatigue ruins her health and understanding, and when she has nothing left to stake, her pride is insulted, and even her honor made a sport of!

Sir Charles. How you mistake me! Because I profess to be your friend, you suppose me your enemy—My sister is in the next room waiting to receive you—You will not leave my house?

Lady Henrietta. Am I made a prisoner then? Heavens! how have I sunk myself!

Sir Charles. Pray be composed—I will place you under my sister's care—She shall decide whether I deserve your affections—Come, come, be calm—(taking her hand) Consider, where wou'd you go?

Lady

Lady Henrietta. Any where, so I leave your house—Don't imagine I have no friends, Sir.

Sir Charles. I am your friend, and feel your interest too much to part with you—Nay, you must—You shall be persuaded—(*holds and detains her.*)

Enter Pavè.

Pavè. So, heaven be prais'd, I have found you at last, phugh! (*puffing himself.*)

Sir Charles. What brings you here?

Pavè. To be useful—Ma'am, your most obedient—What! at your old tricks, my boy? (*Smacks Sir Charles on the back and points to cards.*)

Sir Charles. Hush! don't you see I'm busy!

Pavè. Mum! don't expose yourself—Lady Henrietta, I rejoice—Oh! what a likeness of her father!

Sir Charles. 'Sdeath! What do you mean, sir?

Pavè. Mean! that we were born to protect women, not insult them, and while I wear a sword, they shall never want a champion! I tell you what, sir—Your behaviour has been lately very offensive, and if the lady will give me leave, I'll conduct her to a little great man who is waiting to receive her.

Lady Henrietta. As I live its Mr. Smalltrade! Yonder I see him.

Sir Charles. Come here, sir—Answer me, is this your gratitude?

Pavè. Gratitude! Now, observe, Ma'am—I have been his dangler these five years—I've waited whole hours in the streets, only to catch a smile from him—dined at his side-table, and got nothing to eat but scraps and offals—talk'd of his gallantries, confirm'd his gasconades, and
E laugh'd

laugh'd at his jokes, though he knows he never cut one in his life—But now,—come, my sweet lady.

Sir Charles. Lady Henrietta, will you trust yourself with that reptile?

Lady Henrietta. With any body rather than Sir Charles Dazzle.

Pavè. You hear, Baronet, you hear! The reptile's not so contemptible—And to shew my condescension—Hark ye—I'll speak to Lord Orville for you—Make out a list of promises—put his lordship at the head, and in the course of five years, if he don't provide for you, I will! I will, if it's only to shew you, that one man of rank can be more useful than another, you see—Come, Madam,

Sir Charles. Confusion! Am I outwitted? Made a laughing stock of?

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. So, Sir Charles, have you seen that blockhead, Pavè?

Sir Charles. Blockhead! villain!

Miss Dazzle. He has undone all my schemes on the banker.

Sir Charles. And mine on Lady Henrietta.

Miss Dazzle. You brought him to be useful, didn't you?

Sir Charles. I did; and he has completely answered my expectations! Well, sister, if ruin is the road to happiness, we are the merriest couple—Lady Henrietta shall not escape however—William!

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Go to Mr. Latitat's—Tell him to come to me directly.

Miss Dazzle. To your attorney's, brother.

Sir Charles. Yes; I'll leave her to the law now—In the mean time, let's to Mr. Smalltrade—There's a vacancy in the borough, and if I can secure his interest, and gain the election, I'll sell my tables, leave off hospitality, reform and live like a gentleman!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at SMALLTRADE'S.*

Lady HENRIETTA discovered sitting at a Toilette.

Lady Henrietta. So, the day of reckoning is at last arrived; and here I sit forgotten by my father, neglected by my uncle Sir Thomas, and unpitied by every body—Even Mr. Pavè has avoided me—finding Lord Orville was offended with me, he retired, saying he wou'd give me no further trouble—Alas! how, how have I involved myself?

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Lord, Ma'am, I'm frighten'd out of my senses—What do you think Sir Charles has done?

Lady Henrietta. What, Betty?

Betty. He has employ'd a gentleman, who, he says, will get the money from you directly—An attorney, Ma'am.

Lady Henrietta. An attorney!

Betty. Yes, your ladyship—Sir Charles insists he lent you a thousand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. So he did, Betty—He lent it first and won it afterwards—Have you seen Mr. Warford?

Betty. I have, Ma'am, and—(*hesitating.*)

Lady Henrietta. And what, Betty?

Betty. When I told him your distress, my lady, and said you wou'd thank him to lend you
6 a hundred

a hundred pounds to convey you abroad, he made no reply.

Lady Henrietta. No!

Betty. No, Ma'am—but left the room instantly.

Lady Henrietta. This wounds me more than all! That Warford shou'd desert me! Yet why do I upbraid him! He warn'd me of my danger, and now, too justly shuns me for my folly.

Betty. Lord, don't fret about it, my lady—Who knows but this lawyer may prove a very gentlemanlike man—Talk of old friends—Give me a new acquaintance, I say! (*Loud knocking.*) Here he is, Ma'am! Here's the attorney—(*looks out*) Upon my word! What an elegant equipage! See, Ma'am! A handsome phaeton and two Servants on horseback.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Ma'am, here's a gentleman in a phaeton, who says his name is Latitat.

Lady Henrietta. Shew him in.

[*Exeunt Betty, and Servant.*]

Really this must be a strange kind of an attorney; but in these days, nothing surprizes!

Enter LATITAT in an elegant Morning Dress.

Latitat. Let my carriage wait—Ma'am, your most obedient.

Lady Henrietta. Pray be seated, sir—(*they sit*) I'm told, sir, you have some law-busines.

Latitat. I have, Ma'am—but no hurry about that—I always do the thing genteelly—Pray, Ma'am, were you at the last grand meeting of archers?

Lady Henrietta. No, sir, I was not.

Latitat.

Latitat. That's unlucky—I got the verdict—That is, I won the prize—hit the bull's eye—carried off the beugle-horn—Here it is—(*puts his hand in wrong pocket and takes out papers*) No—that's a bill in Chancery—Here, Ma'am—(*pulls out beugle-horn*) received it from the lady patroness—kiss'd her hand—proclaim'd victor—march'd in procession—colours flying—music playing—clients huzzaing! Did the thing genteelly, Ma'am!

Lady Henrietta. Indeed, sir, you were very fortunate.

Latitat. Oh, I'm a nice fellow, Ma'am!—Then at cricket—last grand match—got sixty notches—the Peer run out—the Baron stumpr, and the General knock'd down his own wicket—I was long-stop—famous at a long-stop, Ma'am—cricket or law! ball or debtor! Let neither slip through my fingers! heh, Ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Henrietta. So it seems—But, pray, sir, how can you follow the law amidst such a confusion of professions?

Latitat. Law and confusion are the same thing, Ma'am—Then I write my own songs, draw my own pleadings, ride my own races—To be sure I never won one in my life—but then I always rode like a gentleman! Heh, Ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Henrietta. Certainly—But now, may we talk about my business?

Latitat. Don't alarm yourself—that's all settled—My friend will be here presently—he'll shew you every accommodation.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Servant. A gentleman in a curricle, Ma'am.

Latitat. In a curricle! Oh! that's my friend
—Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*

Now here! here's another proof of my talents! When I came to this town, Ma'am, little Nab hadn't a shilling! I learnt him the practice—Now he lives in style, drives his carriage, and will lend you a thousand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. Will he, sir? I'm very much oblig'd to him.

Enter NAB, (Smartly dress'd).

Nab. (*Speaks as he enters*) Put clothes on the horses, and raise the top of the curricle that the lady mayn't catch cold.

Latitat. Mr. Nab, Lady Henrietta—Lady Henrietta, Mr. Nab—There! make your bow—(*Nab bows affectedly*) And now shake hands.

Lady Henrietta. Shake hands, sir!

Latitat. Yes—Let him do the thing genteelly—(*Nab gently touches her hand*) There! the business is settled! You're arrested at the suit of Sir Charles Dazzle, and little Nab will drive you away in his curricle.

Lady Henrietta. Arrested!

Latitat. Lord, don't be uneasy—his house is a palace—full of the best furniture, the best wines; and I give you my honor, the best company! You'll find some very fashionable people there—Some of your intimate friends—heh, Nab!

Nab. Yes, Ma'am, and I entertain my company so superbly, that when they leave my house, its always in good humour, I assure you—Be-
fides

sides we can make up a Faro bank—every thing in style.

Lady Henrietta. This it is to be deluded into the vortex of dissipation—May it be a lesson to my sex, and prove how short the distance is, from the gay associates of high life to the low companions of my present hour—But since it must be so—Since I have no friend to succour or protect me, I must, perforce, submit—Come, sirs, conduct me.

Enter WARFORD.

Warford. Where are you going, gentlemen?

Latitat. To take the lady an airing, sir—Will you join the party?

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Warford, I little expected to see you here—The gentleman who reproved me in prosperity is at least consistent in shunning me in adversity.

Warford. What is your demand, sir? (*To LATITAT.*)

Latitat. Nab, shew the writ.

Nab. The debt and costs are one thousand and twenty pounds.

Warford. Here is the money then. (*Gives LATITAT bank notes.*)

Latitat. The what!

Warford. There are bank notes for the sum.

Latitat. (*counting them*) So there are—Why, this is doing the thing genteelly—Nab!

Nab. Amazing!

Warford. What do you stare at, sir?

Latitat. Excuse us, sir, we are a little surpriz'd to be sure; for when my friend and I do shake hands with people of Fashion, we generally pass some time with them.

Warford.

Sir Thomas. Serve him right—Why didn't he get out of his way, when he knew the 'Squire was so fond of boxing that he must have practice to keep his hand in—Dismiss him—Any thing more?

Clerk. Nothing of any consequence, your worship—Only young Hippy, the miller's son, here—an honest, industrious young man, was found by the gamekeeper with a hare under his arm.

Sir Thomas. With what?

Clerk. With a hare on your manor.

Sir Thomas. On my manor! (*comes from his seat*) Oh you affassin! Nothing of any consequence indeed! Why, what's nem. con.—crim. con.—or pro. and con. to the shedding innocent blood? You dog! speak—answer me—What have you to say for yourself?

Clerk. (*to HIPPY*) Speak to the magistrate.

Hippy. Please your majesty—

Sir Thomas. Please my what!

Hippy. Please your majesty, I'll tell you all about it—The other morning, as I was crossing the whoat stubble, along with old Nicholas—You know old Nick, your honour—

Sir Thomas. Curse old Nick—go on.

Hippy. Na—don't you hurry me—I seed something in the corn going a tittup, a tittup, a tittup—So, says I—"Say nothing, Nicky, and we'll see what it is."—And presently there came within my legs, as fine a large banging hare as ever you clapt your two most gracious eyes upon.

Sir Thomas. Well, firrah!

Hippy. So, knowing as how fuch great beasts only devour'd the corn and barley off your majesty's

jefty's manor—I kept him tight between my legs, and squeezing him in this way—Look'ee! (*puts his hat between his legs*) I pinch'd him by little and little, 'till at last a got the staggers, and then says I, “ Now, old Nick, knock his brains out.”

Sir Thomas. You did, did you?

Hippy. Yes, that I did; and Nicky kept his word—For there a lay as dead and lifeless—I'cod it wou'd have done your heart good to see Nicky and I laughing, he, he, he!

Sir Thomas. And it will do my heart good to see Nicky and you hanging, he, he, he! (*mimicking*)—Seize him—take him to jail.

[*Constables seize him.*]

Hippy. To jail!

Sir Thomas. Ay; I'll learn you to poach on my manor.

Hippy. Oh Lord! why, your honour was just now pleas'd to pardon 'Squire Sturdy for almost killing a man; and here I'm to be tuck'd up for only squeezing a hare!—Odraten! this can't be justice.

Rosa sings without “ Hark away;” &c.

Sir Thomas. Ah! here's my little god-daughter!—She never kill'd any game; and if she had been out that day, she'd have scar'd the hare away.

Enter ROSA singing, and followed by two Game-keepers, with quantities of Hares, Pheasants, and Partridges.

Rosa. Come along, William—Shew my god-papa what sport we've had!—There! (*Game-keepers*)

keepers throw down game) An't I a nice little sportsman?

Hippy. Icod, if my neck's to be twisted, what's to become of hers?

Rosa. Why, you don't look pleas'd, Sir Thomas—Perhaps you don't think I've kill'd half enough?

Sir Thomas. Yes I do—Oh! h! h! (*looking at the game.*)

Rosa. Nay, consider, Sir Thomas, it's very well for a young beginner; but I tell you what, I'll soon make you happy—let me go out again to-morrow, and I won't leave a single hare, pheasant, or partridge, on the manor.

Hippy. Doey—doey, your majesty, and let me go wi' her.

Sir Thomas. Come—I'll soon settle this business—Constable, take that poacher to the county jail—No words—take him directly.

Hippy. Dang it, if ever I squeeze a hare again—Good day, Miss—Odraten! I suppose you and old Nick will soon come after me.

[*Constables force him off.*]

Sir Thomas. And, now, William, do you take the other poacher to the parsonage-house.

Rosa. To the parsonage-house, sir!

Sir Thomas. Ay, to your father's—You jade, I'm tir'd of your follies—You know I took you from the parson's, that you might get well married—but you cou'dn't hit the mark.

Rosa. No: but I hit the birds; ay, and mark'd 'em too—However, I know why you're angry with me—You've made it up with your niece, Lady Henrietta, and because I could'n't marry some great man, who might have got

you new manors, and all that—You mean to try what she can do.

Sir Thomas. Yes, she shall be my heiress now—
So go home, Miss.

Rosa. Well, I don't care—I know where the game lies, and while there's a feather on the manor I won't want a day's sport, depend on't.

S O N G.

Ah, cruel Sir Thomas! to abandon your promise,

And leave Rosa, poor girl, to lament;

But take honor and gold, and your favour withhold,

You cannot take health and content.

While my dogs at the dawn

Brush the dew from the lawn,

Sniff the scent of the game,

And our spirits inflame,

Through thickets or stubbles

Their courage redoubles;

Then checking their speed—"Heh, Basto, take heed!"

Oh! Sir Thomas Roundhead! Pop, your game it is dead!

I can hit well my man, and a lover trepan,

Yet Amazon like I will be,

As sure as a gun, from each suitor I'll run,

But the hero who overcomes me.

While my dogs, &c.

[Exit with Gamekeepers.]

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. My dear uncle!

Sir

Sir Thomas. My dear niece! I rejoice to see you—Mr. Warford told you, I suppose.

Lady Henrietta. He did indeed, Sir Thomas, and the thousand pounds you sent me was the most critical, fortunate——

Sir Thomas. The thousand pounds!

Lady Henrietta. Yes—but for that I had been living in a palace, viewing the best furniture, tasting the best wines, and keeping the best company in the world.

Sir Thomas. My dear girl, I sent you no thousand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. No!

Sir Thomas. No—The young gentleman, indeed, told me you wanted money, but I had none by me—Mine's all in the country bank—all lock'd up—Smalltrade never pays in specie—And as to his five pound notes, they're like French assignats! Dam'me, a good old English guinea's worth a thousand of 'em! This I told Mr. Warford, and he said he himself could find a friend to advance it.

Lady Henrietta. Generous, disinterested man! But how, how am I to repay him?

Sir Thomas. I'll tell you—I have quarrell'd with that hussy, Rosa, and as I wish to have a senator for my heir, I mean to get you well married—Nay, I have a husband already in my eye.

Lady Henrietta. Have you, sir?

Sir Thomas. Yes; there is a vacancy in the borough, and the new member shall have your hand and my estate.

Lady Henrietta. And pray, sir, who is likely to be my representative?

Sir

Sir Thomas. There is only one candidate at present, and he is an old admirer of your's, and an old friend of mine,—Sir Charles Dazzle.

Lady Henrietta. Sir Charles Dazzle!

Sir Thomas. Yes; he's a man of rank and talents; and if we may judge by his style of living, he's the richest Baronet in England—But now, let's in to dinner and talk further—Oh! when Sir Charles has married you, he shall do me three such favors—All relating to my own estate.

Lady Henrietta. And what are they, sir?

Sir Thomas. You shall hear—The first is, to turn the road, and fend my neighbours half a mile round—The second is to enclose the common, and keep it all to myself—The third, is to cut a canal right through the town, and build powder-mills on the banks! This, my dear girl, will double my rentall, and this is my way of growing rich!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

G

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*Sir THOMAS'S Park.—View of his House, Garden, Ponds, &c.*

Enter Sir CHARLES DAZZLE, and two Servants.

Sir Charles. Knock at the gate and announce my arrival. [*Exit* Servant.

So, Lady Henrietta has not escaped me yet—Hearing Sir Thomas meant to provide for her, I instantly wrote to him and offer'd her marriage—this he agreed to, supposing my fortune will ensure the election.—As to that wretch Pavè—I just now met the mad rascal running full speed after a nobleman's carriage.

2. *Servant.* Yonder is Mr. Pavè, sir.

Sir Charles. Ay, meditating on the drawing-rooms of princes, and the levees of ministers.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Sir Thomas is waiting to receive you, sir.

Sir Charles. Shew me the way—Now here, here's another proof that ruin is the road to riches; for without having an acre of my own, I am going to take possession of the largest estate in the county—Poor Sir Thomas! poor Henrietta! I'll soon convince them, that now-a-days people live better without money than with it.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter WARFORD and Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. How can I thank you, sir? Nay, don't deny your generosity—I have learnt all from Sir Thomas—And tell me honestly, Mr. Warford, have you not by extricating me involved yourself?

Warford. No, Lady Henrietta; I gain'd this money by easy, honorable means; out of an annuity of two hundred pounds, allowed me these ten years past by my uncle, I have by frugality and prudence annually saved a moiety—saved it to befriend me in the hour of danger! And if it has assisted you, how great and ample is my recompence! But think not of that—think of Sir Charles Dazzle—What brings him to Sir Thomas's?

Lady Henrietta. The worst of purposes—he comes to be my husband! Sir Thomas has accepted his proposals, and in my father's absence I have no friend to protect me but you—Oh, Mr. Warford! little did I think, when I entered my uncle's house, I shou'd again be in the power of such an enemy.

Warford. Nor shall you be—I'll see Sir Thomas instantly—expose Sir Charles's villainies.

Lady Henrietta. That wou'd be useless—Alas! there is but one way—and that is so difficult—so uncertain! You know in consequence of my imprudence, Sir Thomas had adopted Rosa for his heiress.

Warford. He had.

Lady Henrietta. Previous to my arrival, he quarrel'd with her, and sent her back to the parsonage-house—Now, as I know the old gentleman only wants a man of rank to inherit his

estate, the way to save me, wou'd be to restore Rosa to his favour.

Warford. I understand—But how—how is that to be accomplished?

Lady Henrietta. By seeing her father, the minister of the parish, by persuading him to interfere for his daughter—if he succeeds—

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Your uncle and Sir Charles Dazzle request your ladyship's company.

Lady Henrietta. Is it possible? Am I forced to meet the man who has so insulted me? To be under the same roof with him, and at last be doom'd to marry him?

Warford. Talk not of it—I'll endeavour to restore Rosa to your uncle's favor. Tell me, fir, (*to Servant.*) where does the clergyman live?

Servant. What, the new minister, Mr. Medium, fir?

Warford. Yes.

Servant. He lives across the field at the White House, fir.

Warford. Then I'll wait on him, and return to you instantly.

Lady Henrietta. Adieu, Mr. Warford! Oh, now more than ever, I feel the effect of my follies! Had I like him, grown rich by prudence and œconomy, I might ere this have fixed my own choice, and instead of being united to a man I detest, I might have found one who would have loved and honored me! But as it is,—farewell, fir—We shall soon meet again. [*Exit.*

Warford. Farewell, Lady Henrietta. Distraction! Must that villain triumph over her!

No, I'll not lose a moment—I'll see this minister. (*Going.*)

Enter Pavè, (who stops him).

Pavè. See the minister! What, in that dress? Pooh! you can't get an audience.

Warford. Excuse me, sir—I've the most important business—

Pavè. Why, he's in town I tell you.

Warford. He's in the neighbourhood I tell you, and where I must and will see him. So, stand back and don't detain me from an interview that makes or mars my peace for ever.

[*Pushes Pavè aside, and exit.*]

Pavè. In the neighbourhood! The minister in the neighbourhood! Impossible! This is not his county—And yet—he's on a visit perhaps, or on a secret expedition! If he should, and I can catch his eye! Get a squeeze, a nod, or a smile, and at last wheedle him into my list of promises! whugh!

Enter HIPPY.

Hippy. Odraten! I've made my escape—Miss Rosa spoke to her father, who spoke to Sir Thomas, and now if I can find Mr. Medium, and thank him—Pray, sir, have you seen the minister?

Pavè. There! Have I seen the minister? They're all after him.

Hippy. He has saved me and Nicky—But here's his daughter, Miss Rosa.

Pavè. His daughter! The minister's daughter! My dear fellow, take this—(*gives him money.*) and d'ye hear? Speak to her in my favor—
Speak

Speak highly of me—hint I'm of the old Norman blood.

Hippy. What blood?

Pavè. The old Norman blood!—You understand, mum! You understand——

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. Its a shame! to turn me out of the house and adopt Lady Henrietta, and all because I cou'dn't marry a great man! Faith, I've a great mind to run away with churchwarden—I have, and—Bless me! What pretty looking gentleman's this?

Hippy. Mifs, he wishes to say a word to you—*(whispers her.)* he's an old Norman blood. [*Exit.*

Pavè. *(aside.)* To use her father's language I wish the budget was open'd, Ma'am! *(bowing.)*

Rosa. *(curtsying.)* Lord what a charming man!

Pavè. She smiles upon me—now then for the ways and means.—Oh you paragon! 'Till I throw myself at your father's feet, allow me to fall at yours! *(kneeling.)* And thus, and thus—*(kissing her hand)* to swear allegiance to you, your sire and your whole august family.

Rosa. Was there ever such an elegant creature!

Pavè. Here let me swear to ratify the treaty of alliance, to cement the family-compact, and preserve the balance of power as long as I live.

Rosa. Dear, how he must adore me! I can't stand it much longer.

—*Pavè.* Never will I rise till you sign preliminary articles, 'till you swear you believe me
your

A COMEDY.

your faithful ally, your leagued confederate,
and ever loyal vassal.

Rosa. (*kneeling by him.*) I do! I do! And
moreover I swear that I honor the Norman race
more than my own! And sooner than such a
sweet looking gentleman should break his heart
for me, faith!—I'll run away with him di-
rectly.

Pavè. What! Let me taste that treasury of
charms?

Rosa. Yes.

Pavè. And carry off that exchequer of ex-
cellence?

Rosa. I would! I would! this very hour I
would!

Pavè. Huzza! huzza! I'm the Prime Mi-
nister's son.

Rosa. What! (*rising.*)

Pavè. I'm the Minister's son! Now let Lord
Orville bow to the ground—Let Sir Charles
Dazzle wipe my shoes—Let those that kept
me dangling in their halls stand shivering in
mine! And they who spurn'd me, pitied me,
and call'd me "poor Pavè"—Let 'em now pull
off their hats and cry "Room for the Minister's
son," dam'me, while its lasts I'll make the most
of it!

Rosa. Lord, I knew he was a great man by
his talking so unintelligibly. Let's to Sir Tho-
mas Roundhead's directly.

Pavè. To a Baronet's! pooh!

Rosa. Nay; he's a great friend of my father's,
and will rejoice at our marriage.

Pavè. Well then—But your father, my angel!
How I long to see him, to help him in his ora-
tions!

Rosa.

48 HOW TO GROW RICH:

Rosa. Oh! he wants no help in them—His discourses are excellent, only rather too short: for my mother always confines him to twenty minutes.

Pavè. Does she? Then your mother is a true lover of her country.—Come.

Re-enter WARFORD.

Warford. Miss Rosa, a word if you please—I want to see your father.

Pavè. I dare say you do—But excuse us!—We have important business. (*Mimicks WARFORD's manner.*)

Warford. Nay, I won't detain you a moment.

Pavè. Stand back, sir, and don't detain me—I've the most important business—an interview that makes or mars my peace for ever. I say, my little clerk, he is in the neighbourhood, and if you want an audience—I have it—Snug—all under my thumb—mum! You understand—Come, my sweet angel! Ask for the minister's son!

Rosa. Aye; ask for the minister's son!

[*Exeunt.*

Warford. Was there ever such an extraordinary fellow! But as I cannot find Mr. Medium, I must to Sir Thomas's and see Lady Henrietta instantly.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A modern Apartment at Sir THOMAS'S.—The Room hung with Pictures—In the Centre a large Picture with a Curtain before it.*

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD and Sir CHARLES DAZZLE.

Sir Charles. Sir Thomas, you have made me the happiest of men!

Sir Thomas. No thanks—She shall be yours—Read that agreement. (*Gives him a paper.*)

Sir Charles. (*reads*) “On condition that Sir Charles Dazzle marries Lady Henrietta, Sir Thomas Roundhead agrees to settle on her one thousand a year during his life, and the whole of his estate at his death.”—Shall we sign directly?

Sir Thomas. No, we can't 'till we've got her consent—And I assure you, it will require all my eloquence to persuade her—here she comes—leave us together.

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Sir Charles. When you are ready, Sir Thomas, I'll wait upon you—Lady Henrietta, your most obedient. [*Bows, and Exit.*]

Lady Henrietta. Impudent sycophant! How his looks betray his triumph! Well, uncle, do you really persist in marrying me to that gentleman?

Sir Thomas. Certainly—I will have a man of rank for my heir; for the road must be turn'd,—the common enclosed,—and the canal and powder-mills accomplished.

H

Lady

Lady Henrietta. And I would rather work on the road, graze on the common, or be drown'd in the canal, than marry Sir Charles Dazzle—Besides, I am inheriting another's right—Rosa ought to be your heiress.

Sir Thomas. Ay, that is, if I could have married her to a great man—But now, read that agreement.

Lady Henrietta. (reading) “ Sir Charles marries Lady Henrietta—Sir Thomas settles one thousand a year—And the whole of his estate at his death.”

Sir Thomas. Well! will you sign it? Look ye, no demurring; for if you refuse, neither I nor your father will give you a shilling.

Lady Henrietta. Ungenerous!

Sir Thomas. Consider too—how are you to repay Mr. Warford?

Lady Henrietta. How indeed! And sooner than he shou'd suffer for his liberality—Yet, to be the wife of my avow'd enemy—I cannot—will not, be so wretched!

Sir Thomas. Won't you? We'll see—Sir Charles Dazzle! (*calling him in.*)

Lady Henrietta. Hold, sir—give me but a moment—Wait 'till my father arrives.

Sir Thomas. No—You shall sign instantly—Sir Charles!

As he is going—Enter ROSA hastily, and runs against him.

Rosa. Oh, Sir Thomas!—Oh, my lady!—I'm—out of breath.

Sir Thomas. What's the matter, Jezabel?

I

Rosa.

Rosa. I've done it! I've hit the mark! Such a gentleman has run away with me! No less than the Prime Minister's son!

Sir Thomas. The minister's son!

Rosa. Yes; he's of the Norman race, the second person in the world; I'm the third, and you shall be the fourth—Here he is!

Lady Henrietta. (*looking out*) As I live it's my old friend, Pavè—If I humour this, I may restore Rosa to favour, and save myself—Lucky, lucky thought!

Sir Thomas. Pooh! this can't be the minister's son—And yet, by his appearance—He has certainly a very important, formidable air.

Lady Henrietta. Sir Thomas, I can affirm it as a fact—This is the very person—I know him intimately.

Sir Thomas. Do you? 'Sdeath! what an awful sight! My respect's so great, I don't know where to stand or how to look.

Enter Pavè.

Lady Henrietta. How d'ye do? (*nods to him.*)

Pavè. How d'ye do? (*nods to her.*)

Sir Thomas. He knows her—it is him! Lord, I wish I had paid my obedience.

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Pavè, this is Sir Thomas Roundhead. (*Sir Thomas draws back.*) Nay, don't be frighten'd, uncle—The gentleman is very condescending.

Pavè. Condescending! Lord! I'm the most familiar creature—Your hand, Tommy, give me your hand.

Sir Thomas. Tommy! why, he's familiar indeed!

deed! Gad, I feel bold enough to talk to him—Pray, fir—Hem!—is there any news?

Pavè. What! (*staring at him.*)

Sir Thomas. (*alarm'd*) I only ask'd, fir, if there was any news.

Pavè. Fie, Tommy, fie! Never pump a minister—Mum! or any of his family—fie!

Lady Henrietta. (*aside to Sir THOMAS.*) Now's your opportunity—fix him at once—Offer him Rosa with your estate.

Sir Thomas. I will—For this is indeed a man of rank! Sir! dread fir! if I don't presume too much—I have a small estate—not indeed adequate to your situation—But if you will accept it with this young lady——

Pavè. How much is it?

Sir Thomas. Scarce worth mentioning—Only a thousand a year at present, but at my death, it will be five thousand—Will you have the condescension?——

Pavè. Well, I'll indulge you, Tommy, I'll indulge you—Five thousand a year, no bad certainty in case of accident. (*aside*) In return— if there are any favours, I or my father——

Sir Thomas. Oh, fir! (*bows very low*) There are to be sure, fir, one or two trifles—First, you see (*counts with his finger on his left hand*) I want to turn a road—secondly, to enclose a common—thirdly, to cut a canal—fourthly, to build powder-mills—fifthly——(*beginning to count on his right hand.*)

Pavè. Stick to one hand, my dear Tommy! Stick to one hand, and don't agitate yourself—The trifles shall be accomplish'd, so draw up an agreement.

Lady

Lady Henrietta. I believe this will do, fir—It's only to scratch out my name and Sir Charles's, and insert Miss Rosa's and Mr. Pavè's.—I'll do it, and you may sign directly. (*Goes to table and writes.*)

Rosa. (*to Pavè*) I say, while they're settling the agreement, I'll shew you my father's picture.

Pavè. Your father's picture! Ha! where is it?

Rosa. There—behind the curtain! He's in his gown.

Pavè. Gown!—Robes you mean——Let's see.—

Lady Henrietta. Stop——sign the contract first.

Sir Thomas. Ay; sign first—There—there's my signature, (*signing.*)

Pavè. And mine! (*signing.*)

Rosa. And now, there's my dear father in his gown and cassock.

[*Undraws curtains of pictures, and discovers a painting of Mr. Medium, the clergyman, in his gown and cassock—Pavè sees it, and stands stupified.*]

Sir Thomas. Yes; there's old Medium—What surprizes you, fir?

Lady Henrietta. Ay; there's another minister—What makes you so dumb, Mr. Pavè?

Pavè. Respect and reverence at that awful sight—Oh, Sir Thomas! that parson's picture has so deeply affected me, that only this contract can console me. (*taking it*) Nothing like a
a certainty

a certainty in case of accidents—Come, Miss Medium!

Sir Thomas. Why, where are you going?

Pavè. To my father's, Tommy, to my father's—To take care of the road,—the common—the canal—the—In short, to secure your whole property.

Enter Sir CHARLES DAZZLE.

Pavè. Ah, Sir Charles, have you made out a list of promises? In the course of five years—that is, when I come to my estate, I'll think of you—Farewell, old What's-his-Name—Tommy, adieu! I retire with a handsome provision however. (*Looks at contract, &c.*)

[*Exit with ROSA.*

Sir Charles. Sir Thomas, what does that impudent fellow do here?

Sir Thomas. Impudent! why, do you know who he is?

Sir Charles. Yes; I know him to be an impostor—a rascal—And if he has got any thing from you——

Sir Thomas. Got any thing! he's got my whole estate—Oh Lord!

Sir Charles. Pursue him directly—I'll go with you.

Sir Thomas. Oh dear! Come along—As for you, madam, depend on't, you shall still be Sir Charles's, and for that fellow—Oh the villain! I believe he's a poacher, and because he cou'dn't snare the game, he has stole the whole manor! Come!

[*Exit with Sir CHARLES.*
Lady

Lady Henrietta. Ha! ha! he's a delightful man, and as he has twice faved me from Sir Charles, I hope he'll do me the favour a third time—But now to Warford, and make his generous heart partake my joy.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A modern Apartment at Sir THOMAS'S, a Window open and Balcony behind.*

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. How unfortunate! To be retaken and separated from my dear Mr. Pavè.—(*Goes to window and looks out.*) Surely Hippy can't have forgot me—I dropt him a letter out of this window to carry to Mr. Pavè, in which I told him I was locked up, that he mightn't get the estate, but that I was ready to elope with him this very night—Dear! where can Hippy be?

Enter HIPPY at the Window.

Hippy. Hush! is nobody here?

Rosa. Nobody.

Hippy. Odraten! this is poaching with a vengeance—Well! I've seen Mr. Pavè and he'll carry you off—he will! here's his answer.

[*Gives her a letter.*]

Rosa. (*reads.*) “My dear girl—that the contract may be fulfilled, I'll be near the ladder in an hour, and the signal shall be a noise at the window—Your's ever—Pavè.”

Oh charming! charming! What, you came in at the balcony by a ladder?

Hippy. To be sure I did—Leave old Nick and I alone for fixing one—But I must return to the gentleman—So, do you go and get ready, and when you hear the noise at the window, trip down
down

down the ladder a tittup, a tittup, a tittup, as we said of the hare you know.

Rosa. I will! I will! But pray let the noise be loud enough.

Hippy. Loud! Odraten! I'll smash every pane sooner than you shan't hear us—Depend on Nicky and I's doing our best—Good bye, Miss, and remember the noise.

Rosa. Ay, I won't forget—Good bye.

[*Exit HIPPY at window.*]

And now I'll go and get my hat and cloak—Sir Thomas is below with Mr. Latitat, and the electors of the borough—In the hurry of business, nobody'll think of our elopement—Oh! how I long for the noise at the window. [*Exit.*]

Enter LATITAT.

Latitat. So—stole off unobserved—A fine quarreling below—The old justice wants Sir Charles to be the new member—The electors want a better man, and I, as returning officer, insist upon the same—But all depends upon Smalltrade, he's at the head of the corporation, and as Sir Thomas has sent for him, I must overhear their conversation—The fact is, the justice wants to outshoot the banker—the banker wants to outrun the justice—And the attorney wants to out-bowl them both! Here they come!—That I may be evidence of all that passes—I'll e'en let down this curtain—(*lets down window-curtain and gets behind it.*) So! this is doing the thing genteelly!

I

Enter

Enter SMALLTRADE and Sir THOMAS.

Sir Thomas. Don't—don't talk of that impostor—I have secured Rosa as a hostage, and if he don't marry her, the contract's void—So, as we're alone—(*fast'ning door.*) Sit down—Sit down, and let's talk about the election. (*They sit.*)

Smalltrade. I shou'd like to have seen you counting your fingers, securing the common, the canal, and the powder mills—And then to have seen the blow up! Oh! you've a fine round head! And what wou'd you do with the canal?

Sir Thomas. What! I'd secure the borough by it: for if the electors didn't do as I wish'd, I'd open the sluices and inundate the whole town—You can only lay them under contribution, but, dam'me, I can lay them under water.—You see, old friend, if Sir Charles is the new member I have promised to marry him to Lady Henrietta—Now, the first thing he wants, is to get your interest.

Smalltrade. And the next thing is to take my principal, I suppose—Oh, I know him of old—The fellow hasn't a guinea—unless indeed, he's kept the one I lost at Faro—No, no; I want some good citizen, and I told Latitat our returning officer, to find one.

Sir Thomas. Yes; but Sir Charles is the only candidate, and therefore—

[*Loud rattling at the window, LATITAT pops his head out from behind curtain, and on SMALLTRADE'S looking round puts it back.*]

Smalltrade. What's that noise?

Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. Nothing but the wind shaking the windows—Therefore I say, as Sir Charles and the electors are below, let's go and talk to them. (*rising.*)

Smalltrade. Softly—mind you're not tricked again—For that Latitat is such a dirty shuffling rascal.

[*Loud rattling again, LATITAT pops his head out, on SMALLTRADE'S looking round, puts it back again.*]

Smalltrade. Now, what the devil's that noise?

Sir Thomas. 'Tis the wind I tell you—It's always so when its easterly—Do, let's go directly to the electors.

Smalltrade. Ay, there's no talking business in this room—So, leave me to manage Latitat—I'm a match for a lawyer.

Sir Thomas. Are you? Then you're a match for any thing—I hate 'em all.

Smalltrade. So do I—And I'll tell you what, Sir Thomas—instead of giving me a day's sport on your manor, only get me a day's shooting in Westminster-Hall, and if I don't wing and pepper the whole breed, say I'm no marksman, and Latitat's no rascal. [*Exeunt.*]

Latitat. (*puts his head out.*) Upon my soul I'm very much obliged to you—(*comes from behind.*) A very pleasant situation! Abused before my face, and pelted behind my back!

Enter ROSA in her Hat and Cloak.

Rosa. I've just heard the noise at the window, and now—ha!

Latitat. Oho! the mystery's out—an intrigue, heh? This is the best part of the election, and

as they can't make the return without me, I may as well be a party in this cause—Here I am, my dear.

Rosa. Sir! Heavens! who are you?

Latitat. Me! the prettiest fellow living! I'm a member of ten clubs, and wear twenty different uniforms—Initials on one button, arrows on another—brushes on a third—feathers on a fourth—Then I won the beugle-horn, got sixty notches, rode five races, ow'd ten thousand pounds—liv'd within the rules—did the thing genteelly!

Rosa. And has Mr. Pavè lent you, sir?

Latitat. Pavè.

[*Here Pavè puts his head out from behind curtain.*]

Rosa. I think its very hard he didn't come himself.

Latitat. Pavè! That's the man I pass'd on as Lord Sulwin! Zounds! if it shou'd be him—However, I won't lose the girl.—Come, my angel! (*Taking her hand.*)

Rosa. Lord, sir, how am I to know Mr. Pavè is your friend?

Latitat. How? I'll tell you—Every body knows my way of growing rich, is by never paying what I borrow, and notwithstanding this, Pavè lent me a thousand pounds! Now, wasn't that friendly? So, I'll peep at this door to see if any body's watching, and then—(*goes to stage door.*)

Pavè comes forward.

Pavè. (*to Rosa.*) My dear girl, descend the ladder—Your friends will protect you 'till I come.

[*Exit ROSA at window.*]

I

Latitat.

Latitat. (*looking round.*) Nobody's near us, my sweet angel!—

Pavè. Isn't there, my dear lord? So, still doing the thing genteelly, my boy.

Latitat. Ah, Mr. Pavè, I assure you, I am most happy to pay my respects to you. (*bows.*)

Pavè. (*bowing.*) And I assure you I shall be more happy, if you'll pay me my thousand pounds—(*collaring him.*) Give me my money, or get me preferr'd.

Latitat. Now don't—pray don't expose me—here in the country I havn't pass'd for a lord.

Pavè. For what then, sir? (*shaking him.*)

Latitat. For a gentleman. (*Pavè shakes him more.*) I'm Returning Officer of the borough.

Pavè. What! (*Letting him go.*)

Latitat. I'm Returning Officer I say, and as the election takes place in a few hours.

Pavè. My dear fellow, I ask you a thousand pardons—In the first place, I didn't know there was an election, and in the next, I little thought you cou'd so essentially assist—Excuse me, Mr. Latitat—Lord Sulwin I mean.

Latitat. Oh, sir, you are too kind.

Pavè. Not at all—How has your health been since I saw you? I recollect you had a superb equipage—four fine bays—I hope they're all well—And so, there's an election, my lord.

Latitat. There is, sir; and if any friend of your's is a candidate.

Pavè. There's the point, my lord—I do know a gentleman, a very clever gentleman!—Don't think of that little debt you owe me! And as we're alone—harkye—(*whispers him.*)

Latitat. You a candidate!

Pavè.

Pavè. Why not? I'm heir to an estate of six thousand a year, was near being son to Mr. What's-his-name, and have a list of promises as long as the borough.—So do, pray do the thing genteelly.

Latitat. I've a great mind—it would be serving those two old blockheads as they deserve—Gad I will! Give me your hand.

Pavè. Will you?

Latitat. Hush! here's Smalltrade.

Pavè. What, old certificate?

Latitat. Stand aside—For as his interest turns the scale, we must dupe him into our scheme—Mum! Not a word.

[*Pavè being in a travelling great coat, muffles himself, and draws his hat over his face, he stands aside, and SMALLTRADE enters.*]

Latitat. So, Mr. Smalltrade—Sir Charles is to be our new member.

Smalltrade. Yes, Lati —; for want of a better—Ah! I wish we cou'd have found another candidate!

Latitat. Another candidate, sir!

[*Looks round at Pavè, who bows to him.*]

Smalltrade. Ay; some good citizen—That wou'd have given us grand corporation dinners, built a new town-hall—thrown a bridge over the river, and put all his money in my bank.

Latitat. Come here—Look behind you.

Smalltrade. Look behind me!

Latitat. You see that gentleman—He's the son of ——— Alderman Double.

Smalltrade. Alderman Double! What, the great London brewer?

Latitat.

Latitat. The same—He wishes to become a candidate.

Smalltrade. Does he? That's the very thing—I'll go and talk to him.

Latitat. Softly—He has been travelling all night, and has got a violent pain in his face—I tell you what—I'll settle terms with him, and if you've a mind, we'll chouce Sir Thomas.

Smalltrade. Chouce Sir Thomas! Ay do, you've my consent.

Latitat. Have I? Then I'll take him and return him at once—Come, Mr. Double—Mr. Smalltrade will excuse you're not speaking.

Smalltrade. You'll settle it with Mr. Latitat. Ay, I wish the pain in your face better with all my soul—(Pavè nods and makes signs of paying handsomely with his hands.) Sensible soul! How well he understands the business—Take him, Lati, and I'll go and detain the two Baronets 'till the return's over—Good day, Mr. Double.

Latitat. If this isn't doing the thing genteelly, the devil's in't. [Exit with Pavè.

Smalltrade. There goes the young Alderman—Poor Sir Charles! poor old Roundhead! Oh! if I was such a stupid blockhead! But I don't know how it is—we country bankers are never imposed upon. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.—*Inside of Sir THOMAS'S Garden.—
Garden Gate in the back Scene.*

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. (reading.)

“ The tender pair, whom mutual favours
bind,
“ Love keeps united, though by Alps
disjoin'd;
“ To passion ill return'd short bounds are
fet,
“ The lover that's forgotten will forget.”

And what have I to do with that? As I was never in love, I can never forget—And yet it's very odd I shou'd just hit on that passage——
Heigho! I wonder where Mr. Warford is.

Enter WARFORD.

Bless me, sir! you take one so by surprize—I thought I shou'd never see you again.

Warford. And now, madam, you see me for the last time.

Lady Henrietta. The last time!

Warford. Yes; Sir Charles has crush'd all my hopes of happiness, and I have prevail'd on my uncle to let me leave England for ever.

Lady Henrietta. Leave England! Oh, I beg your pardon, sir—You can't do that.

Warford. No, madam!

Lady Henrietta. No, sir—you recollect you and I must settle accounts first, for you don't suppose

suppose I'll let you be out of my sight while I owe you an obligation! A pretty thing indeed! To lend a lady a thousand pounds, and then go abroad and compel her to come after you to repay you.

Warford. Lady Henrietta, I am miserable—I have lived under the same roof with a treasure I now see given to another! But I alone am to blame—It was presumption, in my humble situation, to aspire to such excellence, and I now meet the reward my arrogance deserves. (*going.*)

Lady Henrietta. Stay, Mr. Warford—Just let me set you right about one thing. There are people, sir, that can distinguish merit in obscurity—Nay, can admire it too—I for instance now, can perceive, that while I possess nothing from rank and birth, you gain every thing from virtue and honour.

Warford. This language overpowers me—And if I thought I was even pitied—

Lady Henrietta. Pitied! Oh, Mr. Warford, doesn't the man who shunn'd me in the hours of dissipation, and returned to me in the day of distress, deserve something more than pity?—Yes;—and as this is the last time we shall ever meet, let me avow my gratitude—my esteem! Let me be proud to tell you, that had I my own choice, I wou'd give my hand where my heart has been long dispos'd of.

Warford. Is it possible? Can the humble, deserted Warford be so blest?

Lady Henrietta. You deserve every thing, sir—But, go, go, and be happy—Find out some fair who may return your love, nor ever think of one so lost, so wretched as myself!

K

Warford.

Warford. I cannot leave you thus! I'll see your uncle, appeal to his humanity! Nay, you are not Sir Charles Dazzle's yet.

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. No—but she will be presently—This is your last *tête à tête* I assure you.

Lady Henrietta. Is Sir Charles elected then?

Miss Dazzle. He is—What, you thought if he lost the election, you wou'd lose him.

Lady Henrietta. Certainly, madam—I knew Sir Thomas design'd me for the successful candidate, and you'll pardon me—if I could have chosen a dearer representative than your brother.

[*Huzza without and Music.*

Miss Dazzle. There! do you hear those acclamations? Now, Mr. Warford, you may take leave of the charming Henrietta, and make your bow to my sister, Lady Dazzle.

Warford. Ungenerous woman! Is it not enough to triumph:

[*More buzzaing without.*

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD.

Sir Thomas. There! It's all over—Sir Charles is elected, and I've at last got a senator for my heir! Miss Dazzle, I give you joy.

Miss Dazzle. And I give you joy, Sir Thomas,—and you, Lady Henrietta—and you Mr. Warford—Come, shall we go and see the procession?

Sir Thomas. Certainly—[*Exit Miss DAZZLE.*] Niece, do you wait here to receive your husband, Sir Charles Dazzle.

†

Warford.

Warford. This is beyond bearing—Sir Thomas, hear me.

Sir Thomas. I'll hear nothing—Henrietta, wait to receive the new member.

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Smalltrade. Now, where are you going?

Sir Thomas. To congratulate Sir Charles on his election, to be sure.

Smalltrade. Are you? then you may as well stay where you are.

Sir Thomas. Why so, old Smalltrade?

Smalltrade. I'll tell you, old Roundhead—he has lost the election.

Omnes. Lost the election!

Smalltrade. Yes; the young alderman has it—Double's the man!

Sir Thomas. Double's the man!

Smalltrade. Yes; it's all my doing—Now how foolish you look—I say, your worship, doesn't this remind you of counting your fingers? Oh, you old flat!

Sir Thomas. Why, what is all this? And who the devil's Double?

Smalltrade. A great brewer and the son of an alderman! Latitat found him out, and has managed the whole business himself? Now, an't you prettily outwitted? And won't you allow that a banker's head is twice as deep as a justice's?

Sir Thomas. Hold your tongue, or——

Smalltrade. Curse me, but if I thought I shou'd ever be such an old flat as you, if I wou'dn't build powder mills on purpose to blow myself up in!—*(Music without.)*—Here he is!

here's the new member! I ordered Latitat to bring him here, that you might see with your own eyes, what a stupid fool we have made of you.

Sir Thomas. Did you? I'm very much obliged to you—But no brewer or alderman enters my garden—Here, William! Thomas! (*Going.*)

Smalltrade. (*holding him*) Now do—Stay and see how much you've exposed yourself.

Sir Thomas. I won't—Let me go.

Smalltrade. You sha'n't—here they come.

[*Long flourish of Clarinets, Trumpets, &c.*

Enter Pavè chair'a, with Electors, ROSA, and LATITAT.

Pavè. (*as he enters*) Gentlemen, you have return'd me as your representative, for which I return you my most hearty thanks, and to shew my gratitude, I invite all the country,—men, women, and children, to dine with Sir Thomas to-day, and to sup with little Certificate in the evening. (*turning round*) Huzza! I've done it at last!

Sir Thomas. Smalltrade, who's an old flat now?

Smalltrade. I am *doubled*, by all that's ridiculous.

Sir Thomas. Doesn't this give you a ticklish sensation? Isn't a banker's head twice as deep as a justice's?—And won't you build powder mills to blow yourself up in?

Smalltrade. So, Mr. Pain-in-the-face, (*to LATITAT*) You and the young alderman here have done it.

Latitat. Yes; we've done the thing genteelly! But don't be angry—the new member means to be liberal.

Pavè.

Pavè. Certainly—if either of the honourable gentlemen in my eye want franks.

Sir Thomas. Franks!—Sirrah——

Pavè. Order, Tommy—Order—Harkye, old Certificate! (*Whispers SMALLTRADE.*)

Smalltrade. How! You'll move to abolish country banks!

Sir Thomas. Ay, do:—I'll second that motion.

Pavè. Come here, Tommy. (*whispers him.*)

Sir Thomas. How! Move to stop canal cutting?

Smalltrade. Ay, do:—I'll second that motion!

Latitat. And encourage attornies, for they do the thing genteelly.

Pavè. Now I'm promoted, I can be a better patron than Sir Charles—I'll prefer you all.

Rosa. Will you?—that's charming.

Pavè. To you, Latitat, I give up your debt—To you, Tommy, I restore your contract, to you, old Certificate, I give my list of promises, to you Lady Henrietta, I give the man you love—And lastly, to you, Rosa, I give the best present of all, for I give you myself, my dear girl, and next to Mr. What's-his-name, dam'me, if I know a finer fellow.

Lady Henrietta. Nor I—Will you consent, Mr. Smalltrade.

Rosa. Will you, Sir Thomas?

Lady Henrietta. We'll put all our money in the country bank.

Rosa. And I'll never poach on the manor as long as I live.

Sir Thomas. Smalltrade!

Smalltrade. Roundhead!

Sir Thomas. Shall we?

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. Aye, we have shewn ourselves such a couple of old flats, that we can't expose ourselves any further—Here, Warford, take Lady Henrietta, and depend on't, my settlement shall be equal to the justice's.

Sir Thomas. And you, sir, (*to Pavè.*) since you are become a senator, take old Medium's daughter—One half of my estate goes to Henrietta—the other to you—that is, on condition you secure me the road—the common—the—
(*counting again.*)

Pavè. Softly, sir, softly—Counting may be ominous——

Lady Henrietta. And now, as most of us have tried different ways of growing rich, let us acknowledge, that while Sir Charles's plan has been the worst, Warford's has prov'd the best—for had the time the former wasted in dissipation and deception been employed like the latter, in honesty and industry, Sir Charles had now, like Warford, been rich and happy.

Smalltrade. Aye, application and œconomy is the surest road to riches.

Pavè. No—I'll shew you a better way—by gaining patronage and promotion here!

Here let our friends around support our
cause,

And we'll grow rich indeed—by their ap-
plause.

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

E P I L O G U E,

(Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq.)

And Spoken by Mr. LEWIS, in the Character of Pavè.

BEHOLD the hero, who with motives finifter,
Thought he had got the daughter of the minifter,
Thought too of getting from the nuptial feaft,
Twenty young Privy-Counfellors at leaft;
Now wife muft be content if we can difh up
A little Alderman, or tiny Bifhop—
Dad is a Minifter, but of a fort
That look for better places than at court;
Our new relations now will flock by dozens,
I fhall be teiz'd to death by caffock'd coufins—
Dear coz, accept my pray'r, and my thankfgiving—
You live but to do good—Give me that living—
A motley groupe we are, of faints and finners—
No birth-day fuits, no minifterial dinners!
Dinners indeed we have, with claffick gig,
Backgammon—fine October, and a pig;
But where's the levee troop, who fag and drudge it,
The fcrip, the loan, the omnium and the budget?
All wou'd grow great like me, yet all defpife
The humble path which led them firft to rife—
The purfe-proud tradesman, bred at Norton Falgate,
Grows tir'd of city feafts and clubs at Aldgate;
Madam, his lady too, is fick at heart,
With gaping daily at a Thames-ftreet cart,—
My fpoufe, ſhe cries, let's move to Grov'nor-square,
You'll foon be better duck, in better air,
Then we fhall fee fine folks, and have fine routs,
One can't get nothing tafty hereabouts,
Vittels are coarfe, and company quite coarferer,
And your poor cough grows worferer and worferer.
Pert Mifs and Mafter—Scions of the flock,
With equal rhet'ric urge the parent block.
Father, cries Dicky, let's live near St. James's—
Pall-Mall and Piccadilly! There the game is!

We

E P I L O G U E.

We get no money here, there's none to lend,
The city now's as bare as t'other end!
Nothing but paper—that indeed is plenty!
But not a guinea cash—I'll hold you twenty—
Suppose this charming party fix'd and settled,
Staring at belles high plum'd, and bucks high mettled;
Miss undertakes to school her boisterous brother,
Aided by hints from her sagacious mother—
Now, Dicky, since the guards abroad are gone,
Copy the smarts, and you may pass for one—
Have at your knees long strings and little buckles,
With scarlet waistcoat-sleeves below your knuckles;
Have a great coat, scarce half way down your back,
Your chin quite buried in a muslin sack!
Have—though for shirt, there's no great need of any,
Have—A fig's end, cries Dick, go teach your granny.
Mind your own dress, your gauses, and your gingums,
Your two-inch waist, and all your bunch of thingums!
A man may marry now without much fear,
His wife's shape won't be spoil'd within the year!
You sail like smugglers for illicit trading,
Under false colours, with false bills of lading!
What lading, brother? Why, the Pad, Miss Sophy!
I've made a seizure, and see here's the trophy.

[Takes out a Pad.

One word our Bard—ourselves to recommend—
We wish to laugh, but never to offend.

NOTORIETY

COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

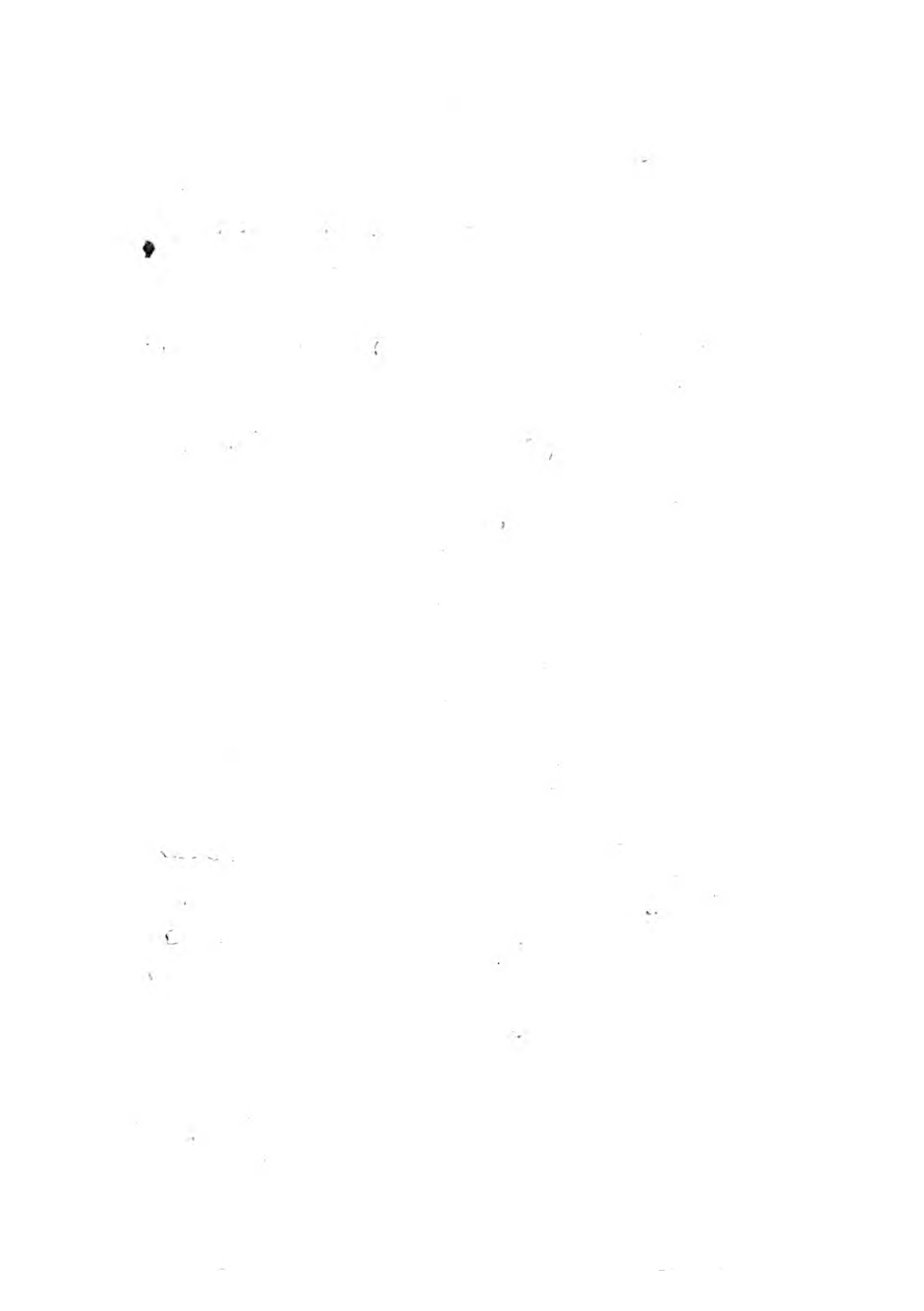
By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON

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1793.

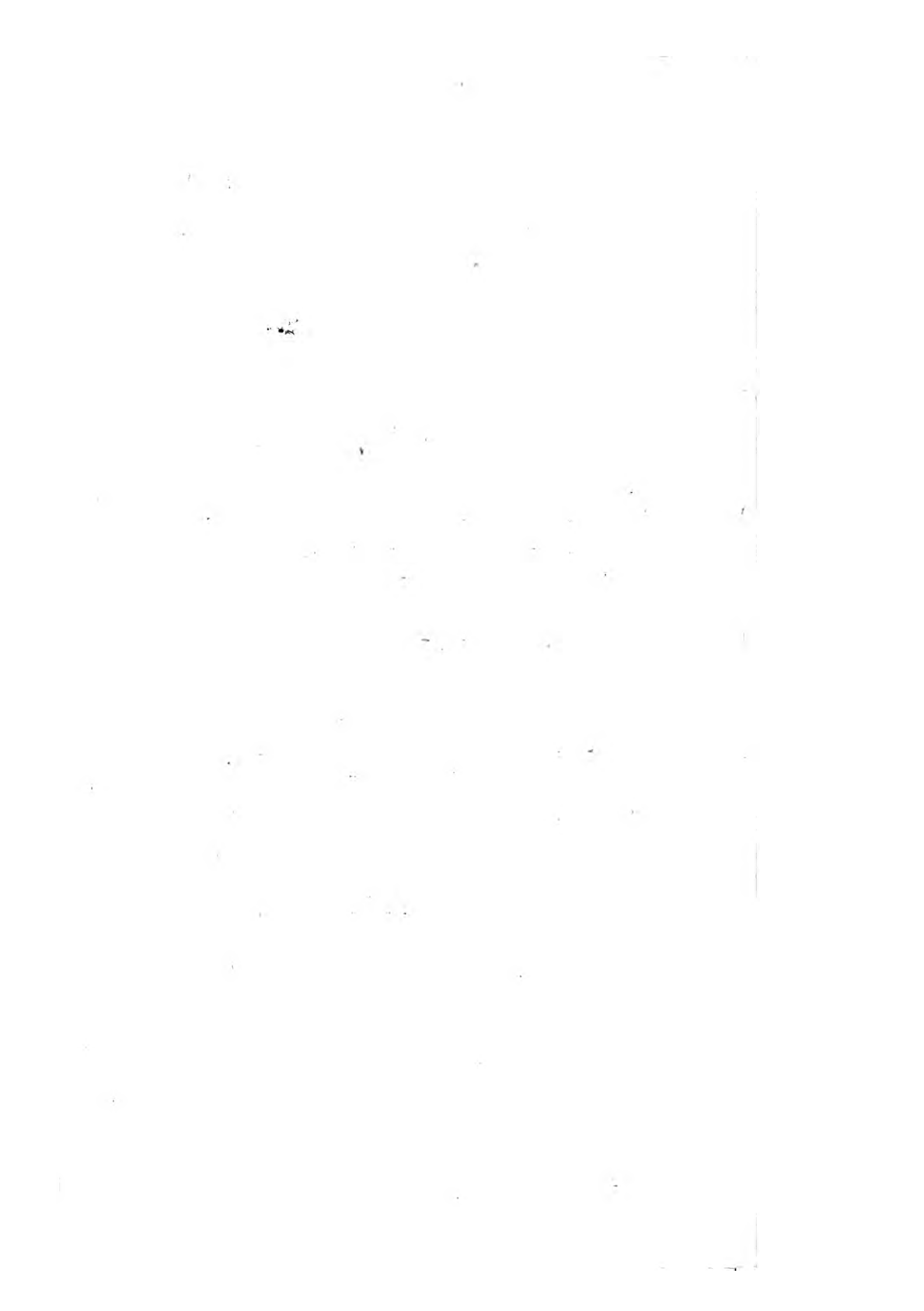


DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Nominal, - - - - - Mr. LEWIS.
Col. Hubbub (*bis Guardian*) Mr. QUICK.
Sir Andrew Acid, - - - - Mr. WILSON.
Lord Jargon, - - - - - Mr. MUNDEN.
Clairville (*bis Brother*) - Mr. FARREN.
Saunter, - - - - - Mr. DAVIES.
James, - - - - - Mr. FARLEY.
O'Whack, - - - - - Mr. JOHNSTONE.

Lady Acid, - - - - - Mrs. WEBB.
Sophia Strangeways }
(*Ward to Sir Andrew*) } Mrs. WELLS.
Honorina (*Niece to Col. Hubbub*) Mrs. ESTEN.

SCENE—*London.*



PROLOGUE.

Written by ROBERT MERRY, *Esq.*

OF all professions which have claim to pity,
The worst is his, who lives by being witty ;
For with light purse, spare diet, and small glee,
'Tis very hard to make a Comedy.
Rich men, and Lords, may write extremely fine,
Give Claret and Champagne in ev'ry line ;
But our poor Author, of a different sort,
Fears he can only offer humble Port.
Yet, as his guests have sometimes shown him favour,
He hopes, tho' it be new, you'll like the flavour.
Oh ! think an instant on a writer's pains,
Who, for your entertainment, racks his brains ;
Whole months alone, in chamber full of smoke,
He sits with sighs to meditate the joke ;
And far remov'd from mirthful recreation,
Labours to find a comic situation.
'Tis surely somewhat difficult to seize
The moment *when*, the manner *how* to please ;
For snarling Critics, wond'rous wise and able,
Pronounce it trick to hide beneath a table ;
Or if a buck-basket we now should show,
They'd say, " the sad buffoonery was low."
To make you laugh they deem a heinous crime,
Condemn all stage-effect, as Pantomime ;
And still demand, what never was display'd,
A perfect piece, or light without a shade.

P R O L O G U E.

In spite of this, our agonizing Bard,
Seeks from your hands, his noblest, best reward;
And dares, regardless of illib'ral strife,
Expose the fopperies of *modern life*.
But if (that you some novelty may see)
He should outstep fair nature's modesty,
Reflect how often the Dramatic mines
Have ransack'd been, of ev'ry gem that shines;
Nor let on him your hasty censures fall,
Who would be, if he cou'd, *original*.

EPILOGUE.

Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, *Esq.*

And Spoken by Mr. LEWIS, *in the Character of* NOMINAL.

ONCE more, my friends, here's Nominal the glorious,
Again attempting to be more notorious.

What's life without it? Ask the Buck, the Wit;
The fashion'd Peer, and the no-fashion'd Cit.
Renown's the word--Men, Women, Girls and Boys,
Write, fight, game, drink, and dress to make a noise.

"Dam'me, I'm up to that, cries Bobby Crop,

"No fellow in the town shall me out-top;

"I'll have a dock as close as young Lord Wizen,

"For dam'me, an't my head as thick as his'n?"

Then, like a fighting cock, trimm'd short and bare,
He mounts his spurs, and crows away---look there!
What crowds of desp'rate heroes fall for fame,
And lose their characters to raise a name.

See the fine wife of some plain country 'Squire,
To ev'ry town-bred folly swift aspire---

See her each night, with all the force she's able,

Fly to be talk'd of at the Faro table---

Fat Mrs. Duckleg whispers to her spouse,

Why, Hubby, love, I knows now what I knows.

Look what a thriving man is neighbour Wittle,

It's all because his wife shows off a little.

Had I fine clothes, I have a manner too,

And you might hold your head as others do.

But coopt up thus, like a meer hoddody-doddy,

Nobody knows that one is any body.

Thus

EPILOGUE.

Thus wide diffus'd thro' all this bustling town
Reigns the strong principle of being known---
Above the rest---amongst the wits most witty,
In dress and talk, 's your Jemmy from the city.
His coat, by some unlucky taylor trusted,
Hangs off his back, as going to be dusted ;
While in the Upper Boxes, fully known,
He sports a language which is quite his own.

“ Eh, Jack! On Change to day? How goes Lot. Tick? }
“ Ha---seen Bob's Curricl---it goes curst quick. }
“ The Builder says---'twixt us---it goes on tick--- }
“ Been dipping, hey, at Margate or at Brighton ?
“ Touch'd ten last night, and ev'ry one a light one.
“ Hey, Tom, how do?---Oh, is that you, Dick Docket !
“ You've stole my stick---No, damme, it's in my pocket.”
There's proof enough, we trust you will agree,
That life's great aim, is Notoriety.
Our Bard and I, acknowledge both this feature,
And hope we shall be known by your good nature.

N O T O R I E T Y :

A

C O M E D Y.

F A C T I.

SCENE, *An Apartment at Sir ANDREW'S—
Two Doors open in Flat—Bells ring.*

Enter JAMES from Door, and another Servant.

JAMES.

RUN—fly—scamper—Don't you hear the
company are breaking up?—Call Lord
Jargon's carriage.

*Lady ACID appears at Door, curtsying as if taking
leave of somebody.*

Lady A. Good night, my Lord—Delightful
man! I am determined he shall be in possession
of

B

of

of Honoria—if it's only in return for his attachment to me.—James, call up the carriages, and see the company disposed of—I'm so fatigued!—Heigho!—Seven o'clock again! I hav'nt been to bed any sooner this fortnight.

Sir ANDREW (without).

Sir Andr. Where are all the servants?

(Without)

Lady A. Here's my fretful husband just got up! He's so old-fashioned, and so sour—He's never pleased, but when others are vexed—and never unhappy, but when his friends are happy.

Enter Sir ANDREW, in Night-Gown and Cap.

So, my life!—just got up, I suppose?

Sir Andr. So, my soul—just going to bed, I suppose?—What! at the old work—Rout, ball, or concert, heh! Making fools happy with my money?

Lady A. Psha! you've no idea of life.

Sir Andr. No—but I have of death—It would kill me in a fortnight—Besides, every body laughs at you—Not one of your acquaintance—who, by the bye, have loved and hated each other all round—but, on leaving the room, exclaims—“Well! it's very fine! mighty grand! But will it last? Won't there be a crush by and bye?”

Lady A. Ridiculous, Sir Andrew! An't I visited by every body? Don't all the beau-monde attend Lady Acid's parties?

Sir Andr. The beau-monde! Why, they'll visit any body that is fool enough to invite them.—Let who will give an expensive entertainment, they'll

they'll flock to it, like rooks about a ruin.—But this won't do—It's seven o'clock, and I must be eating.—Here—you Sir (*Enter James*), bring my breakfast.

James. Breakfast!—What, here, Sir? [*Exit.*]

Sir Andr. Yes;—here, Sir.—I am sure the beau-monde (as your Ladyship calls them) will have no objection to something substantial. Poor devils! at these sort of parties they get nothing to feed on but scandal and faro.

Lady A. Provoking, Sir Andrew!—You're always teasing and vexing me; and I insist on knowing what part of my conduct—

Sir Andr. Hold—don't suppose I suspect your character.—No—'midst all your gaieties, I still believe you to be so constant and honourable, that there's no indulging oneself in finding fault with you.

Lady A. If you don't think so, your cousin Colonel Hubbub does, or he would never have trusted me with the care of his niece Honoria.—But I leave you to your ill-nature.

Sir Andr. Ay; go to bed—You to your pillow—I to my coffee.

Lady A. Mind me, Sir—If you see Honoria, give her the advice I desired you.—Tell her the Colonel has written for his ward, Mr. Nominal, to challenge that wretch Clairville, and that I shall do all in my power to give her to Lord Jargon—And so, good night, most good-humour'd husband!

Sir Andr. And so, good morning, most sweet-temper'd wife! [*Exit Lady A.*] I've made her unhappy, however.—'Gad, I don't know how it is, I like to see every body's face as long as my

own.—(*Breakfast brought in*) Here it comes—
 And here's the paper. (*Sits down, and takes up
 newspaper.*) Now for it!—Now for bad news!
 “Theatre Royal—New Comedy.”—Psha! mak-
 ing people grin and distort their faces.—Give
 me a deep, horrible, agreeable Tragedy—
 “Bankrupts.”—Ay, here they are—“One—
 “two—three—thirteen.”—Come, very well!
 —that's very well!—“Promotions.”—There
 they are with their curst joy again!—“Stocks
 fallen one and a half.”—Some lame ducks, how-
 ever—“Marriages—ten.”—Well! long life to
 you, for you'll be as miserable——

Enter HONORIA (from Doors).

Hon. Dear Sir, ten thousand pardons—I
 thought to have found your ward Miss Strange-
 ways here.

Sir Andr. Sit down, Honoria, sit down—I
 want to talk to you—Come, take some breakfast.

Hon. Breakfast!—I hav'n't been to rest yet—
 You forget the joys of high life, Sir!

Sir Andr. Joys!—She's happy too!—Um!
 —Silly, ignorant girl, to take pleasure in such
 unmeaning scenes!

Hon. Pleasure! They give me pain, Sir—mi-
 fery.

Sir Andr. Do they? Take some breakfast.
 (*Offers her some.*)

Hon. What have I been doing to-night, Sir?
 —Talking to men I detest, and listening to women
 I despise—mixing with people who have neither
 feeling, amity, nor sense.—This I have done for
 years, and this I must still persevere in; for my
 education

education has taught me to smile when I was miserable, and to be fashionable at the expence of my peace.

Sir Andr. Sweet creature! How prettily she prattles! Go on.

Hon. Yes, Sir; with a mind naturally attached to domestic happiness, I am compelled to deride all peaceful scenes, because my uncle, the Colonel, who has cruelly delivered me to the care of your wife, Sir—But I interrupt you—I see I do—I'll keep my sorrows to myself.

Sir Andr. Don't—don't keep them to yourself—I like to hear you talk about sorrow and misery; and if you know of any more elsewhere, you'll not offend me by imparting it! But now I think on't, tell me that unlucky story of the fellow ascending your window by a rope ladder.

Hon. Fellow! Sir Andrew! When you are more respectful, I'll talk to you—till when—
(*Going.*)

Sir Andr. (*Stops her.*) Stay—be not offended—I'll sympathize with you, Honoria—I'll give you sigh for sigh, and tear for tear. Come, make me your confidant, and you shan't repent it.—Nay, you must—you shall—I do love to hear a tale of woe!

Hon. (*sitting.*) Oh, Sir! how have I been slandered and defamed! I never knew Mr. Clairville but as a friend—as a protector: that we had secret meetings I cannot deny; but I was never alone—your ward Sophia was always present—and she will witness to the world that he was too honourable to make base proposals, and I too unfashionable to accept them.

Sir Andr. Go on—I like to hear you, Honoria.

If

If I remember, your acquaintance began at the Colonel's villa in the Isle of Wight, when you were sailing, and fell from the vessel.

Hon. Yes, Sir; and while his brother, Lord Jargon, and other foplings of the party, who before had offered up their lives to serve me, while they stood idly on the deck, and saw me just expiring—Clairville, then a stranger, leaped from another vessel, and, plunging midst the waves, caught me in his arms, and brought me safe to land.—Then came the conflict—The Colonel's boat, by adverse winds, was blown from shore; and I and my deliverer remained part of that day alone.—I saw, compared, and loved—his heart beat in unison with mine; and now, Sir, do you pity or condemn me?

Sir Andr. I pity you, pity you sincerely, and curse the Colonel for placing you under the care of my wife, because I know the designs you for Lord Jargon—But Nominal, whom your uncle intends for your husband, is hourly expected from France.

Hon. Talk not of that, Sir; for I dread the consequences of his arrival.—The night Clairville was discovered in my apartment, the Colonel told him he would send for his ward Nominal, to avenge the injured honour of his family! Oh, Sir, if a duel should ensue!—Yet, if Clairville receives my letter, that and other ills may be prevented (*aside*)—But somebody is coming, Sir—allow me to retire.

Sir Andr. Do, and depend on my protection, Honoria—I am always a friend to the unhappy.—Good morning. [*Exit Honoria.*] So, there goes another long face!—Here's my ward, the cele-

celebrated Miss Strangeways — She's an authoress, an actress, a musician, a painter, and, in short, every thing.—I know she's in love with me, and I'll have the satisfaction of teasing her foul out.

Enter Miss STRANGEWAYS (with a Paper in her Hand).

Sophia. Positively, I will be revenged.—The Colonel does nothing but make love to me.—Heigho! I'm so fatigued, Guardy—and it's in vain going to bed, I've so many places to call at.

Sir Andr. What! all over the town, as usual?

Sophia. Yes; first I'm going to Lady Buffle's, to finish my picture of her little French lap-dog—then to call at the bookseller's, and correct the press—then to leave this farewell ode to my dear Jugglamintha, at the newspaper office. (*Reading.*)

“ Oh! thou, whose amaranthine feelings know
“ The iron agonies of copper woe.”

Sir Andr. Iron agonies of copper woe! That's a fine line, and charmingly distressing.

Sophia. Yes; and then I'm going to rehearse a new tragedy at the private Theatre; and, if you'll believe me, my dying scene is yet unsettled.

Sir Andr. That's a great pity, Sophia—for I think the dying scene the best part of the play.

Sophia. Yes; but one insists on my dying on one side of the stage, another, on the other.—Now, what am I to do?

Sir

Sir *Andr.* Why, what many great politicians have done before you—die between both sides.—But, my angel, when am I to be honoured with an assignation—a tête-à-tête, heh?

Sophia. Fie, Guardy!—You know I told you I loved you better than the Colonel, and—that I'd make fools of you both before I'd done with you. (*Aside.*)

O'WHACK (*without*).

O'Whack. (*without.*) Arrah! stand by now! I am the valet de chambre to Mr. Nominal.

Sir *Andr.* As I live, Nominal is arrived! This is his Irish servant, who, to his brogue, has joined a smattering of French—Do stay and hear him.

Sophia. What! mix Irish with French!

Sir *Andr.* So it seems; and he so confounds the two languages, he is scarcely intelligible—But here he comes.

Enter O'WHACK, followed by JAMES.

O'Whack. Mon Dieu! you dirty blackguard! don't you know me by my politesse? Jontleman and lady, your most obedient—By the red nose of Saint Patrick I am toute nouveau; and, d'ye see, I would be after spaking to my master's guardian, Colonel Hubbub.

Sir *Andr.* How is your master? Is he as singular as his guardian describes him?

Sophia. Singular! What, is he like the Colonel, Sir Andrew?

Sir *Andr.* The image of him—While at college his love of notoriety first displayed itself;

but by living entirely with English abroad, he is become as eccentric and absurd as the Colonel wishes him.

O'Whack. By the powers! you've hit it—Ma foi! he is toujours wanting to get into notice; and between our three selves, he keeps me as his valet, friseur, and all that, only because I perplex, and make a noise, and am quite au fait at botheration wherever I go.

Sophia. Pray, what brings Mr. Nominal so suddenly from France? Isn't it something about an affair of honour?

O'Whack. Oui; you may say that—He is come to challenge one Clairville for getting into the window of Mademoiselle Honoria: and to be sure he won't give the young seducer a little snug dejeuner of cold lead.

Sophia. 'Tis so then—Poor Clairville!

Sir Andr. Tell us now, had you a pleasant journey?

O'Whack. Pleasant! Oh! by the eternal powers, tout au contraire, my dear: we were stopped, and robbed, and murdered; that is, we should have been, but for a fine young haroe, who came and rescued us! Marbleu! he made them skip like frogs.

Sir Andr. A robbery and a duel! This journey may produce much pleasing distress—Pray, who was this young haroe?

O'Whack. Je ne sçai pas, honey—But you may talk of your Cæsars, Cleopatras, and Paddy-Whacks—he beats all your champions of posterity.—Oh! had you seen, when my master and I were sprawling, how he laid about him with his bit of timber—Depend on't, as our fille de cham-

bre faid, the shillaly is the true je ne sçai quoi, after all.

Sophia. A very entertaining fellow, Sir Andrew.—What's your name, friend?

O'Whack. Blunder O'Whack, Jontleman! The Blunders are the oldest family in Ireland—We were planted there like so many potatys, by a great General, who was afterwards Lord Lieutenant to King—What d'ye call the old monarque?—Oh! King Lear—Ay, that's it—King Lear.

Sophia. King Lear!

O'Whack. C'est vrai, Miss—and after that, the family got a curst tumble about the reign of Jack Cade—Pardonnez moi, tho'—I forget my business—I must be after informing the Colonel of his ward's arrival.

Sir Andr. Spare yourself the trouble, Mr. O'Whack—Colonel Hubbub is not here—but I'll take care to inform him.

O'Whack. Je vous remercie, my dear—But do you mind now—depêchez-vous, and tell him, my master's so particular in his person and manners, that you may hear of him any where—Monsieur, good luck to you!—My Lady, j'ai l'honneur d'être très-humble serviteur!—Oh! by my soul! the true comme il faut's better than whiskey. [Exit.

Sophia. If the servant is a picture of the master, Nominal will have too much good humour to quarrel with Clairville.—'Faith! I almost love him by description—But I must leave you—Guardy, adieu!

Sir Andr. Nay, don't hurry, my angel—it's too soon for the dying scene.

Sophia. I know it ;—but first I'm going to see a friend.

Sir Andr. See a friend ! Then pray let me go with you ; for that's a thing I never saw in my life. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *The Park.*

Enter O'WHACK, with Books under his Arm.

O'Whack. By Saint Dennis ! these law gentlemen are as heavy—I wonder what my master would be after with them. Ce me fait rien—I must take them home as he ordered me.

Enter SAUNTER (spying and looking out at NOMINAL).

Saun. Astonishing ! I never saw a man so dressed walk the streets before. Who can it be ? (*Turning round, sees O'Whack, who bows to him*)—Ha ! O'Whack ! how came you here ? What, is your master, my old college friend, returned from his travels ?

O'Whack. Oui, your honour—et la voilà ! there he is !

Saun. What, is that Nominal ? Well, this is excellent !—I knew Nominal always loved singularity ; but I never thought he'd make himself so particular, that his friends shou'dn't know him.

O'Whack. C'est extraordinaire, my dear—but with all his oddities, you can't help loving him.

—Oh! his heart is as warm as l'eau de vie, and his soul—by St. Patrick, the rest of the world's all blarney to him!

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Ah, Saunter, my dear fellow! Well, what do you think? Won't it do? Sha'n't I take, heh?—Harkye, I have them already.

Saun. Have! Whom?

Nom. Every body, you dog, every body! I've got a name—they stare at me—point at me—laugh at me every where. An't I a happy fellow, heh?

Saun. If happiness consists in being laughed at, you are—But, Nominal, wou'dn't it be as well to be known for being rational, as being ridiculous?

Nom. Rational! Pshoo! A plain sensible man is never thought of now. Who the devil ever thinks or cares about such a sober, honest fellow as you—who pay every body, and offend nobody?—But I now—such a rogue as I, who pay nobody, and offend every body—why, they all like me. They court me as a new acquaintance, not cut me as an old friend, my boy.

Saun. Well, every man in his way—For my part, I detest singularity.

Nom. Then you're an undone man; for, by being singular in nothing, you'll be despised in every thing.—For instance now, George—When you go into company, and inquisitive people say—“Who is he?—What, Mr. Saunter?” nobody can describe you—You have been guilty of no absurdities—no improprieties. But when I condescend to enter a room, there's
a ge-

a general buz of applause, and the women all whisper, “That’s he, the famous Ned Nominal! “who games, who drinks, who fights, who “intrigues. Oh! the sprightly, vicious fellow!” In short, George,—I’m a public character.

Saun. A public character! What then?

Nom. Why, then, I make a damned noise without any meaning.

Saun. Believe me, Nominal, you are deceived.—A character so usefess can neither excite admiration, nor attention.

Nom. Usefess! Oh, George, George!—how little dost thou know of modern life!—Usefess!—That’s the very thing that makes me. Now, let me put a plain and simple question to you—Isn’t a cat that walks on four legs a useful animal?

Saun. A cat on four legs useful?—’Tis an odd question—Certainly.

Nom. Very well. And what do you think of a cat with only two legs? Why, it’s usefess; and yet you and the rest of the world shall give it twice the admiration, and attention. And there’s the difference between us, George.—You are a very useful, worthy fellow, and consequently are despised—I am a very usefess, mischievous fellow, and, of course, am admired—Therefore, my dear boy, take my advice—expose yourself, and get into notice.

Saun. Why, you are the counterpart of your guardian, the Colonel; and when he finds you thus bitten with the love of notoriety, he’ll be delighted—transported.

Nom. Yes; but I mean to disappoint him.

Saun. Disappoint him!

Nom.

Nom. Ay; and for three reasons, George.—First, because he wants me to marry Honoria, a girl I don't care for—Secondly, because he has brought me to fight one Clairville, a poor devil I never saw—And thirdly, because being in Opposition makes more noise than being under Government.—You understand me—I mean to quarrel with him.

Saun. And how will you contrive it?

Nom. His greatest antipathy is to law and lawyers. I'll pass on him as a student.

Saun. Student! Why, you don't understand the practice.

Nom. No; who the devil does? But a little goes a great way, George—so never fear.

Saun. Well, I must leave you for the present, for I have business elsewhere.—I'll see you tomorrow; and in the mean time success to your studies, your sports, and singularities! [*Exit.*

Nom. (*looking after him.*) What an old-fashioned appearance! I wish I had him a little—I'd soon teach him how to expose himself.—O'Whack!

O'Whack. Toujours prêt, your honour.

Nom. Take these law books home—put them on the table, and give the room a studious appearance for the reception of my guardian.—You know what I intend.

O'Whack. Oh! leave me alone for catching the old fox—I'll do it sans ceremonie.—Your honour—see who's coming this way—By my salvation, it's the sweet young haroe that saved us and our chapeaus from the robbers!

Nom. That's lucky. I want to thank him.—Besides, if the robbery is well introduced in the papers,

papers, it may give an eclat to my arrival ; and, some way or other, I must be before the public every day.

Enter CLAIRVILLE, with a Letter in his Hand.

Clair. Joy ! Give me joy, Sir !—Excuse this freedom from a stranger ; but bliss so unexpected—so exquisite, was never known before.

Nom. What ! it's all in print, is it ? The whole robbery ! Well ; what do they say of me ?

Clair. Oh, Sir ! when we parted last night, I was miserable—I fancied I had lost the loveliest creature the world e'er wondered at—but picture the reverse !

Nom. Curse the reverse ! So, I'm to be robbed, and get nothing by it !

Clair. In this letter she tells me, that, to-night, she will give me a private interview !—Yes ; tho' my father left, with his title, his estate to my brother, and that brother has cruelly deserted me—yet, at this moment, I'm the happiest man alive. But excuse me—I am all haste, all anxiety to prepare for the appointment. [*Going.*]

Nom. Hold, Sir, hold ! 'Gad, who knows but this private interview may lead to a public uproar ? and as he did me a service—(*aside*) Sir, I am much indebted to you—and if I can be of any use—

Clair. None in the least ; I thank you.—Yet, now I think on't, Honoria is so narrowly watched, that a friend may be necessary.—He seems a Gentleman, tho' an odd one—I'll accept his offer. (*Aside*) Sir, you may assist me.

Nom. How, how ?

Clair. The Lady, Sir, whose name, as well

as my own, I must beg leave to conceal, is so much suspected by her family, that, alone, I may be interrupted in the interview.—If, therefore, you will meet me at Grosvenor Gate at ten o'clock, I will conduct you to the house, which is a short way from town—But if we are discovered, and the business becomes public—

Nom. Why, then, I shall be doubly obliged to you.

Clair. Well; but if your name is brought forward and abused?

Nom. Why, then the obligation will be trebled. I like abuse, and I'll tell you why—It brings one into notice; and if somebody doesn't cut me up, I mean to do it myself.

Clair. How! abuse yourself!

Nom. Certainly—for, if I don't let people know what a singular, absurd, useless sort of fellow I am, how will they find it out? Silence sinks you into obscurity, my boy; and for my part, I had rather be laughed at for standing in the pillory, than not noticed at all.

Clair. Well; this is the strangest system! What, you want to get a name, I suppose?

Nom. I do; and, Heaven be praised, 'tis easier now to be obtained than in days of yore. Then, conquest, patriotism and virtue were the only paths to fame; but now-a-days, eccentricity, impudence and dissipation settle the business—And if I don't cut out Cæsar or Mark Antony to-morrow—But come along—I have some law business with my guardian; and, after that, for you and your interview.

Clair. Ten thousand thanks.—But may I ask how you intend getting a name to-morrow?

Nom.

Nem. I'll tell you—I mean to fight a duel, commence an intrigue, and complete an elopement—But where are the Ladies, or who is the Gentleman, I neither know, nor can inform you—Only be assured, I'll accomplish it, and then, my boy! when I lack wit, I'll boast of my exploits; and when I want money—Why, I'll shew myself as a curiosity! So allons!

[*Exeunt.*]

END of ACT I.

D

SCENE,

ACT II.

SCENE, NOMINAL'S Lodgings—[Table with Books on it]—O'WHACK discovered placing the Books.

O'Whack. The Colonel will be here dans une moment.—If my master hadn't l'argent enough of his own, he wou'dn't be after tazing his old Guardian in this manner—Voilà! tout est arrangé, and now to receive him a la mode de François, as we say in Ireland.

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB, and Sir ANDREW ACID.

COL.

[Dancing and singing] Ti, di, di, di!

Sir Andr. Keep quiet, I tell you—Oh, curse your joy.

Col. Ti, di, di, di! The lad of spirit! The boy after his Guardian's own heart!—Here, here's a contract to marry my niece Honoria.

Sir Andr. Be serious, I tell you, grinning don't become you.

Col. Here, this gives him my niece with thirty thousand pounds, and if he had returned a solid, studious, good for nothing sort of young man, do you think I'd have signed it? No! but to have him come home a dashing dog!—a choice spirit! Ods heart; if his uncle, the old General, was alive, he'd die with joy!

Sir Andr. Old General, indeed! A pretty uncle he was to leave his nephew to the care of such a Guardian as you—But I remember him, he loved dissipation, and despised prudence as much as yourself.

Col.

Col. He did; and he appointed me Guardian to the dear boy, that I might see the glorious breed preserv'd! and now he is a choice spirit.

Sir Andr. A choice devil! What, you want him to be a fellow who can fight a duel in one field, and be second in another? Who drinks hard, and rides harder; who talks much, thinks little, and reads less; who carries off young women, and runs away from old ones!—In short, who loves notoriety, and makes noise and confusion wherever he goes!

Col. That's it! You've hit it exactly—only with this difference, that, tho' I despise prudence, I detest knavery; and if ever he behaves like a villain, if ever he does a dishonorable action, I'll cut him off with a shilling, and I know the old General would have done the same—But where is he? Ti, di, di, di! Od, I'm so happy—
[Offers to take snuff out of Sir ANDREW'S box, who refuses it] Why what's the matter with you, cousin? You don't seem to partake my joy,

Sir Andr. Yes, I do—nothing so pleasant as to see ev'ry body on the broad grin. I hope it will last, that's all! But I know you mean to ruin him, as you have your Niece Honoria, instead of improving her mind, teaching her the languages—

Col. Her the languages? Why, old boy, hav'n't you found out that one tongue is enough for a woman?—No, no; I have brought her into high life—sent her to Concerts—Operas.—

Sir Andr. Operas! Now that's a pretty business—to pay a piece of gold to set five or six hours in a house, where you fall asleep to save hearing what you don't understand.

Col. Five or six hours! Psha! that's nothing to what I do—I pay some thousand pieces of gold, to sit seven years in another house, where I must fall asleep; for, hang me, if ever I heard a word I understood!

O'Whack. Bon! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Andr. So here's another merry rascal! Ay, do look at each other, and smile—I never saw one fool look at another in the face without grinning [*Exit O'Whack*].—And give me leave to tell you Colonel—

Col. Well! don't be angry—Isn't it strange you can't bear to see every body happy? But come, where's the boy, the Heart of Oak? [*Looking over books on table*] Why, what's here? A Law Dictionary!

Sir Andr. A Law Dictionary! Something serious at last! [*reads*] “Acto Quinto Jacobo primo”—No hazard table!

Col. Hazard! Ay, that's right—making himself master of that fine art Law! S'blood! if he had the least inclination for that solemn, fable profession, I'd break his bones! I'd—but he comes! the dear profligate comes! Ti, di, di, di! My boy, my life!

Enter Nominal (in a dressing gown, reading a book)

Nom. C. cuts off the remainder, and D. loses his tail.

Col. Come, my darling—Let's hear of your frolics—Mine and the General's old tricks?

Nom. [*Still reading*] That infernal tail!—Ha, Guardian! Sir Andrew! Both welcome! Been at the Hall lately? [*To Colonel.*]

Col. Been at the devil!—Come let's hear of your pranks!

Sir

Sir Andr. Gad, if he shou'd turn out studious after all!

Nom. Curious cause this morning—Friend Paul Prig for Plaintiff—tell you his speech.

Col. Why, what are you at?

Nom. He 'rose, twirl'd his band—began—“My Lord!—hem! Gemmen of the Jury—hem!—I'm for Plaintiff—I think—I know—I've read my brief—hem!”—Nodding and cocking his eye to the Jury.

Sir Andr. Cocking his eye to Jury!

Nom. Yes, better than any talking—“My Lord—hem! I see—I see, I know I'm right”—cocking again—I've done—hem!—Foreman winks—Judge fums up—Verdict for Paul—Clients ruin'd—All the young Prigs laugh—Any thing makes them laugh—hem!

Col. Zounds! What is all this? Let's hear.

Nom. Hear! Never without fee—Name your case—Joint Trustees perhaps—if not, why not?—What are your ages?

Col. What are our ages?

Nom. Infants very like.

Sir Andr. I an infant! Why, I was never more deceiv'd in my life. Colonel, this is the most studious choice spirit I ever saw—I give you joy! (*Offering him Snuff*)—Young man, this capering grinning gentleman described you as a perfect rake—I expected to see you reading Hoyle—Do you mean to pursue the profession?

Nom. Certainly.—Student now—hereafter, Counsel—Been at the Old Baily lately? [*To Col.*]

Col. Old Baily! Look ye, you dog! leave off this foolery, or—

Sir

Sir Andr. I'm delighted, Cousin! Now, why don't you partake my joy?—Faith! I must go and tell my wife and ward of this—Mr. Nominal, I'm sorry I'm obliged to leave you.—

Col. Leave him! Why don't you go then?

Sir Andr. Give me your hand [*to Nom.*] persevere in your studies, and I and Lady Acid shall be always happy in your company—Good day—Colonel, don't make long faces, he'll make full as much noise and confusion in his present profession—tho' he won't fire a pistol, he can file a Bill in Chancery; and which is the least mischievous, I leave you to determine—hem!

[*Offers Snuff again and Exit.*]

Col. Rat you! I'm glad you're gone—Now, my dear boy, it's all very well to appear prudent and studious before that stupid old fool; but since he's gone, lay aside this trifling.—Come leave off talking about such low, dull nonsense, as Counsellors and Westminster Hall, and let's hear you speak like a man of sense, about fighting, drinking, racing—

Nom. Racing! as I hope for the seals, here's the case—Look! [*Shews a book.*]

Col. What! do you persist in your ignorance?

Nom. Never read Puffendorff! Heh! fine book—better than army list.

Col. Look ye, I have done with you for ever—Oh, you senseless blockhead! to be making money, instead of spending it—to be following a prudent, stale, old-fashioned profession, instead of being ruin'd and getting into high life, you dog!—*You* avenge Honoria's honor! S'death! I'll beat Clairville myself, and before I hear of you,

you, Puffendorff, or Paul Prig again, I'll marry her to a drummer, or a common trooper—I will, you stupid inflexible upright rascal!

Nom. Now I am satisfied. (*Aside.*)

Enter O'WHACK.

O'Whack. Ecoutez, your honor—the strange young Haroe is waiting for you at Grosvenor Gate.

Nom. I'll come directly—leave my travelling coat in the hall—Guardy, adieu—Brother Prig waiting.

Col. Stay; one rational word before you go—wou'd you—

Nom. Hush! can't stay, reply another day—Mean time find me in the Hall—Adieu! Law's a fine profession—puts an end to grinning, transports, extacies—Adieu! Leave you with Puffendorff—hem! [*Exit.*]

Col. Here's treatment! Leave a Colonel in the army alone with Puffendorff! Ignorant puppy! to give up fashionable life for a profession, in which the greatness of his reputation is chiefly known by the size of his wig—Where! [*Seeing O'WHACK*] You too, you Irish, French, pyeball rascal! You help'd this pretty reformation, I suppose!

O'Whack. Point de tout, your honor—your ownself cou'dn't have set him a more dissipated example than I did—Oh! à Paris, mon Colonel! to be sure I did'nt lead him into any mischief at all—at all!

Col. What do you mean?

O'Whack. Tacez vous, Jewel!—When I slept out all night, got drunk with usquebaugh, intrigued

trigued with the Marchioness Tipperary, and bate her poor husband; it was only to oblige your honor, that I might stand before you, and say—
 “Voila! Monsieur O’Whack, who kept it up
 “to the last!”

Col. Why, you impertinent—do you mean to laugh at me? Marchioness Tipperary, indeed!

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, Sir! a word with you—Miss Honoria’s window is open, and she and Miss Sophia are waiting for Mr. Clairville.

Col. Sophia with her! That’s lucky—Harky’, is Lady Acid at home?

James, No, Sir; she and Sir Andrew are just gone out together—But Miss Sophia asked me, whether you were expected there to-night.

Col. She did, did she?—Oh, it’s plain she can’t live without me—Poor lovesick creature! I’ll go and comfort her—I’ll lock up Honoria, kick Clairville out of the house, and thus have her all to myself—Shew me down, Sirrah, and, d’ye hear? tell your studious master, I’m gone to chastise the man I desired him to challenge—Yes, I’ll so shame him by beating this Clairville.

O’Whack. Ay, by St. Patrick, bate him, your honor, as I did the Marquis de Tipperary—Par ici—this way!—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—

SCENE—*The Outside of SIR ANDREW'S House
in the Country—Stage darkened.*

Enter CLAIRVILLE.

Clair. Where is this friend who was to have assisted in the enterprize?—I have sent my servant to look for him, for, alone, I can undertake nothing—Oh, Honoria! Let me but once more see you, and know you are my friend, and I will ask no more—No, never while I live, will I think of deluding her from her family; with them, she has all that wealth and splendour can afford; and with me, how severe will be the reverse! I know the Colonel has brought his ward Nominal from France, to call me to account for my presumption—but of that, I think not—let me but gain this last interview—Ha! here's the stranger!

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. A thousand pardons—I've been talking law, so no wonder at delay—Well!—here we are! and do you know this business puts me in mind of what I came to England for.

Clair. What was that?

Nom. Oh! only to beat a Gentleman for scaling a rope ladder—that's all.—Some poor, stupid fellow! But we won't talk of that—Where's the girl? Heh?

Clair. 'Tis past the time she promised to appear at the window—But, understand me, Sir— all I wish to obtain is an interview! to know she approves my past conduct, and takes an interest in my future—Therefore, what I request of you is this—While I guard the house with-

E in,

in, you watch the door without; don't let a soul enter.

Nom. Me! I'll beat the watch, kick the constable, and cane all the trading justices in town, before you shall lose one tender moment.

HONORIA at the Window.

Hon. Sir! Sir!

Clair. Ha! she comes! Like a new world she breaks upon me! Oh! let me fly to welcome her!

Nom. Oh! let me fly to welcome her! [*mimicking*] Now, who she is, or who the house belongs to, or what it all means, hang me if I know or care! Only this, that if there was a noise, there might be a discovery!—if a discovery, a pursuit!—if a pursuit, a rescue!—and then, oh! what a figure I shou'd cut.

Hon. Come in instantly, or you may be discover'd.

Nom. [*to Clairville*] Hark ye, if you are discover'd, and are afraid to mention your own name, make use of mine.—I'm not ashamed of this, or any business!

Clair. I have no fears [*opening the door*] Now, now, Sir, envy me! [*Exit into House.*]

Nom. Envy you! That I do.—He'll have all the fame to himself, and here I stand as melancholy as a mile-stone—How provokingly quiet every thing is—S'death! is there no noise to wake the old Guardian! is there no noise! Oh for the squeaking of a child, the smashing of a lamp, or the howling of a husband at being thumpt by his wife! No up roar!

SOPHIA

SOPHIA at the Window.

Sophia. Sir, as you are anxious to assist your friend, will you be kind enough to tell my servant, who is somewhere near, to come home—for if he is observed—

Nom. I will, Madam—Who the devil's she, now?

Sophia. And, Sir, when you return, I'll speak to you from the window, and, on your answering me, I'll come down, and let the servant in myself.

Nom. Ay, and me along with him—I'll take care, Ma'am, I'll take care.—Stand by, raggamuffin!—*[Runs against COLONEL HUBBUB, who is entering, and exit.]*

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. Stand by, raggamuffin! What noisy fellow's that? Ay, there it is, there's the window open, sure enough; and I dare say Sophia has promoted the scheme, in hopes of assisting her amour with me! Sweet, tender soul! I shall never forget her telling me, that if I'd one more hair on my left eye-brow, I should be the handsomest man in the army! and another time, when she fainted away on only touching the tip of my Epaulette.

SOPHIA from Window.

Sophia. Is it you, Sir?

Col. Yes, here I am! Oh, 'tis too much!

Sophia. I'll come down, and open the door.

[Exit from Window.]

E 2

Col.

Col. Open the door! There! She wants to be touching the tip of the Epaulette again! Poor fond creature! Yes: I must, I will!

SOPHIA opens the door.

Sophia. Come in! [*sees Col.*] Heavens! the Colonel!

Col. Excess of joy dissolves her! Don't give way to your raptures, most angelic!—I come to give you love for love. [*Lays hold of her.*

Sophia. Unhand me, Colonel!

Col. Let's enter the house—I'll lock up Honoria, turn Clairville out of doors—and then—

Sophia. Let me go this instant.

[*Struggling with him.*

Re-enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Ha! What are you at? Retire, Madam!

[*Exit Sophia into house.*

Now answer me, seducer! Would you delude the innocent?

Col. I delude! Who the deuce are you?

Nom. A Justice of Peace! Come to promote tranquility—But your name? Your profession? Speak this instant! [*shaking him*] Zounds! do you suspect my office?

Col. No, not in the least—I know you're a peace officer by the curst noise you make! [*Nominal shakes him again*] Gently, and to satisfy you, I'll tell you who I am—My name's Hub-bub—

Nom. Hubbub!

Col. Yes; I'm here doing duty.

Nom. My Guardian! Faith, this is better than Paul Prig!

CLAIRVILLE

CLAIRVILLE *at the Window.*

Clair. [*aside to Nominal*] Detain him—keep him where he is, or all's ruined!

Nom. I will. [*Exit Clairville from window.*
Sir, [*bowing*] if your name is Hubbub, I have to intreat your pardon—I've the honour of being acquainted with part of your worthy family.

Col. Ay, ay, I knew you'd perceive your mistake—But let me enter the house, and play the devil.

Nom. [*holding him*] Yes, Colonel; I have the pleasure of being intimate with your very learned ward, Mr. Nominal.—Times are strangely alter'd, Sir.—I remember when he was the most noisy, extravagant young man in town.

Col. Ay, those were happy days! But they're all over now! the dog thinks of nothing but Puffendorff, and the Old Baily.

Nom. Yes; I used to have a warrant against him once a week, and he generally slept in the watch-house every other night! But now—alas, Colonel! I'm afraid we shall never catch him in a riot again! [*In a melancholy voice.*

Col. [*sighing*] No—he has lost all that good sense and genius now! And after the pains I had taken in instructing and improving him! It's hard—very hard, Sir!

Nom. [*sighing with him*] Ay, Sir; to have him turn out studious, sober and prudent!

Col. Ah! to disgrace the honour of the Hubbubs!—to vilify the glorious breed!—Stupid, senseless dog! But let me go into the house, for I'm all eagerness to chastise this Clairville.

Nom.

Nom. Clairville ! What's he now in the house ?

Col. Yes ; and I brought my ward Nominal to fight him ;—but he darn't, Sir—he's grown a coward—poor paultry priggish coward ; and if you see him, you may tell him I say so.

Nom. So ! I may tell Nominal he's a coward, may I ?

Col. Yes ; or he'd have beat somebody before this time—Od rat him ! I would rather he'd have caned me, than nobody.

Nom. You'd not dislike to be can'd by him, wou'd you ?

Col. No ; I should have liked the dear rogue the better for it—But now I know him to be such a mean, studious, pitiful puppy, that, hang me if I think he has the courage to beat a jack-afs !—[*Nominal canes him*] Holloa ! what are you about ?

Nom. [*caning him*] He'll beat a jack-afs with any man in the army.

CLAIRVILLE comes from House.

Col. You're a ruffian—a common bravo, employ'd by Clairville to detain and assault me, and you take advantage of my not having a sword on—but I'll be reveng'd !—

Nom. Do, and I'll tell you how ! Bring an action of battery, and Paul Prig and your studious Nephew shall defend it.—Hem !

Col. I don't care—You're beneath my contempt—But, for your employer, I'll enter the house, and have satisfaction ; and for that sneaking dog, Nominal—Oh, the curst puppy ! I sent for him to beat Clairville, and here have I been beat myself.

[*Exit.*
Clair.

Clair. My dear Sir, once more let me thank you—I have seen the Lady, and all is as I wished—She has given me this picture as a proof of her affection, and promised never to marry another man—But, come—why, what are you thinking of?

Nom. I was thinking, when the business is found out, what a noise it will make—But, hold, hold.—You and I must have some conversation—

Clair. The Lady told me what I never heard before, that her Uncle's ward is design'd for her husband.

Nom. What Nominal? I know him intimately; nor is there a finer fellow alive—he pricks the bladder of vanity, pulls down arrogance, and chastises folly; and what's more, he gives his Guardian sound law in the morning, and a sound thrashing at night—Then, he's a man of notoriety! has the general shout—the popular huzza, my boy!

Clair. Popular huzza! He'd have that if he was going to be hang'd.

Nom. Well, and when I die, give me a public exit, give me the Tower, state trial, axe, scaffold, and decapitation! Then my life or history will be written with a thousand extraordinary anecdotes! How I slept at night, and woke in the morning! walk'd and rode! eat and drank! and what was very remarkable and important, wore my own hair till thirty, and a wig ever after—But come along—I'll introduce you to Nominal; and over a bottle he shall convince you, that he's as popular as life, spirit, and eccentricity can make him!

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE—*An apartment in SIR ANDREW'S House.**Enter SAUNTER.*

Saun. Never was vanity so insufferable as that of Sir Andrew and the Colonel; and unless my cousin Sophia puts my scheme in execution, they will torment her for ever—Here comes Sir Andrew, just as I left him, teasing and fatiguing her with his tiresome protestations of love.

Enter SOPHIA, followed by SIR ANDREW.

Sophia. Do leave me, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew. Well; but hear me, my little angel—I see your passion for me, and your aversion to the Colonel—and I pity you, and will relieve you—Hark ye, make an assignation—nay, don't be afraid—I'll not disappoint you, upon my soul.

Sophia. Sir Andrew, this is beyond bearing, and if you would attend Lady Acid's concert, where your company is wanted, it would be more agreeable—Assignation indeed!

Sir Andrew. Ay; you know I've won your tender little heart, and that I could make you miserable if I pleased; but I forego it, I chuse to vex the Colonel, and—

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, the concert is waiting.

Sir Andrew. Concert! Psha! Curse all harmony, say I!—But I must go to please my wife—
I say

I say—don't forget, Sophia—when and where you like—I'll be punctual—till when, farewell.

Exit.

Sophia. Provoking! to suppose me in love with him! I that am admired by the literati, the cognoscenti, and all the out of the way creatures in town! Here—(*giving Saunter a letter*) look at this, and then say if I oughtn't to be wretched?

SAUNTER *reading.*

Saun. “Lady Acid informs Miss Strangeways; that her extraordinary attachment to the Colonel and Sir Andrew, is the talk of the whole town—that she has lost her character, and unless she discontinues her advances, she shall be sent to the country, and lock'd up for life.”—Lock'd up for life!

Sophia [*mournfully*] Ay, lock'd up for life! Think of that, cousin—I, that have painted my own picture, and had it in the exhibition! That can read a Latin Virgil, or a French Voltaire! And, what's more, that have written a novel, which has been translated into several languages!

Saun. Has it been translated into English!

Sophia. Ay; into English.—It was so beautifully obscure, that it took a commentator twelve large volumes to explain the meaning of it! I too, who have written and composed a song, which I have sung in every company, without being asked or desired.

Saun. Why, you have an universal genius, indeed.

Sophia. Universal! I dare say my death will increase the national debt; for after being under ground with my ancestors, I shall be pull'd up,

F

and

and re-buried at the expence of my country! And after all this, to have my reputation slandered by two old coxcombs, and what's worse, to be sent to the country and lock'd up for life! Oh, cousin!—What can I—shall I do?

Saun. Don't be unhappy, Sophia; I have thought of a scheme by which you may expose the vanity of these two dotards, and extricate yourself [*giving her two letters.*] Read these two letters, and if you approve, copy them.

Sophia [*reading*] “To Sir Andrew Acid.—Thou gay deceiver—I adore---ten o'clock---your own garden--Sophia Strangeways.”—Fie, cousin! ---would you have me send him an assignation in reality?

Saun. Read the other.

Sophia [*reads*] “To Colonel Hubbub—Thou dear perfidious—I adolize—ten o'clock—the garden—Sophia Strangeways.” Charming! I understand—both in the same language, and both at the same time and place. I'll write them directly.

Saun. Yes; a double assignation—Then they'll meet—Their exposition will be complete, and Lady Acid will be convinced of your innocence.

Sophia. Ten thousand thanks—(*goes to table, sits and writes.*) “To Colonel Hubbub”—so—“To Sir Andrew Acid,” (*rises.*) There cousin—(*giving him letters.*) See them delivered, and meet me in the garden.---At present, adieu!

Saun. Nay, where are you hurrying to?

Sophia. First, to the concert, and after that to—But now I recollect, don't forget your promise of introducing me to your friend Nominal—Heigho! I'm in love with him only for his dress.

Saun. How, Sophia! judge a man by his dress?

Sophia.

Sophia. Certainly. If I see a man plainly dress'd, I guess him to be just such a good for nothing thing as yourself; but if I see a man dress'd unlike all others, then I know him to be the same unaccountable creature I am myself. So save me from rural imprisonment, and then introduce me to your singular friend as soon as you please.

[*Exit.*

Enter O'WHACK behind.

Saun. How can I deliver the letters? To avoid suspicion, the best way would be, to give them to Sophia's own maid, and if I can find her—

O'Whack (advancing) What, Fanny, your honour?---Arrah! I am just going to her. Donnez moi le billet-deaux, and if I don't put them into her own ruby hands, say this is not No. 37, that's all! (*taking snuff.*)

Saun. Are you sure you know her?

O'Whack. Know her! ecoutez, my dear—She loves me so tenderly, that she'll go to Kilkenny for a fricassée for me.

Saun. Well; I believe I may trust you—Here this is for Sir Andrew, and this for Colonel Hubbub—They are both at the concert; and desire her to deliver them directly.

O'Whack. Si vous plait, honey.

Saun. And, d'ye hear? tell her to bring me the answers—You understand me—

O'Whack. Bon soir, your honour.

[*Exit Saunter.*

By the powers! some people know no more of good breeding, than others do of politesse! Eh bien! I suppose it answers—For I've observed, none jog so snugly thro' life as your completely rude and vulgar—Every body gets out of the way

NOTORIETY:

for them—the same as a gentleman with a white coat would for a chimney sweeper. Oh, by the powers! the only place for true etiquette is Ireland; sweet elegant accomplished Ireland.

SONG—O'Whack.

*You may talk of a brogue, and of Ireland (sweet nation)
Of bulls and of howls, and polavre, comme ça;
But, mon Dieu, it's no more to the French boderation,
Then vin de Bourdeaux, like to sweet Usquebaugh.
If I go back again, blood and ouns! how I'll wriggle,
And congé, and caper, and make the folks stare;
And instead of potatoes, how Shetagh will giggle,
When I cries, Mam' selle, hand me that sweet pomme de
terre.
With their petit chanson, ça ira, ça ira, Malbrook, Mi-
ronton, and their dans votre lit;
By the pow'rs they're all nonsense and bodder, agrab! to our
diddery, bubbero, whack, langolee.*

II.

*Oh, mon jolly tight Sheelagh, ah, how could I scorn her,
When I lov'd her so dearly, ma foi, hubbabo!
And go round the globe, ay, from corner to corner,
For soup maigre, la dance, and for frogs and vertu.
And then to forsake magnifique Tipperary,
For pauvre Versailles, and its capering throng,
And eat fricasees, only fit for a fairy,
Instead of substantial beef roti de mutton.
With their petit chanson, &c.*

III.

*Oh, I kiss'd a grisette, who halloo'd out, "Ah, fi don!"
And yet, I consol'd her all night and all day;
To be sure, and I was not her sweet Irish Cupidon,
Her petit mignon, and mi Lor Anglois.
But when she found out, sans six sous was poor Pat, Sir,
It was "allez miserable diable John Bull;"
So I e'en gave this blarneying frenchified cat, Sir,
Of good wholesome Shillaly, a compleat stomach full.
With their petit chanson, &c.*
SCENE

SCENE—*A Saloon, Chandeliers.*

JAMES, and other Servants waiting.

James. Yaw! (*yawning*) These parties will be the death of me!—What, none of the musical nobility come yet? Stand by—here's Lord Jargon! Gad, I like his plan—he makes love to Lady Acid to secure Miss Honoria—The old lady for the young one—but mum!

Enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. Am I the first, James?—I thought your concert began at eight.

James. No, my Lord—this is our Sunday concert, and it is generally nine before their Lordships begin playing.

Lord Jar. Lordships!—Ah! true—At these Sunday concerts, Lords become fiddlers, and fiddlers greater men—For my part, I cannot play or sing—“*Donne! donne!*” (*bumming a tune.*)

James. Thus it ever is with his Lordship, one word contradicting the other.

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. James, where's Lady Acid? Ha! my Lord Jargon here!

Lord Jar. Honoria, my Angel!—I never say a civil thing—but you look divinely this evening—Nay, why avoid me? Am I so very disagreeable?

Hon. Not in the least, my Lord.—Where can be Lady Acid?

Lord Jar. (*taking her hand*) You know, Honoria,

nor, I hate to hear people talk of themselves—of their titles—their fortune—their talents—Nothing can be so shocking! Now I—I have an ancient title, great fortune, and not inferior talents—but I never mention these things—you never hear me talk of myself.

Hon. No, your Lordship has too much sense to talk on a subject you so little understand.

Lord Far. True, Honoria, and I have reformed—left off all my old vices, the better to deserve your affection—Gaming now—I hav'n't thrown a die, or made a bett these six months.

Hon. Not gam'd, my Lord!

Lord Far. No; I'll bett any gentleman two hundred to one, I hav'n't.

Hon. I fancy your Lordship is one of those, who think it better to lose than not play at all.

Lord Far. No; I have given it up, Honoria—But, talking of gaming, allow me to apologize for breaking your bracelet last night.

Hon. It was of no consequence, my Lord.

Lord Far. Your pardon, Honoria—and, tho' I am above making presents, yet you must allow me to make this poor return—these jewels.—
(*giving her a casket, open*)

Hon. How! jewels! and of such value, my Lord.

Lord Far. Oh, a trifle! For my own part, I never wear diamonds—(*Lady Acid enters*) for while other people wear them for me to look at, it's just the same as if they were my own—But think not of them, but love, my Angel!

Hon. Excuse me, my Lord—I cannot accept them—you may employ them to a better purpose.
(*offering to return them.*)

Lady

Lady A. Is this your gratitude for his Lordship's politeness? Ill bred, insolent girl! What, you are still hankering after that wretch, Clairville.

Hon. Call him by some other name, Madam—Wretch! What is his brother, then?

Lady A. How! have you the impudence to defend the outcast?

Hon. Outcast! Shame, shame, Madam! I know I talk a language, you and your modish friends despise—but here I tell you, that this outcast is the man of my heart—that it loves him—tenderly loves him—And would rather share his griefs in a prison, than his lordship's pleasures in a palace—therefore, once more, let me offer back the present.

Lady A. Look ye, in a word, let me have no more of your ill breeding. Accept his Lordship's jewels directly, and retire to your chamber—Take them, I say, and be gone this instant.

Hon. What can I do? The Colonel's high opinion of her compels me to obey her in every thing—Oh, Clairville! why did you save a life that's doom'd, for ever doom'd to mix thy ruin with its own! [Exit.

Lady A. So far, so well, my Lord! For when the Colonel hears she was mercenary enough to receive jewels, he'll own you were warranted in your designs upon her—and now---since we are alone---I'll open a great and glorious scheme---A scheme that shall convince you of my unalter'd affection.

Lord Jar. Sweetest of women! you know my determination---Whoever has my hand, you shall still have my heart.

Lady A. I believe it, my Lord---and therefore I shall risk the dangerous enterprize---Sophia

phia and I were at the exhibition of wax figures this morning---She was struck with, and purchased a great theatrical likeness, which is to be brought here in a chair this evening---Now, if you contrive to come home instead of the figure—

Lord Jar. I a wax figure! a Peer of the realm a wax figure!

Lady A. Dear! it happens every day---But mind me, the chair will be brought into my dressing room, which adjoins Honoria's chamber---And, where you know you can't be admitted on account of Sir Andrew's jealousy---therefore wait for the chair, bribe the man, and here is a false key (*gives one*) which locks and unlocks Honoria's door.

Lord Jar. Loveliest of creatures! (*kisses her hand*) Where shall I find the chair?

Lady A. I'll give you the particulars by-and-by---In the mean time, remember you get Clairville disposed of—

Lord Jar. What, my brother! Oh, I've so great a friendship for him, that I'll have him arrested to prevent his being distressed—

(*flourish of clarinets.*)

Lady A. Hark! their lordships, the musicians, are arrived.

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. There they are! Never was Sunday concert so sanctified with nobility.

Lady A. What! they're all come?

Col. Yes; and faith there's so many great people turned fiddlers now a days, that, I should not be surprized, if the House of Lords should be turned into a concert room!
that

that glees were sung from the Woolfack, and catches from the Cabinet.

Lord Jar. Who have we amongst us, Colonel?

Col. I'll tell you---First, there's Duke Duett playing on the violin---then there's General Gig strumming the guittar, Judge Jerk blowing the bassoon, and Bishop Bravo banging the kettle-drums!--But what's better, there's Signor Uniquo, who pats them all familiarly on the back, and says, "Bravissimo, my Lord Judge! Encora, Signor Bishop!" Then, the one looks as pleased as if he'd got the Chancellorship, and the other, as if he was preferred to an Archbishoprick!--Pray is your Lordship fond of music?

Lord Jar. Me! I hate, I detest it!

Lady A. Hate music, my Lord! Dear! I always thought it was one of your favourite amusements.

Lord Jar. What, music! Oh, I certainly—I love it of all things.

Col. Well; for my part, I shall not listen to their lordships till Uniquo gets them engaged at the Opera--As to you, Lady Acid, I know your sense and virtue despises this trifling folly, and you only promote it to amuse your friends.

Lady A. I do indeed, Colonel—*(strumming of instruments within.)* I must go and look at them—Come, my Lord.

Lord Jar. *(taking her hand)* With pleasure!--Colonel, is my friend Nominal amongst them?

Col. My ward! Zounds! don't talk of him—but go, and if you wish for fiddling preferment, pay your respects to the Grand Signor.

[Exeunt Lord and Lady.]

My ward, indeed! Oh that stupid studious puppy! I know what it will end in—He'll go sneaking on in his profession, till he gets into the Upper

G

House,

House, then he'll be laid on the shelf, and go out like the snuff of a candle—As to that ruffian, and the assault, I'll be reveng'd on Clairville still.—For Sophia, the dear creature seems fonder of me than ever, since last night's riot—The women do love a little rudeness now and then.

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, Miss Sophia's maid is below, and desires to see you.

Col. There—I said so—Oh, I and my Epau-lette play the devil with the women!

James. She has a letter for you, Sir.

Col. A letter! Ah! I must—poor Sir Andrew!—he wou'dn't believe I was her darling hope."

James. That she will deliver to nobody but yourself, Sir.

Col. Well; if it must be so—It's very strange what can make the sex adore me so passionately!—It must be my manners, my tender, graceful, insinuating manners! Shew me to her, James; and while their Lordships are fiddling for the good of the nation, I'll amuse myself for the benefit of Sophia, poor Sophia!—Oh, Colonel! Colonel! What fools do you make of the women!

[Exit, followed by James.]

SCENE—SIR ANDREW ACID'S Garden.

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. Where can my cousin Sophia be loitering! This is the place of assignation, and I see neither her nor the Colonel, nor Sir Andrew—I hope

hope there's no mistake, for on their exposition depends her future happiness.

Enter SOPHIA (hastily.)

Sophia. Oh cousin! my dear cousin, I'm undone! ---As much ruin'd as if I'd never been an authoress, or an actress, or a painter, or a---

Saun. Why, what has happen'd?

Sophia. Lady Acid, unknown to Sir Andrew, has read the assignation you made me send him. ---She is now convinced the love is on my part, and is pursuing me here to be revenged.---Dear me, I wish I had not written to him.

Saun. Not written to him! Unless you'd put a stop to his and the Colonel's vanity, you know you'd have been sent to the country---nay, lost your character, and never shewn your face in fashionable life again.

Sophia. Never shewn my face! Lord! it rather helps one, and, in fashionable life, loss of character makes one's reputation; but what is to become of me! If I'm sent to the country, I shall die, I know I shall, and so suddenly, I shan't have time to write my own life, and run down half my acquaintance.

LADY ACID (without.)

Lady A. Where is this Jezabel! I'll make an example of her.

Sophia. Here she comes, and I shall be lock'd up in an old Country Castle, where there's a constant knocking at the gates to see the apartments; but not a person to enquire after poor I, the prisoner.

Enter LADY A. G. I. D.

Lady A. So Miss, notwithstanding the warning I gave you, you have been writing an assignation to my husband—and this is the place—look at me—answer me—do you deny it?

Sophia. No, Madam; Down that I wrote such assignations to both the Colonel and Sir Andrew.

Lady A. The Colonel too! mercy on me! wou'dn't one content you.

Sophia. Yes, Madam; but I did it to bring them together, and laugh at them; for indeed they have so teiz'd me—

Lady A. They teiz'd you! here's effrontery! look ye; I know they hate and despise you, and they have both told me a thousand times that your love was troublesome and disgusting.

Saun. Your Ladyship, I can contradict that--- for I have now in my pocket both their answers to Sophia's assignation---each accepts her invitation, and will be here at the time appointed--- besides, you must be sensible that her loving them is a joke.

Lady A. Joke! don't talk to me of jokes, Sir--- I never made one in my life; and I know she loves them as much as they detest her---and it's all owing to her romantic turn of mind, her acting, her writing—

Sophia. Nay, my Lady, don't abuse my talents ---didn't my last production go through four editions?

Lady A. Yes; and why did it? because it was patronized. And now-a-days, it is not the book itself, but the name of the person who writes it!

While

While a woman of fashion shall write a bad work, and have a thousand subscribers, a poor, neglected man of genius shall write a good one, and not have a single patron! if indeed, you had follow'd my advice—written sentimentally and morally—

Sophia. I did Madam--- I did write morally, and what was the consequence! I had made a sum of money by a Novel call'd "Seduction" ---and lost it all by writing an "Essay on Charity;" but indeed, Sir Andrew and the Colonel are to blame, and if you'll wait a moment, you'll see them come to the assignation.

Lady A. They come! they know better—besides despising you, they value my good opinion too highly to trifle with it in this manner—so, retire to the country. *[Laying hold of her.*

Saun. Pray hear reason, Madam.

Lady A. I'll hear nothing—she shall be punished! she shall! *(sees SIR ANDREW without)* Bless me! what do I see! my husband capering and smiling!

Sophia. Ay; there's one of them—and see, Madam—yonder's the other.

Lady A. The Colonel as I live!—This is amazing! stand back and let's observe them.

Enter SIR ANDREW, with a letter in his hand.

Enter COL. HUBBUB, with a letter in his hand.

Col. "Thou dear perfidious!"

Sir Andrew. "Thou gay deceiver!"

Sir Andrew. "I adore you, as much as I abhor the Colonel."

Col. "I adolize you as much as I despise Sir Andrew."

Sophia.

Sophia (coming between them, close to the COLONEL) My pretty Colonel!

Col. There! (turning from her in great joy, and putting up his letter.)

Sophia. My charming Baronet! (coming up to SIR ANDREW.)

Sir Andrew. My angel!

SIR ANDREW turns to embrace her—the COLONEL embraces her on the other side—they see one another, SOPHIA stands laughing between them.

Lady A. For shame! for shame! is this your boasted honour, at your time of life—"thou dear perfidious?" (exit COLONEL)—and you, what have you to say for yourself, "thou gay deceiver?"

Sir Andrew. Say! (tearing the letter) why, when one's completely miserable, nothing is so pleasant as to see a friend in the same situation—Halloo, Colonel! (Exit.

Lady A. Sophia, I am now convinc'd of your innocence, and will make you amends by reading your manuscripts, praising your acting, and saying you're so good a letter-writer, that I believe you're the author of Junius. [Exeunt.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Park.**Enter CLAIRVILLE.*

Clair. My distresses crowd on me so fast, that I will endeavour to see my brother once more; and if he still avoids me, I must banish Honoria from my thoughts, and seek that peace abroad, my enemies deny me here.

Enter O'WHACK (hastily.)

O'Whack. Run—fly!—make your escape, your honour—Arrah! be off before the coquins lay hold of you—By my salvation! when I think of your misfortunes, I can't help taking out my mouchoir—*(taking out his handkerchief and crying.)*

Clair. What is the matter, O'Whack?

O'Whack. The matter! Why, if you don't scamper you'll be bastiled before you can say "Killarney!"

Clair. What can this mean? Explain!

O'Whack. Doucement!—I'll tell you—As I passed yonder promenade, an old friend of mine, who is an officer, or bailiff, d'ye see—told me he was coming to carry your honour to prison—"What, Monsieur Clairville," says I—"the same," says he—"then," says I—"be aisy now; for, by St. Patrick, if you touch a hair of his head, I'll soupmaigre you this instant."—Says he,—"I must do my duty." "And I mine,"—says I—"And remember, my honey, it is as aisy to have pity in your heart, as it is to spake French without the brogue, ma foi!" This softened

softened him, your honour, and he promised to be a cher amis to you till to-morrow.

Clair. Thanks! my good fellow, thanks!

O'Whack. C'est ne pas tout, tho'—Fanny, Miss Sophia's maid, as pretty a fille de chambre as ever made a faux pas, gave me a bit of a hint, that there was a curst black business in the wind, between your brother, Lord Jargon, and Lady Acid—She thinks they mean to put you in limbo, because Mademoiselle Honoria loves you; and by my soul, if they do, I'll make the old cat cry "Misericorde," till she's black in the face!

Clair. I won't believe it—I know Lord Jargon loves Honoria; but I can never think, that on that account he'd make a prisoner of his brother—But he's coming this way—I'll talk to him—leave us together.

O'Whack. That I will with all my heart and soul, for I can't bear to put my eyes upon him—Bon repos to your honour—I'll give you a call in the morning, and, in the mean time, be debonnaire, d'ye see—I'll carry you through, depend on't.

Clair. My kind fellow—how shall I repay you?

O'Whack. Oh, your honour, I never forget an obligation, tho' I may an injury—You fav'd me in danger, and if I don't do mon possible to bother all your enemies! say I'm not the bonne bouche of the O'Whack's, that's all! [*Exit.*

Clair. I cannot, will not suspect him of such treachery—tho' he has been long dead to brotherly affection, he never can be capable of such inhumanity.

Enter

Enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. (aside) This poor wretch here! I was in hopes he was disposed of.

Clair. Brother, a word; I have a favour to intreat of you; for necessity, extreme necessity compels me—in short, if you do not assist me, I shall be arrested in an hour, and in jail perhaps the remainder of my life.

Lord Jar. Arrested! Who can be so hard-hearted, Harry? You know my friendship and liberality; but as to lending you money, that's a thing I can't make up my mind to.

Clair. The sum I require is small, my Lord—A few hundreds will convey me far from the persecution of my creditors; and by retirement and œconomy, in a few years, perhaps, I shall be able to repay you with honour; and once more appear in the world as your Lordship's brother.

Lord Jar. I hope you may, Harry;—but petitions are so numerous——

Clair. Petition! 'Tis my demand, Sir! When the old Lord died, you know he left his fortune to you, in the full conviction you would provide for me—and this is the return! While you are affluent enough to squander thousands in the whirlpool of fashion, you are cruel enough to see a brother waste his life in poverty! But, go on, my Lord—exult and riot in my father's riches—I will be prouder of his virtues!

Lord Jar. Oh, the old cant! You never heard me utter a sentiment in your life---Never! for the man who boasts of virtue and feeling, seldom practises either the one or the other---But you detain me, Harry---I am going to sigh away an hour with Honoria.

Clair. [*eagerly*] With Honoria, brother?

H

Lord

Lord Jar. Yes, with Honoria, brother! Don't you envy me my triumph?

Clair. Ungenerous man! Is it not enough to abandon me to the world, a beggar, and a wanderer, but you must wound me in the tenderest point---distract me with such thoughts---but I have done---Farewell, my Lord! perhaps we shall never meet again!---I now suspect him, and will warn Honoria of her danger! [*aside*]

Lord Jar. Adieu, Harry!---Shall I tell the charming girl any thing about you?

Clair. Yes, Sir;--tell her, pursued by enemies, and deserted by my friends, I know not where to fly for safety! Tell her, not so much on my own account, I lament my misfortunes, as on her's; since, abject and forsaken as I am, I cannot shelter or protect her! Tell her, I once hoped--forgive my weakness [*weeping*]---but if you have one spark of pity for the lost Clairville, bestow it on Honoria---Be her friend, and you shall still be mine---Farewell! [*Exit.*]

Lord Jar. Ay; go your ways; you'll never see her again---For here comes the chair that gives me possession of her for ever.

Enter Chair men with chair.

Sit it down, and wait till I return---I must step over to my house, to order servants to be near at hand; for tho' I'm determined not to be violent---yet, if she demurs, I'll force her!---I'll---

Enter NOMINAL, half drunk, singing.

Nom. Ha! Peer! my boy, how are you.---I hate wine; but I've been drinking to keep up my character, and I'm the most unlucky dog alive---I've been searching every where for an adventure, and can't find one---I can't get into notice!

Lord

Lord Jar. Can't you?

Nom. No; I can't make myself conspicuous! and yet I've been absurd, particular, and noisy—But what signifies? every body else is the same! The whole town's so ridiculous, that to be stared at, a man should be as quiet, and as dull as—a simile! Heh, Peer! [*taking snuff, and offering LORD JARGON some.*]

Lord Jar. How can you drink, I hate it—If I indulged myself in such odious customs, do you think I should be a favourite with the women? [*taking a pinch.*]

Nom. Favourite with the women! Ay, there's the rub! If I could get the fame of an intrigue, or an elopement, or any other sweet impropriety! oh!

Lord Jar. Intrigue or elopement!—Um!

Nom. Um! Why, what's the matter with you?

Lord Jar. Look ye, Nominal—nothing is so shocking as to impart secrets, or boast of a Lady's favours—It's what I never do, Sir—Else I cou'd tell you—

Nom. Tell me!—what?

Lord Jar. That I am this moment going on both an intrigue and an elopement!

Nom. The devil you are! who? when? where? open, unfold, you amiable!—you surprizing senator!

Lord Jar. Fie! do you think I'd betray the confidence of the fair? No, if I was only to hint to you that, that chair—that very chair was to take me to a certain Baronet's house, instead of a wax figure—

Nom. Wax-figure! Go on—dispatch! I'm all on fire! wheugh! [*rubbing his hands and shewing signs of great joy.*]

Lord Jar. I say, I should be the greatest rascal living, if I was only to hint that I intrigued with the Baronet's wife, that she was to conduct me to the chamber of a young lady, and that their names were——

Nom. Hang their names ! only let me understand ; that chair, you say, takes you to the lady with whom you intrigue, and she conducts you to the girl with whom you elope [*Lord nods assent*] Bravo, my boy ! bravo ! Give me your hand ; and now, curse me if I can help laughing, to think how they'll all be surprized ! ha, ha, ha !

Lord Jar. No, nor I—The old husband little thinks who's coming to make a fool of him ! ha, ha, ha ! But, excuse me a moment—I must step over the way to order servants to be near the house—Stay till I return, and you'll see what a figure I'll make in the chair.

Nom. Yes, yes—I'll stay—But go over the way—Get along with you, wheugh !

Lord Jar. I say, Nominal, I fancy you'd like to go in the chair instead of me, ha, ha, ha !

Nom. Yes, that I would, ha, ha, ha !

[*Exit Lord Fargon.*

And if I don't !—if I don't perch myself in the centre of it—dam'me if I know any thing of fame, or notoriety ! Gad, this is the luckiest hit—I might have been whole years luring one woman into an intrigue, or another into an elopement—but here's the business ready cut out to my hands ; and, therefore, that no time may be lost—you two coronet supporters [*laying hold of chairmen*] open the chair, and let me be the Peer's proxy !—Take me to the Baronet's directly, or by all that's singular—

First Chairman. Blood and ounds ! is the man beside himself ?

Nom.

Nom. [*Shaking them.*] No trifling!—Here's a purse and a pistol! Money or murder! Take your choice this moment!

Second Chairman. Take the money, Pat, take the money!

Nom. Here you rogues, here! [*giving purse.*] And now I swear, whatever were his Lordship's designs, mine shall be harmless and honourable! All I want is the fame of the thing, and if I can get that, hang me if I'll fatigue myself or the Ladies! So, open the chair, and away, my boys! [*gets in and looks from window.*] When you see his Lordship, tell him the next time he is going on an amour, not to mention it before hand—Lead on to notoriety!—Drink and drive care away!
[*Exit in chair.*]

Re-enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. Now, Nominal, now you shall see what a figure I'll cut in the chair!—How! what! gone! the chair too! S'death! I cut a very pretty figure indeed!—But, I'll be revenged—I'll follow him, and have satisfaction directly; and for Clairville and Honoria, I'll betray one, and imprison the other! I will, as I'm a gentleman and a man of honour!
[*Exit.*]

SCENE—LADY ACID'S *Dressing Room—Toilette*
—*Doors open in Flat—and Part of a Bed seen—*
Chairs and Candles.

Enter HONORIA with a letter.

Hon. Can it be possible? Can she who should protect me, thus betray me? I will not, dare not believe it! and yet would Clairville terrify

rify me with false suspicions? Let me read the letter once more—(*reads*) “ I have been just informed, that Lord Jargon and Lady Acid have designs against you, and that, to-night, they mean to put their villainy in execution—I hope they cannot be so treacherous; but as you love my peace or your own, be on your guard—beware Honoria! and remember the unhappy Clairville!” If it be true, how shall I extricate myself? The Colonel is so convinced of Lady Acid’s honour, that all supplication to him would be in vain—Alas! I have no friend to succour or defend me, and helpless as I am—Ha! she comes! I dread to meet her.

Enter LADY ACID.

Lady A. How! not gone to your chamber, Honoria?

Hon. I’m going, Madam—her very look alarms me (*aside.*)

Lady A. What is the girl muttering? I declare you grow more and more forward and impertinent every hour—but I’ll humble you—I’ll make an example of you!

Hon. (kneeling) Oh! on my knees let me entreat your pity! do not desert me, do not abandon me—promise me I shall not be in the power of Lord Jargon, and I’ll be your slave for ever.

Lady A. Lord Jargon! why, what’s the fool thinking of? Have you lost your senses?

Hon. No—not yet, Madam—but if I retain them, it must be by your humanity—you have often said that you would be a mother to me—be so now—save me from this hour of danger, and—

Lady

Lady A. Danger! let me hear no more of this insolence, but be gone!—

Enter BETTY, follow'd by Chairmen with Chair.

Betty. The chair with the figure, your Ladyship.

Lady A. Put it down and leave it (*exeunt Betty and Chairmen.*) Now comes my triumph! (*aside*) How! not gone yet, Miss? Retire this instant; or—

Hon. I obey, Madam—Oh! what, what will become of me? (*Exit.*)

Lady A. There she goes! and now for my dear, dear Lord! (*taps at chair window*) Lord Jargon! Lord Jargon! come forth, and my dear Lord, ensure your prize—[*NOMINAL lets down the front glass, looks at her, and nods*] Heavens! what do I see?

Nom. No Lord—or wax figure, but as lively a fellow as ever you intrigued with—(*spying*) Fine jolly woman.

Lady A. Who are you? has his Lordship sent you to insult me?

Nom. No; he has sent me, not to disappoint you; (*spying again*) Rather fat tho'— (*knock*)

Lady A. Mercy! there's my husband!

Nom. [*eagerly*] Your husband! Tell me, my darling, tell me, is he jealous?

Lady A. Jealous!—to an extreme!

Nom. What! he'll bring an action, and sue for a divorce?

Lady A. Yes.

Nom. Paragraph and caricature me?

Lady A. Certainly.

Nom. Challenge and fight me?

Lady A. Undoubtedly.

Nom. Huza! bravo! I'm made! I'm immortaliz'd! let me out, and let him in directly.

COLONEL

COLONEL HUBBUB *without.*

Col. In her dressing room is she? never mind—I have the privilege of going into it.

Lady A. The Colonel! worse and worse!

Nom. My guardian! zounds! he mustn't discover me here.

Lady A. Sir, if you have any gallantry, or—

Nom. Say no more, my dove, I'm snug (*putting up window*) good b'ye, I'll make you comfortable.— (*nodding and shutting himself in.*)

Enter COL. HUBBUB.

Lady A. Colonel, I rejoice to see you.

Col. I beg pardon, Madam, for this intrusion, but when you know my business, I think you'll forgive me—I come to give Honoria to Lord Jargon.

Lady A. Is't possible, Colonel?

Col. Yes; I have made up my mind at last—the high opinion I have of your honour, and the great respect I entertain for his Lordship, as your friend, has tempted me to sign this deed of settlement—(*producing one*) which gives him Honoria with a fortune of 30,000*l.*

Lady A. My dear Colonel, you delight me.

Col. Ay; she will be then safe from the artifices of Clairville, and your virtuous wishes will be satisfied—you know I once design'd her for my ward Nominal.

Lady A. Yes; but he is too dissipated and profligate.

Col. He profligate! why, he's the most studious, stupid blockhead alive; I dare say he is now
in

in his library, poring over Puffendorf or hemming [*mimicking*] with Paul Prig.

Lady A. Well! I never saw him, Colonel; but I've heard he's the most noisy riotous young man in town—has his amours—his—

Col. Amours! I should as soon suspect your Ladyship of an intrigue, as he—Noisy and riotous too! Oh that he was! I'd give him a Borough to-morrow. [*NOMINAL here raises the top of chair, and pops his head out.*]

Nom. Hem! [*retires directly.*]

Col. Zounds! what's that [*going towards chair*] the devil! here's somebody in the chair!

Lady A. Ha, ha! you'll laugh when I tell you what it is—it's a purchase of Sophia's.

Col. Purchase! I swear I saw a man's head.

Lady A. A man! Ha, ha! that's very good! it's a wax figure.

Col. A wax figure!

Lady A. Yes; and as Sir Andrew knows nothing of it, I intreat you not to tell him.

Col. Oh, I understand—what, it's to supply his place when he's out of the way—well, well! [*trying to look at it.*]

Lady A. Fie, Colonel! an't you ashamed to look at a Lady's curiosities? Positively if you don't come away, I'll have it removed [*pulling him away.*] But how could you suppose it to be a man? suspect me of an intrigue!

Col. I don't suspect you—I believe you to be all virtue, tenderness and truth.

Enter SIR ANDREW ACID.

Sir Andrew. Ay, ay; I'll tell her myself— [*speaking as he enters.*] My dear, Lord Jargon is below, and desires to see you directly.

Lady A. I'm busy, Sir Andrew, let him wait.

I

Col.

Col. [*aside to Lady*] No, no—softly—I have a thought—is Honoria at home?

Lady A. Yes; she's in the next room.

Col. Then, hark ye, as his Lordship is below, go to him and tell him my intentions, and if he approves, he shall have Honoria this very moment.

Lady A. I will, Colonel—O Lord! here is Sir Andrew—As you regard me, don't mention the figure—If that fellow is discovered, my character's lost for ever [*aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir Andrew. So, dear perfidious!

Col. So, gay deceiver! Ah, Sir Andrew, you ought to blush for your inconstancy—so good, so faithful a wife, as Lady Acid!

Sir Andrew. It's very true, Colonel; and if I didn't think it would make her too happy, I'd own my errors—She is indeed all virtue—I'll tell you what—she has all your gaieties, with your ward Nominal's prudence.

Col. Plague take you! Am I never to hear of any thing but that stupid dog's prudence? But your wife, Sir Andrew—All her amusements are so innocent!—Wax now—She prefers wax to real life [*looking round at chair.*]

Sir Andrew. Wax!

Col. Yes; tho' she'd die before she'd have a young man in her room, I don't think she has much objection to a wax-figure.

Sir Andrew. Wax-figure! Why, what the devil are you at?

Col. I didn't say there was one in a sedan chair, did I?

Nom.

Nom. No, but I do though---Zounds, would you keep me in obscurity!

NOMINAL walks solemnly out between him and the COLONEL. They stand astonished.

LADY ACID re-enters.

Sir Andrew. Zounds, the wax-figure is a live gallant!

Col. Yes, and my studious ward is a dashing dog at last!

Nom. Yes! it's I, guardy, who was a student in the morning; who caned you at night—who will fight that gentleman, who intrigues with this lady [*embracing* LADY ACID] and will elope with any body! And what's more, who rejoices to discover himself, because he exposes hypocrisy, and saves an innocent girl from misery.

Col. [*dancing and singing*] Ti, di, di, di! he has it! he has it! he has it! the rogue's the true thing after all—Come to thy old guardian's arms! Let me gaze on thy dear face—There it is! The real tumultuous dashing look! You dog, you shall come into Parliament to-morrow.

Lady A. Are you mad, Colonel?

Sir Andrew. Ay; dam'me, are you mad, Colonel?

Col. [*to* LADY ACID] Out of the way, dissembler! I know you now, and despise you—But is he a real man of sense at last! Will he give up Westminster Hall, Puffendorf, and Paul Prig, to intrigue, elope, fight a Baronet, and cane a Colonel in the guards? Oh, 'tis too much! Give me joy, old boy!

Sir Andrew. Good night [*going.*]

Lady A. Sir Andrew, I insist on a hearing.

Nom. Stay, Baronet—I hope you're satisfied.

Sir A. Satisfied of what?

Nom. That it's I, and not any body else who intrigues with this all-virtuous woman--Upon my soul it's me—And do mention it every where, do, there's a sweet smiling pleasant fellow; say it's me, and we'll all get into print together.

Sir Andrew. Damnation! [Exit.

Lady A. Hear me, Sir Andrew—I'll follow him and explain the business directly—For you, Colonel, I leave you to your delusion, and for your prudent ward—Oh, was there ever any thing so unlucky! [Exit.

Col. Go your ways, hypocrite!—And now, my boy, my darling, let's to supper, and crown the night with mirth and merriment—Odsheart! What a likeness of me, and his old uncle! Come, for I do so long to hear the history of your pranks.

Nom. Ay; you shall hear them all, from Paul Prig to the justice—from the peer to the wax-figure; and then, if you don't say, I'm as eccentric and ridiculous as you wish me—why, I'll never beat a jack-ass again, as long as I live.

[Exeunt.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE—*Outside of SIR ANDREW'S House.**Enter O'WHACK.*

O'Whack. Oh! my poor master!—he's dead! butchered! murdered! shot in a duel, by that Burgeois Peer, Lord Jargon! Misericordie! Misericordie! What shall I do to bring him to life again? I'll go home—I'll——

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. So, O'Whack—Lord Jargon has called out my friend Nominal, in consequence of the affair at Lady Acid's.

O'Whack. C'eit vrais, your honour—and he'll never go out again—Il est mort—[weeping.]

Saun. How!

O'Whack. He's dead—dead as King Lear.

Saun. Astonishing! Who told you this?

O'Whack. Myself! my own sad self! I always said, when Mr. Nominal went out to fight a rencontre——

Saun. What!

O'Whack. That he was too much of a gentleman to come home alive again—Oh! he and Blunder O'Whack are one for that—But, your honour, is there no way of putting a little breath into him?

Saun. Ridiculous! you know nothing of the matter, I see—and I'm all anxiety to hear the issue of this unhappy duel.

O'Whack. Et moi aussi—and I'll go home and wait for his relief.—Oh, he's dead! he's dead!

And

And here am I, a folitaire, in the wide world by myself!

[Exit.]

Saun. Where can I gain intelligence? I have a thousand fears for my friend—Lord Jargon, I know, is full of animosity, and Nominal is too fond of fame, to make him an apology—Poor fellow! if he should be killed, or even wounded.

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Wounded! Why, here I am, George; as sound and as merry—Wounded!—Oh, you dull dog!

Saun. Dull! Why, from your servant's account I might suppose you were dead.

Nom. Dead! Pshoo! Do you think I don't know better? Hark ye, since we're alone, I'll let you into a secret.—Lord Jargon wanted to challenge me, but cou'dn't summon up courage; so, sooner than lose the glory of a combat with so great a man, I consented to [*whispering him*] you understand me, we fought to satisfy the town, not ourselves.

Saun. Satisfy the town! how do you mean?

Nom. How do I mean? Why, do you think we fought to please ourselves? Nonsense! That's been gone by long ago—No, no; the case was this—He was compelled to fight to save his reputation, and I chose to fight, to get a name! So we kept up appearance, measured ground, exchanged shots, seconds interfered—applauded our spirit, signed the report—And now we're both men of honour as long as we live!—There, you rogue—shot ourselves into notice.

Saun. Bravo! And while the world is sanguinary enough to compel those to bleed like heroes, who wish to live like men; why, you and his lordship may glory in having tricked them. But
since

since my cares on your account are over—allow me to enquire at this house after my cousin Sophia—Poor girl! Sir Andrew has behaved to her in a manner so cruel and inhuman—

SOPHIA opens the window.

Sophia. Cousin—Cousin!—I'm lock'd up—I can't get out—Sir Andrew has confined me in this room, till he sends me to the country for life.

Nom. Here's a pretty business!

Saun. What! he was offended at the sham assignation, was he?

Sophia. So he says—But I know it's all owing to his wife—He is so out of humour with her, that he must be revenged on somebody! Cousin, won't you assist me? Will you let me be buried in woods, and waste my youth with fat calves and fucking pigs?

Nom. No; before you shall waste an hour, I'll kill all the fat calves and fucking pigs in England—Fair lady, if your cousin don't release you, I will—Gad, I was only thinking of an elopement, and pop she comes to my purpose.

Saun. Be patient, Sophia—I'll go directly to the Colonel, and request his interference with Sir Andrew—But hush! the old tyrant's coming this way—Shut down the window, and depend on my protection.

Nom. And on mine, sweet excellence!

[*SOPHIA disappears.*]

Faith! that is the luckiest house—Last night I helped a gentleman into it, and to day, perhaps, I may hand a lady out of it—I'll have her, whoever she is—My dear Saunter, tell me what's her name?

Saun.

Saun. Don't you know her? It's Sir Andrew's ward, Sophia; a great authoress, and private actress.

Nom. A private actress! that's a public character! Then there's a pair of us, and if we elope, we shall alarm all Europe!

Saun. She has heard of you, Nominal, and between ourselves, has a great prepossession in your favour—She loves singularity, and is consequently so fond of your character——

Nom. There! I said it would happen—the moment I got the fame of a duel and an intrigue, I knew no woman could stand me! But George, my boy! how can I see her? speak to her? Is there no way?

Saun. None, unless you can prevail on her guardian—here he is! try him—For my part, I'll to the Colonel.

Nom. I will—I'll try him, George, and if I can coax him into an interview [*exit SAUNTER*] I'll humour him, give him a touch in his own way.

Enter SIR ANDREW ACID.

Sir Andrew. Plague on them all, I say! But chiefly that devil incarnate, that Nominal!

Nom. Sir Andrew, I want to ask a favour of you.

Sir Andrew. Do you? I never grant any, Sir.

Nom. Nay, you don't know me, Sir Andrew—if you did, you'd grant me any thing---I am a man after your own heart [*in a melancholy voice*] I am, indeed, so out of humour with the world---that, like you, I wish to see every body in it as miserable as myself——

Sir Andrew. You do, do you?

Nom. Yes, indeed, Sir---and if you knew how misanthropically I spent my time---Oh, I once
passed

passed such a happy day, Sir Andrew! Exactly in your own way--I'll tell you——

Sir Andrew. Exactly in my way!

Nom. Yes, Sir; I awoke at five, and saw a neighbour's house on fire! was second in a duel at six, and my man lost the tip of his ear! dined at four, and something in the wine that made six of my acquaintance sick—drank tea, and intrigued with my friend's wife till eight—a fat lady!—went to the new comedy, saw it completely damned—supped with the poor devil of an author; and to conclude, lodged six of the actors in the round-house! there! wasn't that a happy day! And now, let me see your ward?

Sir Andrew. See Sophia! zounds! neither you, nor any body else shall ever see her again! That chaise—[*points to one without*] is waiting to take her to the country directly, and she shall live and die in an old castle on a brown moor.

Nom. Shall she?

Sir Andrew. Yes; I'll be revenged on her for you all! And so your servant——

[*knocking at his own door.*]

Nom. Stay, thou dear connoisseur in wax-figures, and tell me, how's your wife?

Sir Andrew. Out of the way, Sir!—I'll punish her too—and for you and the rest—

Nom. Ay; you'd play the devil with all mankind if you could.

Sir Andrew. If they were like you, I would; for then the world would be so wicked, that an honest man cou'dn't make too much mischief! But because my wife has deceived me, don't think my ward shall—No, no; I have her safe, I'll teach her to make assignations—[*servant opens door.*] And so, once more your servant, prudent Mr. Student!

[*enters house.*]

K

Nom.

Nom. I shall lose her ! here'll be no elopement ! no being pursued by her relations—hunted by the court of chancery—advertized by government, or what's best of all, carried to the Fleet or King's Bench, midst the shouts of old maids, and groans of boarding school misses !

Enter SOPHIA from the house, with her cloak on.

Sophia. So—Heaven be praised, I have made my escape—and now, if I knew where to fly for protection---

Nom. [*having observed her*] Fly into my arms, my angel—I'll put you into that chaise in a moment, out of town in an instant, at Gretna Green in a second, and in all the news-papers and print-shops before to-morrow morning !

Sophia. Upon my word, Sir, I'm very much obliged to you ! [*curtsies.*] Pray, may I ask who you are ?

Nom. Who I am ? Why, if you don't know me, you know nothing—I'm Nominal.

Sophia. Nominal ! Is it possible ? What ! the gentleman who so generously released me from the Colonel, and has since made so much noise and confusion ?

Nom. Yes ; I'm the man ! I've made a noise ! and if you love notoriety—you must prefer me to all heroes, past, present, or to come ! My angel ! [*takes her hand*] where shall I conduct you ? As far, or as near as you please— [*aside.*] I shall get as much fame by two miles, as two hundred—for though I mean to be honourable, I know the world is too scandalous to think me so !

Sophia. Ah ! I wish I could depend on you— You see I've no resource—I must either return to the tyranny of my guardian, or trust to your honour and generosity.

Nom.

Nom. Trust! Look ye, my charming girl! I've had an intrigue without an intimacy—a duel without enmity, and I meant to have had an elopement without matrimony! But, by Heaven! there's something in your person and manner, has so won upon me! that, let me have the fame of carrying you off, and hereafter you shall dispose of me as you please!

Sophia. I believe you; and if you will conduct me to a relation's house, a few miles from town—

Nom. Come along, Sophia!—Faith! I've been so long looking for a creature so eccentric as myself, that now I've found one, I'll not easily part with it!

SIR ANDREW *within.*

Sir Andrew. Where are you all—James!

Sophia. My guardian's voice—make haste, Sir.

Nom. Farewell, old misery, and once more for notoriety—

[*Exit with Sophia.*]

Re-enter SIR ANDREW *from house.*

Sir Andrew. There they go! that devil of a fellow has carried her off! I'll pursue them—I'll—

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. [*speaking to Nominal*] Huzza! that's right—away with her.—Look, old boy! look there!—First he intrigues with your wife, and then he elopes with your ward! Isn't he a fine fellow? Isn't he like me?

Sir Andrew. Yes; he's as like you, as one madman is like another—but I'll overtake him! I'll make him studious again, or beat him as soundly as he beat you! I'll be revenged!

[*Exit.*
Col.]

Col. I knew I should bring him up to some purpose! Instead of practising law, he'll promote it now, and then for a general election—Oh! what a scene will he make at a general election!

Enter O'WHACK.

O'Whack. And has your honour found him out at last? by my soul, I always said he was as full of mischief as yourself, ma foi.

Col. Yes; that he is! he's me in every thing; and here, thou dear tutor, here's something for the pains you have taken in finishing his education [*giving him money.*]

O'Whack. Bien obligé, your honour! I never wanted the dear craters more in my life; for there's a fine young jontleman just thrown into prison, who hasn't a sous to save him from starvation—So, d'ye see, as he once did me a bit of a service, I'll do him another; and then there'll be no mauvaire houte betwixt us, you know—

Col. What is his name, O'Whack?

O'Whack. Monsieur Clairville! poor lad! I believe he was just going to the Eastern Indies to bring home a large fortune in his pocket, and a little hole in his liver.

Col. Clairville in prison!

O'Whack. C'est vrais, jewel—his brother, who is a lord, and not a gentleman d'ye see, had him tap'd on the shoulder, and thrown into jail for a thousand louis d'ors.

Col. I know his brother's treachery well; and now rejoice that Nominal befriended Clairville, instead of injuring him—But go to him, O'Whack, tell him, I'll see Lord Jargon, and do all in my power to assist him—Go, and comfort him.

O'Whack.

O'Whack. I'll go directly, and ten thousand blessings on your honour in the bargain—Bon jour! Oh! by the eternal powers! I wish we had his Lordship in Ireland—I'd lay my best cha-peau to a thirteen, he'd never make a speech about the good of his country again. [*Exit.*]

Col. Poor Clairville! I'll enquire into the matter instantly, and then to hear what Nominal has done with Sophia—Oh! the dear fellow!
Now

*The breed will be preserv'd from fire to fire,
And future Hubbubs keep the world on fire.*

SCENE—*An apartment with glass doors—Enter HONORIA from doors, and seeing LADY ACID entering, shuts them in great agitation.*

Hon. Heavens! Lady Acid!

Lady A. What's the matter with you now? What makes you look so pale?

Hon. Nothing, Ma'am! nothing—

Lady A. I come to tell you, that, that wretch Clairville is in prison, and will remain there for ever; unless you have discretion enough to accept Lord Jargon's offers—then he'll be released—Nay, none of your airs—his Lordship is honourable; he means marriage.

Hon. Marriage! can his Lordship have the condescension?—

Lady A. Yes; and see where he comes to make his own propofals.

Enter LORD JARGON.

I've been telling Honoria, my Lord, that you'll have the humanity to release your profligate bro-

ther from prison, if she'll consent to share your title and fortune.

Lord Jar. Am I to be the happy man ?

Hon. Never, my Lord !

Lord Jar. How ! Never !

Hon. No.—Let me be the simple Honoria, and enjoy self approbation, rather than be the wife of your Lordship, and lose the congratulations of my own heart.

Lady A. Hear me, Honoria—think of the title, the fashion !

Hon. Fashion ! contemptible ! I'm weary of the very word ! What has it ever done, that there should be such magic in the sound ? 'Tis true, it has thrown a veil over vice, exalted the undeserving, and given a sanction to dissipation ; but has it ever relieved poverty, lessened oppression, or wiped away the tear of suffering virtue ! name it not then—nor name his Lordship as a husband—I shall treat both with equal disdain.

Lord Jar. More sentiments ! and where they came from, Heaven only knows !

Lady A. Mighty fine, Madam ; but since you're so arrogant, the Colonel shall be told of your behaviour—he shall hear of your mean mercenary disposition—What ! though you pretend to despise his Lordship, you can receive jewels from him.

Hon. Jewels ! Heaven's ! Was I not compell'd, Madam ?

Lady A. No matter—the proof is against you—they are in your possession, and when your uncle hears of it, I'm sure he won't refuse his Lordship's offers.

Enter

Enter COL. HUBBUB.

Col. Won't he? But he will tho'! Tho' I love a lad of spirit, I detest premeditated villainy as much as any man—Your brother Clairville is in prison, my Lord; and I'm told by your means.

Hon. Yes, Sir—'tis so—by his, his brother's means.

Lady A. Peace! and let me speak—Colonel, notwithstanding your prejudices against me and Lord Jargon, I know when you hear the conduct of this mean avaricious girl, you'll confess, that his Lordship has a greater claim to her than any other man—You'll allow fine diamonds are rare things!

Col. Yes; next to modesty and good sense, the rarest things now-a-days to be met with.

Lady A. Then, Sir, with shame I mention it, she has receiv'd a necklace from his Lordship, worth a thousand pounds.

Col. How! Is this true, my Lord?

Lord Jar. I can't answer you—but I won't deny it.

Lady A. She will tell you, that I compell'd her to accept the necklace; but even if that were the case, she might have returned it to his Lordship long ere this time.

Col. 'Tis too plain! I see it by her blushes—Base, fordid girl! where are the diamonds? Produce and give them back to his Lordship, or I swear—Go fetch them instantly—What! do you hesitate?

Hon. I have not the necklace by me, Sir—I—

Col. What have you done with it then?

Hon. To confess the truth, Sir—I have sold it!

Col.

Col. and Lady. Sold it!

Hon. Yes, Sir; to redeem a picture—to—

Col. A picture! give a thousand pounds for a picture—Let's see that!

Lady A. See! she hesitates again! Oh! it's all an imposition, and my Lord has been defrauded out of his diamonds.

Hon. Wait but a moment, and I'll shew you how he has been defrauded.

Opens glass doors, and leads out CLAIRVILLE.

Here is the jewel the necklace has redeemed—
Here is a treasure worth ten times its value! and here is the man I shall adore as long as I live—
[embracing him.]

Col. Clairville!

Clair. Yes; that Clairville, who must have sunk a victim to your's [to Lady] and his Lordship's artifices, had not this lovely angel stretched out her hand, and saved me from destruction.

Col. Well! this is the prettiest picture I ever saw! Look, my Lord; Look, Lady Acid.

Lord Jar. I never was better pleased in my life—ha, ha!—Damnation!

Col. Nay, pray look—you'll not see such a picture again, and what's better, you'll never see your diamonds again—Clairville, I give you joy, and almost wish you Honoria's husband; but I've left all that to my ward—the dear boy has the sole disposal of her.

Lady A. Has he? then I hope he'll marry her himself—Any thing rather than she should be thrown away on a pitiful younger brother.

Enter NOMINAL with SOPHIA.

Nom. Here we are!—the two wonders of the age—The elopement's all over the town already—

And

And now what do you think is the next piece of mischief we're resolved on ?

Col. What ?

Nom. Marriage.

Col. Marriage !

Nom. Ay ; so it is—I never thought of it—but two such eccentric creatures are fit for nothing but each other—We've hurried ourselves into it, and what's more, we've hurried Sir Andrew into it—And now, if you'll consent—but dispatch—intreat you be quick—for the Lady's on fire and I'm—ugh !

Col. Why, Sophia, is this true ?

Sophia. Even so, Colonel ! You were so inconstant, that I was obliged to accept another gay deceiver.

Col. Well, well ; take her with all my heart ; so the glorious breed is preserved, I don't care who it's by—But, you rogue, you must give up singularity now.

Nom. Must I ! No—I'll be more singular than ever—I'll be so true, so faithful, and so constant a husband, that the whole fashionable world shall laugh at me !

Lady A. [*aside to Lord*] This is fortunate !—Now he's married himself, perhaps he may give you Honoria--ask him.

Lord Far. I will [*aside.*] Nominal, a word.

Nom. What, my little antagonist !

Lord Far. I know you are as much above receiving a bribe, as I am of offering one ; but if you'll make Honoria mine, I'll give you half her fortune.

L

Nom.

Nom. If you'd give me your own into the bargain, I wou'dn't dispose of her so dishonourably --No, no ; your brother is my friend, and if I have any interest in Honoria, I hope she may be his for ever---And now, all I recommend to you, and my old acquaintance here [*to Lady Acid*] is, to leave the world and take the wax-figure along with you! [*Exit Lady.*]

Col. That's right, my boy!---Every thing shall be joined to-night--Hands, hearts and estates ! I'll give Clairville property, and if his Lordship has any more presents, another diamond necklace---Why, he may fettle it on the first child.

Nom. Won't you follow her, my Lord ?

Lord Far. I follow her! not for a thousand worlds!---Lady Acid!

[*Exit, calling Lady Acid.*]

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sophia. Sir Andrew, I hope you've forgiven me every thing.

Sir Andrew. Yes, yes ; you, and your kindred genius have tormented me so much, that I could not be better revenged, than by marrying you together--I've lost a wife, and the student has found one, that's all.

Col. " Which has the better bargain."---Ods life ! old boy, an't you delighted to see us all so merry.

Sir Andrew. Faith ! I think I am---but don't be too hard upon me--don't be too merry---lest the devil that's within me, should tempt me to make long faces again.

Nom.

Nom. If he does, it must be at another time,
and in another place.

*Good humour reigns so absolutely here,
That when there's cause for censure, none we fear.
So great their candour! they so seldom blame,
That even Nominal may get a name;
And Notoriety—be crown'd with fame.* }

THE END.

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The DRAMATIST:

OR

STOP HIM WHO CAN!

A COMEDY,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

1793.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD SCRATCH,	-	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
HARRY NEVILLE,	-	<i>Mr. Holman.</i>
FLORIVILLE,	-	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
WILLOUGHBY,	-	<i>Mr. M^cReady.</i>
ENNUI,	- -	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
PETER,	- -	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
VAPID,	- -	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
SERVANT,	- -	<i>Mr. Evatt.</i>

LOUISA COURTNEY,	-	<i>Miss Brunton.</i>
LADY WAITFOR'T,	-	<i>Mrs. Webb.</i>
LETTY,	-	<i>Miss Brangin.</i>
MARIANNE,	-	<i>Mrs. Wells.</i>

SCENE—B A T H.

PROLOGUE.

Written by ROBERT MERRY, Esq;

IN this blest Land thro' every varying Age
Public and Private Life have had their Rage;
In good King Arthur's Days, with cumbrous Shield,
The Iron Champions pranc'd upon the Field;
Relentless Beauty bade the Knights advance,
And bear the Rage romantic on their Lance.
From length of Time this Fury found its Death,
And wiser Fashions mark'd Elizabeth;
Her modest Dames were form'd of milder Stuff,
But check'd Prefumption with a monstrous Ruff:
Their Breakfast Rage all Delicacy shocks,
Early they pick'd the Pinion of an Ox;
Then rode in State behind the Scepter'd Fair,
On Horseback, full as well as my Lord May'r.
These Modes howe'er are alter'd, and of late,
Beef, but not Modesty, is out of Date:
For now, instead of rich Sir-loins, we see
Green Calipash and yellow Calippee:
Now Ladies shine from Phaetons afar,
And very soon perhaps may learn to spar:
At leisure Hours they work Settees and Chairs,
Or waste their Youth on Puddings or on Pray'rs.
As thus the Manners differ, Writers try
To trace the whimsical variety.
With Observation just, and Mirror true,
Present each reigning Folly to the view.
Yet hold, our Author's seen all Rage outgoes,
A new eccentric Character he shews:

P R O L O G U E.

No doughty Quixote, and no modern Fighter—
A Dramatizing Hero—Play Inditer :—
One who to gain Applause, like Wits in Vogue,
Torments with Prologue, or with Epilogue ;
At every House with Incident he meets,
And thinks he sees Proceffions in the Streets ;
In common Life will Unities expect,
Looks up to Politics for stage Effect ;
And so misled, that if his Wife should die,
She's made a charming Act he would cry.
But let me not our Comedy-forestal,
Or court your Judgement till the Curtain fall ;
Meantime we'll strive your Patience to beguile,
And win from loveliest Lips the bright'ning smile ;
Welcome the approving Lustre as it flies,
From this refulgent Hemisphere of Eyes.
Such as it is, we give it to your View,
And trust our Cause to Candour, and to you.

THE
D R A M A T I S T :

A
C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE—*The Grove—Lady WAITFOR'T'S House.*

A Window open, and Music heard.

Enter MARIANNE, and LETTY, from the House.

MARIANNE.

BUT I tell you I will come out—I did'nt come to Bath to be confin'd, nor I won't—I hate all their company but sweet Miss Courteney's.

Letty. I declare Miss Marianne you grow worse and worse every day, your country manners will be the ruin of you.

Marianne. Don't you talk about that Letty—It was a shame to bring me up in the country—if I had been properly taken care of, I might have done great things—I might have married

B the

the poet I danc'd with at the ball—But it's all over now.—I shall never get a husband, and what's worse, my aunt did it on purpose—She ruined me, Letty, that nobody else might.

Letty. How you talk?—I hope Miss Courtney has'nt taught you all this.

Marianne. No,—She's a dear creature,—She has taught me many things; but nothing improper, I'm sure.

Letty. Pray has she taught you why she never plays any tune but the one we heard just now.

Marianne. Yes—and if you'll keep it a secret, I'll tell you Letty, Mr. Harry Neville taught it her last summer,—and now she is always playing it because it puts her in mind of the dear man,—when it is ended don't you observe how she sighs from the bottom of her dear little heart?

Letty. Why I thought they had quarrel'd?

Marianne. So they have—she won't see him, and I believe my aunt Lady Waitfor't has been the occasion of it;—poor Mr. Neville!—I wish I could assist him, for indeed, Letty, I always pity any body that is cross'd in love—it may be one's own case one day or other you know.

Letty. True—and for the same reason I suppose you rejoice when it is successful—I'm sure now the intended marriage of Lady Waitfor't and Lord Scratch gives you great pleasure.

Marianne. What! the country gentleman who has lately come to his Title? No, if you'll believe me, I don't like him at all,—he's a sour old fellow—is always abusing our sex, and thinks there is only one good woman under Heaven:—Now I'm sure that's a mistake, for I know I'm

a good woman, and I think Letty, you are another.

Letty. Yes,—I hope so, though I confess I think your aunt a better than either of us.

Marianne. More shame for you—she is a woman of sentiment, and hums you over with her flourishes about purity, and feelings,—feelings—faith!—she ought to be ashamed of herself—no other woman would talk in that manner.

Letty. You mistake her—she is a woman of virtue and can't help feeling for the vices and misfortunes of others.

Marianne. Then why can't she do as I have done Letty?—keep her feelings to herself—if I had given way to them half so much as she has—Oh Lord! I don't know what might have been the consequence.—

Letty. For shame!—You never hear Lady Waitfor't speak ill of any body.

Marianne. No.—How should she? when she talks of nobody but herself.

Letty. Well!—Your opinion is of little weight; my Lord sees her merit, and is come to Bath on purpose to marry her—he thinks her a prodigy of goodness.

Marianne. Then pray let him have her—every fool knows, so to be sure he does Letty, that a prodigy of goodness is a very rare thing;—but when he finds her out! faith!—it will be a rare joke when he finds her out.—

Letty. Shameful Miss Marianne! do speak a little intelligibly, and remember your aunt's favourite observation.

Marianne. What is it?—I have forgot.

Letty. That good sentiments are always plain.

Marianne. Yes.—So are good women,—bid her remember that *Letty*.

Letty. Hush:—say no more—here she comes, and Mr. Willoughby with her.

Marianne. Ay—that man is always with her of late—but come *Letty*, let's get out of their way—let's take a walk and look at the beaux.

Letty. The beaux! ah: I see you long to become a woman of fashion.

Marianne. No—tho' I hate the country, I never will become a woman of fashion—I know too well what it is to do many things one don't like, and 'faith, while there is such real pleasure in following my own inclinations, I see no reason why, (*merely out of fashion*) I should be oblig'd to copy other people's. [*Exit with Letty.*]

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T, and WILLOUGHBY.

LADY, to Servant.

When my Lord returns, tell him I'm gone to Lady Walton's, and shall be back immediately.

Willoughby. Then your Ladyship is certain Harry Neville is arrived.

Lady. Yes—the ungrateful man arrived last night, and as I yet mean to consult his happiness, I have written to him to come to me this evening—but I will ever oppose his union with my Lord's ward, Louisa Courtney, because I think it will be the ruin of them both, and you know, Willoughby, one can not forget one's feelings on those occasions.

Willoughby. Certainly—Ennui the Time-killer—whose only business in life is to murder the
the

the hour; is also just arrived; and my Lord is resolved on his marrying Louisa instantly.

Lady. True—and only because he'll make a quiet member for his borough in the west. But for various reasons I am determined she shall be your's—yet it must be done artfully—my circumstances are deranged, and an alliance with my Lord Scratch is the only hope of relief—such are the fruits of virtue, Willoughby.

Willoughby. Well—but her fortune is entirely dependant on my Lord's consent, and, how is that to be obtained? You know I am no favourite, and Ennui is a great one.

Lady. I know it, and therefore we must incense him against Ennui—let me see—can't we contrive some mode,—some little ingenious story—he is a singular character you know, and has violent prejudices.

Willoughby. True—and of all his prejudices, none is so violent or entertaining as that against authors and actors.

Lady. Yes,—the stage is his aversion, and some way or other—I have it—it's an odd thought but may do much—suppose we tell him Ennui has written a play.

Willoughby. The luckiest thought in the world! it will make him hate him directly.

Lady. Well:—leave it to me—I'll explain the matter to him myself,—and my life on't, it proves successful—you see Willoughby my only system is to promote happiness.

Willoughby. It is indeed Lady Waitfor't—but if this fails, may I still hope for your interest with Miss Courtney.

Lady.

Lady. Yes—I'm determined she shall be your's, and neither Neville's, nor Ennui's—but come, it's late—here he is.

Willoughby. We'll get rid of him.

Enter ENNUI.

Lady. Mr. Ennui, your most obedient—we are going to the Parade—have you seen your cousin Neville?

Ennui. I've an idea—I've just left him.

Lady. I suppose we shall see you at Lady Walton's in the evening—till when adieu.

[Exeunt Lady Waitfor't and Willoughby.]

ENNUI solus.

I've an idea I don't like this Lady Waitfor't—she wishes to trick me out of my match with Miss Courtney, and if I could trick her in return—*(takes out his watch.)*—How goes the enemy!—only one o'clock!—I thought it had been that, an hour ago :—heigho !—here's my patron Lord Scratch.

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Lord. What a wonderful virtue is the art of hearing!—may I die if a listener is to be found any where :—Zounds! am not I a Peer, and don't I talk by prerogative?—and if I may'nt talk ten times as much as another person, what's the use of my peerage?

Ennui. I've an idea—I don't comprehend you.

Lord That fellow Neville would'nt hear a word I had to say :—abandoned young dog :—he's come to Bath to invent tales against that divinity Lady Waitfor't again I suppose—but

my ward Louisa shall be put out of his pow'r for ever—she shall marry you to morrow.

Ennui. In fact—I always forgot to give your lordship joy of your title, though not of your dress.

Lord. Not of my dress!—ay : ay :—that's the difference—you poor devils in humble life are obliged to dress well to look like gentlemen—we Peers may dress as we please—*(looking at his watch)*—but I shall lose my appointments—past two o'clock!

Ennui. Past two o'clock!—delightful!

Lord. Delightful!—what at your old tricks.

Ennui. I'd an idea—it had been only one.

Lord. And you're delighted because it's an hour later.

Ennui. To be sure I am—my dear friend, to be sure I am, the enemy has lost a limb!

Lord. So you're happy because you're an hour nearer the other world!—tell me now!—do you wish to die?

Ennui. No—but I wish somebody would invent a new mode of killing time—in fact—I think I've found one—private acting.

Lord. Acting!—never talk to me about the stage—I detest a theatre and every thing that belongs to it, and if ever—but no matter—I must to Lady Waitfor't, and prevail on her to marry me at the same time you marry my ward—but remember our agreement—you are to settle your estate on Louisa, and I am to bring you into parliament

Ennui. In fact I comprehend—I am to be a hearer, and not a speaker.

Lord.

Lord. Speaker:—if you open your mouth the Chiltern Hundreds is your portion—Look'ye—you are to be led quietly to the right side—to sleep during the debate—give a nod for your vote, and in every respect move like a Mandarin at my command—in short, you are to be a Mandarin member—so fare you well till we're both married! [Exit.

Ennui. I've an idea here's Neville!—In fact—he knows nothing of my marrying Louisa, nor shall he till after the happy day—strange news, Neville.

Enter NEVILLE.

Nev. I've heard it all. Louisa is going to be married: but to whom I know not,—and my Lord persists in his fatal attachment to Lady Waitfor't.

Ennui. In fact—why fatal?

Nev. Because it is the source of every mischief—while she maintains her power over him, I have no hope of love or fortune—when my father died he left his estate to my brother, relying on my Lord providing for me—and now how he deserts me! and all owing to the—artifices of an insidious woman.

Ennui. I've an Idea, I comprehend her motive—she loves you.

Nev. Yes—'tis too plain—and because I would not listen to her advances, she has ruined me in my uncle's opinion, and degraded me in Louisa's—but I will see Miss Courtney herself—I will hear my doom from her own mouth; and if she avoids me, I will leave her, and this country, for ever.

Enter

Enter PETER.

Peter. A letter, sir.

Nev. Without a direction!—what can it mean?

Peter. Sir, 'tis from Lady Waitfor't—The servant who brought it, said her Ladyship had reasons for not directing it, which she would explain to you when she saw you.

Nev. Oh! the old stratagem: as it is not directed she may swear it was designed for another person.

(reads)

“ Sir,

“ I have heard of your arrival at Bath, and
 “ strange as my conduct may appear, I think it a
 “ duty I owe the virtuous part of mankind to pro-
 “ mote their happiness as much as I can, I have
 “ long beheld your merit, and long wish'd to en-
 “ courage it.—I shall be at home at six this
 “ evening. Your's,

“ A. WAITFOR'T.”

Ennui. In fact—a very sentimental assignation, that would do as well for any other man.

Nev. If I show it to my Lord I know his bigotry is such that he would (as usual) only suppose it a trick of my own—the more cause there is to condemn, the more he approves.

Ennui. I've an idea he's incomprehensible—in fact—who have we here?

Nev. As I live, Vapid, the dramatic author—he is come to Bath to pick up characters I suppose.

Ennui. In fact—pick up!

Nev. Yes—he has the ardor scribendi upon him so strong, that he would rather you'd ask

C

him

him to write an epilogue to a new play, than offer him your whole estate—the theatre is his world, in which are included all his hopes and wishes.— In short,—he is a dramatic maniac.

Ennui. Has he not a share of vanity in his composition?

Nev. Oh yes—he fancies himself a great favourite with the women.

Ennui. Then I've an idea, I've got a thought by which you may revenge yourself on Lady Waitfor't—in fact—give him the letter—he'll certainly believe 'tis meant for himself.—

Nev. My dear friend ten thousand thanks—we'll flatter his vanity by persuading him she is young and beautiful, and my life on't it does wonders;—but, hush, he comes.

Enter VAPID.

Nev. Vapid! I rejoice to see you,—'tis a long time since we met—give me leave to introduce you to a particular friend of mine—Mr. Ennui—Mr. Vapid.

Ennui. I've an idea—you do me honour—Mr. Vapid I shall be proud to be better acquainted with you—in fact—any thing of consequence stirring in the fashionable or political world.

Vapid. Some whispers about a new pantomime, sir—nothing else.

Nev. And I'm afraid in the present scarcity of good writers, we have little else to expect—pray Vapid, how is the present dearth of genius to be accounted for? particularly dramatic genius?

Vapid. Why as to dramatic genius, sir, the fact is this—to give a true picture of life a man should

should enter into all its scenes, should follow nature, sir—but modern authors plunder from one another—the mere shades of shadows,—now, sir, for my part, I dive into the world, I search the heart of man—'tis true I'm called a rake—but upon my soul I only game, drink and intrigue, that I may be better able to dramatize each particular scene.

Nev. A good excuse for profligacy—but tell me Vapid have you got any new characters since you came to Bath?

Vapid. Faith!—only two—and those not very new either.

Ennui. In fact :—may we ask what they are?

Vapid. If you don't write.

Nev. No, we certainly do not.

Vapid. Then I'll tell you—the first is a charitable divine, who in the weighty consideration how he shall best lavish his generosity, never bestows it at all—and the other is a cautious apothecary, who, in determining which of two medicines is best for his patient, lets him die for want of assistance—you understand me,—I think this last will do something, heh?

Ennui I've an idea—the apothecary would cut a good figure in a comedy.

Vapid. A comedy! pshaw! I mean him for a Tragedy.

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend, nor possibly the town.

Vapid. I know it—that's the very thing—hark'ye, I've found out a secret—what every body understands, nobody approves, and people always applaud most where they least comprehend.—There is a refinement, sir, in appearing to

understand things incomprehensible—else whence arises the pleasure at an opera, a private play, or a speech in parliament? why, 'tis the mystery in all these things—'tis the desire to find out, what nobody else can—to be thought wiser than others—therefore—you take me,—the apothecary is the hero of my tragedy.

Nev. Faith there is some reason in all this—and I'm amazed we have so many writers for the stage.

Vapid. So am I—and I think I'll write no more for an ungrateful public—you don't know any body that has a play coming out, do you?

Nev. No—, why do you ask?

Vapid. He'll want an epilogue you know, that's all.

Nev. Why you won't write him one, will you?

Vapid. I! oh Lord! no,—but genius ought to be encouraged, and as he's a friend of your's,—what's the name of the play?

Nev. I really don't know any body that has written one.

Vapid. Yes—yes—you do.

Nev. Upon my word I do not—a cousin of mine indeed wrote one for his amusement, but I don't think he could ever be prevailed on to produce it on the stage.

Vapid. He prevailed on!—The manager you mean—but what did you think of it?

Nev. I never read it but am told it is a good play—and if performed, Vapid, he will be proud of your assistance.

Vapid. I speak in time, because it is material—many a dull play has been saved by a good epilogue.

Nev.

Nev. True—but I had almost forgot—why Vapid, the Lady in the grove will enlarge your knowledge amazingly.

Ennui. I've an idea—she's the pattern of perfection.

Nev. The paragon of beauty! ah Vapid! I would give worlds for the coldest expression in this letter.

Vapid. That letter!—what do you mean by that letter?

Nev. And you really pretend not to know the young Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. No, I hav'nt spoke to a woman at Bath,—but a sweet girl I danced with at the ball; and who she is by the lord I don't know.

Nev. Well, but Vapid—young Lady Waitfor't—she loves you to distraction.

Vapid. As I hope for fame, I never heard her name before.

Nev. Then she has heard your's, and admires your genius,—however, read the letter and be satisfied she loves you.

VAPID reads.

“Arrival at Bath—duty I owe—virtuous part
“of mankind—beheld your merit—wish to en-
“courage—fix this evening.—A. Waitfor't—
“Grove.”

Yes—yes: its plain enough now—she admires my talents!—It is'nt the first time Neville, this has happen'd—sweet fond fool:—I'll go and prepare my self directly.

Nev. Ay—do Vapid,—she'll be all on fire to see you.

Vapid. All on fire! I suppose so—write a play Neville, write a play—you see the effect of
the

the muses and graces when they unite—you see Neville, you see—but hold; hold: how the devil came you by this letter.

Nev. That's true enough (*aside*) I'll tell you—I was at her party last night, and on coming out of the room she slipped it into my hand and desired me to direct it, and give it you—she has often spoke to me in your favour, and I did you all the good I could—however, to be sure it's no mistake, ask the servant who admits you, if the name at the bottom, is not her own hand writing.

Vapid. Oh, no! its no mistake, there's no doubt of the matter—write a play Neville, write a play—and charm the ladies you dog!—
adieu! [Exit.

Ennui. I've an idea, if we've common fortune this will do every thing.

Nev. No,—Lady Waitfor't's arts are numberless—she is so perfect a hypocrite, that I even doubt her confessing her real sentiments to her minion Willoughby; and when she does a bad action, she ever pretends 'tis from a good motive.

Re-enter VAPID.

Vapid. Gad, I forgot—you'll recollect the epilogue, Neville.

Nev. Yes,—I'll write to my cousin to-day.

Vapid. But not a word of the love affair to him—any where else indeed it might do one a service—but never tell an intrigue to a dramatic author.

Ennui. In fact,—why not, sir?

Vapid. Because it may furnish a scene for a comedy—I do it myself.—Indeed I think the best

best part of an intrigue is the hopes of incident, or stage effect—however, I can't stay.

Nev. Nay, we'll walk with you—I in pursuit of my brother—you of your mistress.

Vapid. Ay, Neville,—there it is—now do take my advice and write a play—if any accident happens, remember, it is better to have written a damn'd play than no play at all,—it snatches a man from obscurity, and being particular, *as this world goes*, is a very great thing.

Nev. But I confess I have no desire to get into print.

Vapid. Get into print! psha!—every body gets into print now—kings and quacks—peers and poets—bishops and boxers—taylor and trading justices—can't go lower you know—all get into print! But we soar a little higher,—we have privileges peculiar to ourselves.—Now sir, I—I for my part can talk as I please,—say what I will, it is sure to excite mirth, for supposing you don't laugh at my wit, I laugh myself, Neville, and that makes every body else do the same—so allons!!

Ennui. I've an idea—no bad mode of routing the enemy.

END of ACT I.

ACT

A C T II.

*(Two chairs.)*SCENE—*An Apartment in Lady WAITFOR'T'S House.**Enter VAPID, and a Servant.**Servant.* Sir, my Lady will wait on you immediately.*Vapid.* Hark'ye, fir,—Is this young Lady of your's very handsome?*Servant.* Sir.*Vapid.* Is your young mistress, fir, very handsome?*Servant.* Yes, fir—my young mistress is thought a perfect beauty.*Vapid.* Charming! what age do you reckon her?*Servant.* About twenty, fir.*Vapid.* The right interesting age! and fond of the drama I suppose?*Servant.* Sir!*Vapid.* Very fond of plays I presume.*Servant.* Yes, fir, very fond of plays or any thing relating to them.*Vapid.* Delightful! now am I the happiest dog alive: yes, yes, Vapid! let the town damn your plays, the women will never desert you, *(seats himself)* you need'nt stay, fir *(Servant exit)* that's a good sign, that fellow is'nt us'd to this kind of business—so much the better—practice is the destruction of love—yes, I shall indulge a beautiful woman,—gratify myself, and perhaps get the last scene for my unfinished comedy.*Enter*

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Sir, your most obedient.

Vapid. Ma'am, (*bowing*)

Lady. Pray keep your seat, sir—I beg I may'nt disturb you.

Vapid. By no means, ma'am—give me leave—
(*both sit*) who the devil have we here. (*Aside.*)

Lady. I am told, sir, you have business for Lady Waitfor't.

Vapid. Yes, ma'am—being my first appearance in that character, but I could wait whole hours for so beautiful a woman.

Lady. Oh, sir!

Vapid. Yes—I am no stranger to her charms,—sweet young creature!

Lady. Nay, dear sir, not so *very* young.

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am, and her youth enhances her other merits—but oh! she has one charm that surpasses all.

Lady. Has she, sir?—what may it be?

Vapid. Her passion for the stage.

Lady. Sir!

Vapid. Yes, her passion for the stage! that in my mind makes her the first of her sex.

Lady. Sir, she has no passion for the stage.

Vapid. Yes, yes, she has.

Lady. But I protest she has not.

Vapid. But I declare and affirm it as a fact, she has a strong passion for the stage, and a violent attachment for all the people that belong to it.

Lady. Sir, I don't understand you—explain.

Vapid. Hark'ye,—we are alone—I promise it shall go no further, and I'll let you into a secret—I know—

D

Lady.

Lady. Well!—what do you know?

Vapid. I know a certain dramatic author with whom she ——— he had a letter from her this morning.

Lady. What!

Vapid. Yes,—an affignation—don't be alarmed—the man may be depended on—he is safe—very safe!—long in the habit of intrigue—a good person too!—a very good person indeed!

Lady. Amazement!

Vapid. (*Whispering her.*) Hark'ye, he means to make her happy in less than half an hour.

Lady. (*rising.*) Sir,—do you know who you're talking to?—do you know who I am?

Vapid. No,—how the devil should I?

Lady. Then know, I am Lady Waitfor't.

Vapid. You, Lady Waitfor't!

Lady. Yes, sir—the only Lady Waitfor't!

Vapid. Mercy on me:—here's incident!

Lady. Yes,—and I am convinced you were sent here by that traitor, Neville—speak, is he not your friend?

Vapid. Yes, ma'am:—I know Mr. Neville—here's equivoque!

Lady. This is some trick, some stratagem of his—he gave you the letter to perplex and embarrass me.

Vapid. Gave the letter! gad that's great,—pray ma'am give me leave to ask you one question—Did you write to Mr. Neville?

Lady. Yes, sir—to confess the truth I did—but from motives.—

Vapid. Stop, my dear ma'am, stop—I have it—now let me be clear—first you send him a letter; is it not so? yes,—then he gives it to
me—

me—very well: then I come, (supposing you only twenty) mighty well!—then you turn out ninety—charming!—then comes the embarrassment: then the eclaircissement! Oh, it's glorious!—Give me your hand—you have atoned for every thing.

Lady. Oh! I owe all this to that villain, Neville—I am not revengeful—but 'tis a weakness to endure such repeated provocations, and I'm convinced the mind, that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good one's.

Vapid. Bravo! encore, encore—it is the very best sentiment I ever heard—say it again, pray say it again—I'll take it down, and blend it with the incident, and you shall be gratified one day or other with seeing the whole on the stage.—“The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good ones.” (*Taking it down in his common place book.*)

Lady. This madman's folly is not to be borne—if my Lord too should discover him (*Vapid sits and takes notes*) here, the consequences might be dreadful, and the scheme of Ennui's play all undone.—Sir, I desire you'll quit my house immediately—Oh! I'll be revenged I'm determined. [*Exit.*

VAPID *solus.*

What a great exit! very well!—I've got an incident however—Faith! I have noble talents—to extract gold from lead has been the toil of numberless philosophers: but I extract it from a baser metal, human frailty—Oh! it's a great thing

thing to be a dramatic genius!—a very great thing indeed!

[*As he is going*

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Vapid. Sir, your most devoted.—How d'ye do?

Lord. Sir, your most obedient.

Vapid. Very warm tragedy weather, sir!—but for my part I hate summer and I'll tell you why,—the theatres are shut, and when I pass by their doors in an evening it makes me melancholy—I look upon them as the tombs of departed friends that were wont to instruct and delight me—I don't know how you feel—perhaps you are not in my way.

Lord. Sir!

Vapid. Perhaps you don't write for the stage—if you do,—hark'ye—there is a capital character in this house for a farce.

Lord. Why! what is all this—who are you?

Vapid. Who am I?—here's a question! in these times who can tell who he is?—for ought I know I may be great uncle to yourself, or first cousin to Lady Waitfor't—the very woman I was about to—but no matter—since you're so very inquisitive, do you know who you are?

Lord. Look'ye, sir, I am Lord Scratch.

Vapid. A Peer! psha! contemptible;—when I ask a man who he is, I don't want to know what are his titles and such nonsense; no, Old Scratch, I want to know what he has written, when he had the curtain up, and whether he's a true son of the drama.—Hark'ye, don't make yourself uneasy on my account—in my next pan-

pantomime perhaps I'll let you know who I am, old Scratch. [Exit.]

Lord. Astonishing! can this be Lady Waitfor't's house—"Very warm tragedy weather, sir!" "In my next pantomime let you know who I am"—Gad I must go and investigate the matter immediately, and if she has wronged me, by the blood of the Scratches, I'll bring the whole business before parliament, make a speech ten hours long, reduce the price of opium, and set the nation in a lethargy. [Exit.]

SCENE—*A Library in Lady WAITFOR'T'S House.*

A Sopha, and two Chairs.

Enter VAPID.

Vapid. Either this house is a labyrinth, or I, in reflecting on my incident, have forgot myself; for so it is I can't find my way out—who have we here?—by the sixtieth night my little partner!

Enter MARIANNE, with a book in her hand.

Marianne. The poet I danc'd with!—he little thinks how much I've thought of him since? sir. (*curtsying.*)

Vapid. Ma'am, (*bowing.*)

Marianne. I hope, sir, you caught no cold the other night.

Vapid. No ma'am, I was much nearer a fever than a cold—pray ma'am what is your study?

Marianne

Marianne. I have been reading "*All for Love.*"
—Pray, sir, do you know any thing about plays?

Vapid. Know any thing about plays!—there's a question.

Marianne. I know so much about them, that I once acted at a private theatre.

Vapid. Did you? then you acted for your own amusement and nobody's else: what was the play?

Marianne. I can't tell.

Vapid. Can't tell!

Marianne. No,—nobody knew,—its a way they have.

Vapid. Then they never act a play of mine—With all this partiality for the stage—perhaps you would be content with a dramatist for life—particularly if his morals were fine.

Marianne. Lord! I don't care about fine morals—I'd rather my husband had fine teeth,—and I'm told most women of fashion are of the same opinion.

Vapid. To be sure they are,—but could you really consent to run away with a poet.

Marianne. Faith—with all my heart—they never have any money you know, and as I have none, our distress would be complete, and if we had any luck our adventures would become public, and then we should get into a novel at last.

Vapid. Into a prison more probably—if she goes on in this way I must dramatize her first,—and run away with her afterwards (*aside*) come are you ready?

Lady WAITFOR'T without.

Tell my Lord, sir, I'll wait in the library.

Marianne

Marianne. Oh lord! my aunt, what's to be done.

Vapid. What's to be done!—why?

Marianne. She mus'nt find you here—she'll be the death of me, she is so violent.

Vapid. Well, I'm not afraid—she's no manager.

Marianne. No, but if you have any pity for me—here—hide yourself for a moment behind this sofa, and I'll get her out of the room directly.

Vapid. Behind this sofa! here's an incident!

Marianne. Nay—pray—she's here! come—quick!—quick!—

[*Vapid gets behind the sofa, Marianne sits on it, takes out her work bag, and begins singing—Lady Waitfor't enters.*

Marianne. Toll de roll &c.

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Marianne how came you here? I desire you'll leave the room directly.

Marianne. Leave the room, aunt!

Lady. Yes, leave the room immediately—what are you looking at?

Marianne. Nothing aunt, nothing—lord! lord! what will become of poor, poor Mr. Poet? [*Exit.*

Lady. So—here's my lord—now to mention Ennui's play, and if it does but prejudice him against him, Willoughby marries Louisa, and Neville is in my own power.

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Lord. That curst pantomime ruffian! nobody knows any think about him—perhaps my lady has

has got a sudden touch of the dramatic mania, and prefers him—here she is—now if she should talk about the stage.

Lady. Pray be seated my lord—I want to ask you a favour.

Lord. Ask me a favour! is it possible! (*they sit.*)

Lady. Yes, for our friend Ennui—what do you think he has done?

Lord. What?

Lady. Turn'd author—he has written a comedy.

Lord. A comedy!—she has it.

Lady. Yes—its very true, and it has been approved of by men of the first dramatic fame.

Lord. Dramatic fame! she has it!—dam'ne she has it!

Lady. Nay, if you need further proof my Lord, it has been approved by the manager of one of the theatres, and the curtain is to draw up next winter.

Lord. The curtain draw up!—Look ye madam—I care no more for the manager or his theatre.

Lady. Now my Lord the favour I have to ask of you is this—promise me to peruse the play, make alterations, and write the epilogue.

Lord. The epilogue!—fire and forefathers.

[*Lady holds him.*

Lady. Ay, or the prologue.

Lord. The prologue!—blood and gunpowder!

[*Vapid comes from behind the sofa, and smacks him on the back.*

Vapid. prologue or epilogue!—I'm the man—I'll write you both.

Lord

Lord. There he is again!

Lady. Oh! I shall faint with vexation!—my Lord, I desire you'll misinterpret nothing—every thing shall be explained to you—Marianne!

Lord. Here's the curtain up with a vengeance.

Enter MARIANNE.

Lady. Answer me directly, how came that gentleman in this apartment? I know it is some trick of your's.

VAPID, coming down the stage.

Vapid. To be sure, never any thing was so fortunate!—upon my soul! I beg your pardon; but curse me, if I can help laughing, to think how lucky it was for you both I happened to be behind the sofa!—ha! ha! ha!

[Marianne, as if taking the hint.

Marianne. Faith! no more can I—to be sure it was the luckiest thing in the world! ha! ha! ha!

[Here they both laugh loud and point to my Lord, and Lady Waitfor't, who stand between them in amazement.

Lady. Sir, I insist you lay aside this levity, and instantly explain how you came in this room.

Vapid. Sir! ha! ha!

Lord. Ay, sir,—explain—and dispatch,—I intreat you dispatch—I have so much to say.

Vapid. Never fear old lady—I'll bring you off, depend on't.

Lady. None of your whispering,—speak out, sir.

Vapid. With all my heart—by her Ladyship's own appointment.

E

Lady

Lady. My own appointment!—I shall run wild.

Vapid. To be sure you have hardly forgot your own hand writing.

Lord. Her own hand writing!—get on, fir,—I beseech you, get on.

Vapid. Why look'ye, old Scratch,—you seem to be an admirer of this Lady's—now I think it my duty as a moral dramatist—a moral dramatist, fir, mark that—to expose hypocrisy—therefore, fir, there is the letter, read it, and be convinced of your error.

Lord. Very well, have you done, fir?—have you done?—consider I'm a peer of the realm, and I shall die if I don't talk.

Vapid. And now, fir, I must beg a favour of you—(*gets close to him*) keep the whole affair secret, for if it gets hacknied, it loses its force.

Lord. Granted—granted—I'll grant any thing so you will but get on.

Vapid. Between ourselves I mean.

Lord. No pauses, fir.

Vapid. To bring it all on the stage: hush! say nothing—it will have a capital effect, and brother bards will wonder where I stole it—your situation will be wonderful—you hav'nt an idea how ridiculous you will look—you will laugh very much at yourself I assure you.

Lord. What is all this? well! now I will speak—I'll wait no longer.

Vapid. Yes, yes, I shall take care of you—Falstaff in the buck basket will be nothing to it—he was only the dupe of another man's wife,—you'll be the dupe of your own, you know—“think of that, Master Brook, think of that”
well:

well: your servant,—I'll write you the prologue and epilogue, but you need'nt send me the comedy—we never connect either with the play now—your friend may be damn'd you know, and I don't chuse to suffer for his sins,—I like to live and fight another day:—Marianne, farewell:—old lady, adieu:—I'll do your business, depend on't. [Exit.

Lord. He's gone without hearing me!—then there's an end of every thing, for here I stand, once a barrister,—since a country gentleman, and now a Peer, and tho' I've made twenty attempts to speak, I can't be heard a syllable,—mercy! what will this world come to! A Peer, and not be heard.

Lady. My lord,—assured of my innocence, I have no doubt of justifying my own conduct, and even by means of that letter increasing your affection—it was written to another person—your ungrateful Nephew.

Lord. My Nephew.

Lady. Yes, sir,—I could not perceive him losing the esteem of his friends without having the desire to reclaim him—indeed I knew no better mode of fulfilling my project than by personally warning him of his situation—for this purpose, I wrote that letter, and I never thought it would have been thus misused—if there is any improper warmth in the expressions, it only proceeds from my anxiety of ensuring an interview—I hope, sir, you are satisfied.

Lord. Why I believe you my lady, and I should be perfectly satisfied if I could forget your passion for the stage, and that madman behind the sofa.

Lady. As to that, fir, this young lady can best inform you—I desired him to leave the house an hour ago.

Marianne. (*aside*) I'm afraid, my only way is to confess all—my lord, if I confess the truth, I hope you'll prevail on my aunt to forgive me.

Lady. Tell what you know, and I'll answer for your forgiveness.

Marianne. Why, fir, I found the gentleman alone, and not having had a tete a tete a long time, I press'd him to stay, and on hearing your voice, I put him behind the sofa,—that you might not think any thing had happened,—and indeed, fir, nothing did happen—upon my word he's as quiet, inoffensive a gentleman as yourself.

Lord. My fears are over! Oh! you finished composition! come to my arms, and when I suspect you again (*coughs much*) this curst cough, it takes one so suddenly.

Enter ENNUI.

Ennu. I've an idea—Floriville is arriv'd—in fact—I just now spoke to him.

Lord. Floriville arriv'd!—Come my lady—let's go see what his travels have done for him—hark ye, Ennu—prepare for your interview with Louisa, and remember you make a Mandarin member—come my lady—nay: never irritate your feelings.

Lady. Alas my lord! it is the misfortune of virtue to be too often feeling for the vices and errors of others—but I attend you.

[*Exeunt Lord and Lady.*]

Marianne.

Marianne. So—poor Mr. Neville is to lose Miss Courtney—her present quarrel with him is so violent, that she may marry this idiot merely in revenge—if I could dupe him now, and ensure her contempt—I'll try—Mr Ennui, have you seen your intended wife yet?

Ennui. No.

Marianne. So I thought—why you'll never please her while you remain as you are—you must alter your manners—she is all life!—all spirits! and loves a man the very opposite to you.

Ennui. I've an idea I'm very sorry—in fact—how can I please her.

Marianne. There's the difficulty—let me see—the sort of man she prefers is—you know Sir Harry Hustle—a man all activity and confidence!—who does every thing from fashion, and glories in confessing it.

Ennui. Sir Harry Hustle!—in fact—he's a modern blood of fashion.

Marianne. I know—that's the reason she likes him, and you must become the same, if you wish to win her affection—a new dress—bold looks—a few oaths, and much swaggering, affects the business. (*ENNUI puts himself in attitudes.*)—ay, that's right, you are the very man already.

Ennui. I'm a lad of fashion!—heh dam'me!—I've an idea—I shall fall asleep in the midst of it.

Marianne. No—no :—go about it directly—see Sir Harry Hustle, and study your conversation before hand—but remember Louisa is so fond of fashion, that you can't boast too much of it's vices and absurdities.

Ennui.

Ennui. If virtue was the fashion I should be virtuous!—I should, damn me!

Marianne. Ay—that's the very thing—well:—good b'ye Mr. Ennui—success attend you—mind you talk enough.

Ennui. Talk!—I'll talk till I fall asleep!—I will!—damn me!

[Exit swaggering—Marianne laughing.]

END of ACT II.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE—*A Saloon in Lady WAITFOR'T'S House.*

(LOUISA, *discovered reading*)

Heigho! these poets are wonderfully tiresome—always on the same theme—nothing but love—I'm weary of it (*lays down the book and rises.*) Ungenerous Neville! how could he use me so cruelly? to attempt to gain my affections and then address another; Lady Waitfor't has convinced me of the fact,—I can never forgive him: yet I fear I love him still—well: I'll even go examine my heart, and determine whether I do love him or not.

(*As she is going out NEVILLE enters.*)

Louisa. Mr. Neville—I thought, sir, I had desired we might never meet again.

Nev. Tis true madam, and I meant to obey your commands hard as they were, implicitly obey them—but I came hither to welcome my brother, and not to intrude on the happiness of her, I am doomed to avoid.

Louisa. I'll conceal my embarrassment, I'm determined (*aside*)—if I remember, sir, truth was ever among the foremost of your virtues.

Nev. Yes—and I am confident you have no reason to doubt it—tho' you have cause to censure my presumption, you have none to suspect my fidelity.

Louisa. Oh no!—I don't suspect your fidelity in the least, but when people are faithful to more than one, you know, Mr. Neville.

Nev.

Nev. I don't understand you ma'am.

Louisa. It is no matter Mr. Neville—you may spare yourself any trouble in attempting to justify your conduct—I am perfectly satisfied, sir, I'll assure you (*going.*)

Nev. Oh!—do not leave me in this anxious state; perhaps this is the last time we shall ever meet, and to part thus, would embitter every future moment of my life,—indeed I have no hopes that concern not your happiness, no wishes that relate not to your esteem.

Louisa. Sir,—I will freely confess to you, had you shewn the least perseverance in your affection, or sincerity in your behaviour, I could have heard your addresses with pleasure—but to listen to them now, Mr. Neville, would be to approve a conduct my honour prompts me to resent, and my pride to despise.

Nev. Then I am lost indeed!—'tis to the perfidious Lady Waitfor't I owe all this—, my present [*Lady WAITFOR'T, enters behind*] misery, my future pain, are all the product of her jealous rage! she is so vile an hypocrite that—

Lady WAITFOR'T, coming forward.

Who is an hypocrite, sir?

Nev. Madam!

Lady. Who is an hypocrite, sir? answer me.

Nev. Ask your own heart, that can best inform you.

Lady. Tell me, Mr. Neville, what have I done, that you dare insult me thus.

Nev. What have you done? look on that lady, madam; there all my hopes and wishes were combined!

combined!—there was the very summit of my blifs! I thought I had attained it; but in the moment of my happiness you came, crush'd every hope, and baffled all my joys!

Lady. Upon my word, sir, very romantic,—but I thank heaven I look for approbation in a better opinion than that of Mr. Neville's.

Nev. 'Tis well you do madam, for were I your judge your punishment should be exemplary—but I'll waste words no more—I only hope (*to Louisa*) you, madam, are satisfied that one of my errors may at least be forgiven, and this last suspicion for ever blotted from your memory.

Lady. Sir, from that lady's forgiveness you have nothing to expect—if she consent to pardon you, I'll take care my lord never shall.

Nev. No—I do not hope for forgiveness—I have heard her determination, and cruel as it is, to that I must resign,—she may be assured I never will intrude where I know I offend.

Louisa. Do you then leave us, Mr. Neville?

Nev. Yes, madam, and for ever!—may you be as blest in the gratification of your hopes as I have been wretched in the disappointment of mine. [*Exit.*

Lady. Tyrant! I wish he had stayed to hear reason—I hope he is not serious in leaving us.

Louisa. You hope!—why does it concern you?

Lady. Oh! no further than from that general love I bear mankind—you forget my feelings on these occasions, Louisa.

Louisa. Yes indeed—I have too much reason to attend to my own!—you'll excuse me—I have particular business—I'll return immediately. [*Exit.*

Lady. Oh ! the cause of her confusion is evident—she loves him still—but they shall never meet again—I have already sent a letter to Willoughby which imparts a scheme I have long cherished, my lord in his anger about my stage mania, has forgot Ennui's play ; so, that there may be no bars to Willoughby's happiness, I am determin'd Louisa shall be his this very night,

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Lord. Here's a spectacle for a Peer ! Floriville is below, and is returned from his travels a finished coxcomb,—I'll not give him a farthing.

Lady. Nay ; my lord ; perhaps you may be mistaken.

Lord. Mistaken ! no, he has travelled not to see, but to say he had seen.

Enter MARIANNE with a French watch and chain.

Marianne. Oh uncle in law ! look here—I never saw any thing so elegant in all my life !

Lord. Whose present is this ?

Marianne. Whose ? why the sweet gentleman's just arrived from Italy—Lord ! he's a dear man—he has promised to do every thing for me—to get me a fortune—to get me a husband—to get me a——

Lord. Hush ! you don't know what you're talking about.

Marianne. Yes but I do tho'—he has told me every thing—Lord ! I have heard such things ! come here,—near (*Lord SCRATCH, gets close to her*) get my aunt out of the room, and I'll tell you stories that shall make your old heart bound
again !

again! Hush! do it quietly—I will upon my honour—what an old fool it is! (*aside.*)

Lady. Marianne, you mus'nt listen to Mr. Floriville,—for travellers may persuade you into any thing, and many a woman has been ruined in one country; by being told it is the fashion in another.

Lord. Here he comes; I see as plain as my Peerage I sha'nt keep my temper.

Lady. I suppose my lord, he has spent great part of his time in France, where he has been the dupe of knaves of every nation.

Enter FLORIVILLE.

Flor. Your pardon ma'am—you wrong the French—they never suffer any one to dupe a traveller but themselves—ladies a thousand pardons for not waiting on you before, but this is the first vacant moment I have had since my arrival at Bath.

Marianne. Sir, your coming at all is taken as a very great compliment, I'll assure you.

Lady to MARIANNE, who exits.

Leave the room immediately—no reply—I will be obeyed—Mr. Floriville we are very happy to see you.

Flor. Ma'am you do me honour—my lord, where's Harry? I thought to have found him here;—what, he did'nt choose to stay:—so much the better—it shews he's not a man of ceremony—we do the same in Italy; but hark-ye uncle—is this the lady I'm to call aunt?

Lord. My gorge is rising, I shall certainly do him a mischief.

Flor. (*spying at her*) rather experienced or so!—a little antique, heh!—however the same motive that makes her a good aunt to me, will make her a good wife to you—you understand me.

Lord. Damn me if I do.—

Flor. Well, well, no matter—come, I want to hear every thing—to know what remarkable occurrences have happen'd since I left England? pray Lady Waitfor't inform me,—do let me know every little circumstance.

Lady. Rather, sir, we should ask of you, what happen'd in your travels?

Flor. Oh, nothing so shocking! no man can be the herald of his own praise.

Lady. Yes, sir, but I wish to know how you like the Chapel of Loretto, the Venus de Medicis of Florence, the Vatican at Rome, and all the numberless curiosities, peculiar to the countries you have travelled through.

Lord. Look ye—I'll answer for it, he knows nothing of the gentlemen you mention—do you, my sweet pretty—oh! you damn'd puppy.

Flor. Why swear, my lord?

Lord. Swear my lord! zounds! its my prerogative, and by—tell me how you spent your time, sir?

Flor. Why, in contemplating living angels, not dead antiquities; in basking in the rays of beauty, not mouldering in the dust of ancestry! in mirth, festivity and pleasure!—not study, pedantry and retirement.—Oh, I have lived, sir! lived for myself, not an ungrateful world, who should I die a martyr to their cause, would only laugh and wonder at my folly.

Lady. You seem to know the world, Mr. Floriville.

Flor. No, ma'am, I know little of mankind, and less of myself,—I have no pilot but my pleasures;—no mistress but my passions;—and I don't believe if it was to save my life, I could reason consequentially for a minute together.

Lord. Granted—you have seen every thing worth seeing, yet know nothing worth knowing, and now you have just knowledge enough to prove yourself a fool on every subject.

Flor. Vastly well my Lord—upon my word you improve with your title, but I am perfectly satisfied, believe me—for what I don't know, I take for granted, is not worth knowing—therefore we'll call another topic.—I'm in love, my Lord.

Lord. In love!—with who, sir?

Flor. Can't you guess?

Lord. No, sir, I cannot.

Flor. With one that will please you very much—at least ought to please you—you'll be in raptures, dear uncle.

Lord. Raptures! and you shall be in agonies, my dear nephew.

Flor. You have known one another a long while, yet you havn't met for years—you have lov'd one another a long while, yet you quarrel'd not an hour ago—you have differ'd from one another all your lives, yet you are likely to be friends as long as you live—and above all, the person is now in the house.

Lord. In this house! let me know who it is this moment, or by the blood of the Scratches!

Flor. One who has charms enough to set the world on fire;—one who has fortune enough to set

set a state at war, fir;—one who has talents, health, and prosperity, and yet not half what the person deserves:—can you tell now, fir?

Lord. No, fir, and if you don't tell this instant.

Flor. Then I'll tell you (*slaps him on the back*)—it's myself, fir! my own charming self!—I have search'd the world over, and I don't find any thing I like half so well. [*Walks up the stage.*]

Lord. I won't disgrace myself,—I won't lower the dignity of Peerage by chastising a commoner, else, you prince of butterflies—come, my Lady—look'ye, fir—I intend to be handed down to posterity; and while you are being lampooned in ballads and newspapers, I mean to cut a figure in the history of England; so come along my Lady—in the history of England, you coxcomb. [*Exeunt Lord and Lady.*]

Flor. If the face is a picture of the mind, that intended aunt of mine is a great hypocrite, and the story I heard of the poet proves it—but now for a frolick—'gad its very strange I could never reform, and become a serious thinking being—but what's the use of thinking?—

Reason stays till we call, and then not oft is near,
But honest instinct comes a volunteer!— [*Exit.*]

SCENE—*An Apartment in Lady WAITFOR'T'S House.*

WILLOUGHBY, *to a Servant.*

Tell your mistress I shall be punctual to the appointment—(*Servant exit*)—so, thanks to fortune,

fortune, Lady Waitfor't has at length consented to my entreaties, and this night makes Louisa mine for ever!—now to read the letter once more.

(Reads)

—“*Louisa accompanies me to night to Lady Walton's, which you know is at the extremity of the town—on some pretence or other I'll tell her I have ordered the servant at the back gate which adjoins the paddock—there I'll leave her—and if you have a chaise waiting near the spot, you may conduct her where you please.—You know my feelings on this occasion, but it is for her good only I'll assure you—she don't deserve it, Mr. Willoughby:—indeed she don't deserve it?*” —

“A. WAITFOR'T.”

So—this is beyond my hopes!—ha! my Lord and Louisa with him, come to receive Ennui, who to my astonishment I met just now in a new dress, swearing and capering, and boasting of the vices of fashion—but no matter—I must to the rendezvous immediately—now, Louisa! tremble at my vengeance! [Exit.

Enter Lord SCRATCH, and LOUISA.

Lord. Yes:—yes:—Ennui will be here in an instant—but he's so reserved—and so mild—

Louisa. So I understand, sir—and so very silent that he won't talk so much in a year, as I intend in an hour.

Lord. I know—that's the reason I bring him into parliament—he'll never speak—only say “ay” or “no” and be up stairs to beef-stakes in
an

an instant—(*knock*)—here he is!—now encourage him—don't mind his diffidence—

Louisa. No, sir—I'll do all in my pow'r to make him talk.

Lord. That's well—I'll leave you together—I won't interrupt you—(*stamping without*)—odso!—I must get out of the way—encourage him, *Louisa*—I beseech you encourage him!
[*Exit.*

ENNUI, *without.*

Stand by! no ceremony damn me!—

Lord. Heaven!—is this diffidence.—

ENNUI, *enters with Servant.*

Ennui. Get down stairs you dog—get down—(*servant exit.*) Here I am ma'am!—ease is every thing—I'll seat myself—now for business!—yaw—aw!—(*yawns aside*)

Lord. Sir!

Ennui. In one word I'll tell you my character—I'm a lad of fashion!—I love gaming—I hate thinking—I like racing—I despise reading—I patronize boxing—I detest reasoning—I pay debts of honour—not honourable debts—in short, I'll kick your servants—cheat your family, and fight your guardian—and so if you like me, take me—heh damn me!—I'm tir'd already!—yaw—aw! (*yawns aside*)

Lady. Astonishing!—Mr. Ennui—

Ennui. Ma'am: yaw—aw! (*aside*)

Lady. Mr. Ennui can you be in your senses?

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend (*forgetting himself*)—Oh!—ay—senses!—(*recollecting himself*)—a lad of fashion in his senses!—that's
a very

a very good joke!—if one of us had any sense, the rest would shut him up in a cabinet of curiosities, or shew him as a wonderful animal:—they would, damn me!—I can't support it!—yaw—aw: (*yawns aside.*)

Louisa. So, you glory in your ignorance—

Ennui. Ma'am—yaw! aw! (*aside.*)

Louisa. So, you glory in your ignorance—
in your vices.

Ennui. I've an idea—I can't understand—(*forgetting himself*)—vices! Oh:—ay, damn me, to be sure!—(*recollecting himself*)—you must be wicked or you can't be visited—singularity is every thing—every man must get a character, and I'll tell you how I first got mine—I pretended to intrigue with my friend's wife—paragraph'd myself in the newspapers—got caricatur'd in the print shops—made the story believ'd—was abus'd by every body—notic'd for my gallantry by every body—and at length visited by every body—I was, damme!—I'm curst sleepy—yaw—aw! (*yawns aside.*)

Louisa. Incredible!—but if singularity is your system, perhaps being virtuous would make you as particular as any thing.

Ennui. Vastly well!—'gad, you're like me, a wit, and don't know it—(*taking out his watch*)—how goes the enemy?—more than half the day over!—tol de roll loll! (*humming a tune*)—I'm as happy as if I was at a fire, or a general riot—come to my arms, thou angel—thou—(*as he goes to embrace her, Lord Scratch enters—he embraces him.*)—Ah—Scratch!—my friend Scratch!—sit down my old boy—sit down!—we've settl'd every thing. (*Forces him into a chair and sits by him.*)

G

Lord.

Lord. Why?—what is all this?

Ennui. She's to intrigue, and you and I are to go halves in the damages—some rich old Nabob—we'll draw him into crim. con.—bring an action directly, and a ten thousand pound verdict at least—heh, damn me!—

Lord. Why he's mad!—that dramatic maniac has bit him.

Ennui. Get a divorce—marry another, and go halves again, damn me!

Lord, rising. Why, look'ye you impostor!—you—didn't you come here to pay your addresses to this lady? and was'nt I to bring you into parliament for your quiet silent disposition?

Ennui (pushing him out of his way) Hold your tongue!—out of the way, Scratch—out of the way, or I'll do you a mischief—I will, damn me!—Zounds!—a'nt I at the top of the beau monde? and don't I set the fashions?—if I was to cut off my head would'nt half the town do the same?—they would, damn me!—I get sleepy again!—yaw—aw!—(*aside.*)

Lord. Here now!—here's a Mandarin member!—why he'd have bred a civil war!—made ten long speeches in a day!—cut your head off indeed;—curse me but I wish you would—you must be silent then—you could'nt talk without a head, could you?

Ennui. Yes, in Parliament—as well without a head as with one—do you think a man wants a head for a long speech, damn me!—

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Her Ladyship is waiting, ma'am.

Louisa. Oh, I attend her—Mr. Ennui your most obedient.

Ennui,

Ennui, (*taking her hand*) With your leave ma'am—you see, Scratch—you see.

Lord. Why, Louisa?—

Ennui. Keep your distance, Scratch—contemplate your superiours—look at me with the same awful respect a City Beau looks at a Prince—this way, most angelic—Scratch, cut your head off—this way, most angelic.—

[*Exit with Louisa.*]

Lord. Here's treatment!—was ever poor Peer so tormented?—what am I to do!—I'll go to Lady Waitfor't, for from her alone I meet relief—find a silent member indeed!—by my privilege one might as soon find a pin in the ocean—charity in a bench of Bishops—or wit in Westminster Hall!—

END of ACT III.

A C T IV.

SCENE—*The Paddock near Lady WALTON'S House—A View of the House at a Distance, and partly Moonlight.*

WILLOUGHBY *alone.*

'Tis past the hour Lady Waitfor't appointed—why does she delay? I cannot have mistaken the place—yonder's Lady Walton's house—Oh! would all were past, and Louisa safely mine!—I hear a noise—by heaven 'tis she! and with her all my happiness—I'll withdraw a while and observe them. (*Retires.*)

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T, and LOUISA COURTNEY.

Louisa. My dear Lady Waitfor't, why do you loiter here? you cannot find your servants in this place—let us return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, they must be here,—I ordered them to wait in this very spot to avoid confusion.—What can have become of Willoughby?—(*Aside.*)

Louisa. If you have the least sense of fear for yourself, or regard for me, I beg we may return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, I tell you I ordered William at the back gate, that he might conduct us thro' the Paddock to our carriage, you know we might have been whole hours getting thro' the croud the other way—do be a little patient, hav'nt I as much reason to be alarmed as yourself?

Louisa,

Louisa. Yes, but you hav'nt the apprehension I have, I don't know why, but I am terrified beyond description.

Lady. Well: well: never fear, (*looking out*) Oh, yonder's Willoughby! now for the grand design! (*aside*) *Louisa*, if you'll wait here a moment, I'll step to the next gate and see if they are there,—they cannot escape us then.

Louisa. No, no, don't leave me,—I would'nt stay by myself for the world.

Lady. Ridiculous! can't you protect yourself for an instant? must you be all your life watch'd like a baby in leading strings? Oh! I am ashamed of you—only wait a moment least they pass by in my absence, and I'll return to you immediately.

Louisa. Well: don't stay.

Lady. Stay! what have you to be fright'ned at? I shall not be out of call—besides, if there's any fear of a personal attack, may not I be as terrified as yourself? It is'nt the first time I'll assure you—but that's no matter—shew yourself a woman of spirit, and at least emulate one of my virtues.—Now, Willoughby, the rest is thine! [*Exit.*

WILLOUGHBY comes forward.

Willoughby. Be not alarmed, Miss Courtney.

Louisa. Mr. Willoughby!

Willoughby. Yes, madam, the man you most avoid.

Louisa. Tell me, sir, immediately, how, and by whose appointment you came here?

Willoughby. By love, madam! the same passion that has prompted me to pursue you for
years,

years, now happily conducts me hither—I come to lessen your fears, not increase them.

Louisa. Then leave me, sir, I can protect myself.

Willoughby. No, not till you have heard and pitied me—I have been long your suitor, and long scorned by you—you have treated me with indifference, and preferred my inferiors—how I have deserved all this—yourself can best explain, but to prove all former cruelties are forgotten, I here offer you my hand, and with it my heart.

Louisa. Sir,—this is no time for hearing you on this subject; if you wish to oblige me, leave me.

Willoughby. No, not till I am answered—years may elapse e'er I shall have another opportunity like the present—therefore no time can be so well as now.

Louisa. Then I command you to leave me—I will not be threat'ned into a compliance.

Willoughby. Look'ye Miss Courtney—I would avoid taking advantage of your situation—nay, start not—but if you persist in your contempt of me I know not to what extremities passion may hurry me,—I have every motive for redress, and if you do not instantly give me your word to prefer me to that beggar, Neville, I may do that my cooler sense would scorn.

Louisa. Beggar, sir.

Willoughby. Yes, and were he not beneath my resentment, I'd tell you more—but he is too poor—too—

Louisa. Hold, sir, did you resemble him, I might esteem, nay, adore you;—but as you
are,

are, I loath, I despise, I defy you;—*you* take advantage of my situation! Hear me, sir,—tho' not a friend is near, tho' night opposes me, and heaven deserts me; yet can I smile upon your menaces—and make you tremble, villain as you are.

Willoughby. Have a care madam! another declaration like that, and I'll delay no longer—I'll force you to my purpose.

Louisa. You dare not; on your life you dare not.

Willoughby. Nay then,—I am not to be terrified by threats,—(*lays hold of her*) all struggling is in vain,—this moment gratifies my revenge! away!

Louisa. Off,—let me go, Oh help! help!

[*As he is forcing her out, enter FLORVILLE half drunk.*]

Flor. Donne, donne, donne, dow (*singing part of an Italian air*) oh, this Burgundy's a glorious liquor! heyday! who have we here?

Louisa. Oh, sir! if you have any pity for an injured, helpless woman, assist one who never knew distress till now!

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—both damn'd drunk I perceive.

Louisa. Do not be deaf to my entreaties—do not desert me—

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—I love oratory in a woman.

Louisa. Gracious heaven! how have I deserved all this? I see, sir, you avoid me—I see you are indifferent to my fate.

Flor.

Flor. No, ma'am, you wrong me—but in Italy—observe—we always take these things coolly—now, sir, will you explain?

Willoughby. No, sir, I will not.

Flor. You will not!

Willoughby. No, sir, and I warn you not to listen to the wild ravings of a senseless woman—it may be better for you, sir.

Flor. Why so, Prince Prettyman?

Willoughby. No matter, sir, I will not be amused from my purpose.

Flor. You won't, Old Pluto, won't you; then, ma'am, observe! you shall behold my mode of fighting—I'll kill him like a gentleman, and he shall die without a groan—you'll be delighted, ma'am—I learn't it all in Italy—you don't see a man of fashion fight once in a century! Come, Belzebub, are you ready.

Willoughby. 'Sdeath! what can I do? he is drunk, perhaps, I may disarm him.

Flor. Now thou original sin, thou Prince of Darkness! come out; never let her see thy black infernal visage more, or by my life I'll pulverize you—you see, ma'am, no bad orator either—learn't it all in Italy.

Willoughby. Come on, sir.

Flor. Ay, now Old Syſiphus, push home—but fight like a gentleman if you can, for remember, there is a lady in company—observe, ma'am, observe, you won't see it again. (*They fight.*)

FLORVILLE *disarms* WILLOUGHBY.

Flor. What, vanquished Tarquin! hah! hah! (*parrying up and down the stage by himself*)—you see, ma'am, you see!—Oh! Italy's your only
only

only country!—Now, ma'am, would you have me kill him here, “in Allegro,” or postpone it that you may have the pleasure of pinking yourself “in Penferoso.”

LOUISA, (*coming near FLORIVILLE, and discovering him.*)

Louisa. Floriville, my deliverer!—generous man!—no, sir,—whatever are his crimes, do not kill him—his greatest punishment will be to live.

Flor. There then, Caitiff, take your sword, and d'ye hear,—retire—that black front of thine offends the lady—if you want another flourish, you will soon find Floriville—abscond!

Willoughby. Sir, you shall hear from me—
distraction! [Exit.

Flor. And now, my dear little angel, how can I assist you?—I'm very sorry, but I can't help it—I'm cursed drunk,—and not proper company for a lady of your dignity—but I won't affront you—I mean to make myself agreeable, and if I do not,—it is the fault of that place, (*pointing to his head*) and not of this (*pointing to his heart.*)

Louisa. Sir, your conduct has endear'd you to me for ever, and while I live, your generosity and valour shall be engraven on my heart.

Flor. Gently, gently, have a care, make no declarations; if you're in love with me, as I suppose you are, keep it secret,—for at this moment you might raise a flame that would consume us both,—poor creature!—how fond she is of me? any other time I would indulge her, but not now—(*looks at her sometimes, then runs*

H

and

and kisses her hand)—Oh, you Paragon—“ Angels must paint to look as fair as you” (*goes from her again*) I’ll leave you, or, by heaven, it will be all over with us.

Louisa. No, no, don’t desert me, alas! I have no way left but to commit myself to your care—if I could bring him to recollect me, all would be safe. Mr. Floriville don’t you know me?

Flor. No, would to heaven, I did.

Louisa. What? not Miss Courtney?

Flor. What Louisa?—my brother’s idol.

Louisa. Alas! the very same.

Flor. Then may I die if I don’t get out of your debt before I leave you—where?—where shall I conduct you?

Louisa. I know not—return to Lady Waitfor’t’s again I will not—I had rather be a wanderer all my life—to Lady Walton’s there is no excuse for returning, and I know no friend in Bath I dare intrude upon,—I have so high an opinion, Mr. Floriville, of your honour,—that, notwithstanding your present situation, there is no man on earth I would sooner confide in—can you then think of any place, where I may rest in safety for a few hours, and then I will set out for my uncle’s in the country.—

Flor. Indeed I cannot, I am a wanderer myself—I have no home but what this gentleman is to purchase me (*taking out his purse*)—you cannot partake of that.

Louisa. Oh! what will become of me!

Flor. Let me see—I have it—I’ll take her to my brother’s—she’ll be safe there, and not a soul shall come near her,—well, Miss Courtney,—

ney,—I have recollected a place where I know you'll be safe—a friend's house, that will be as secure—nay don't droop—in Italy we're never melancholy.

Louisa. Oh! Mr. Floriville, to what a hazard has Lady Waitfor't expos'd me,—to her perfidy I owe it all—but yonder's that wretch again—pray let us begone.

Flor. Belzebug again,—no, no,—we mus'nt stir; what? an Angel fly from a Devil? damme I'll stay and crush him.

Louisa. Nay, sir, reflect,—'twere madness to remain.

Flor. Faith, that's true; I believe it's braver to retire,—therefore, Tarquin, adieu! come my best angel! I'll fight your battles, and if I don't sink all your enemies, may I never see Italy again as long as I live. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WILLOUGHBY.

Ha! gone,—I'm sorry for it—I would have seen them—Lady Waitfor't has just left me, and treated me like her slave—insulted and derided me; but I'll have done with her for ever—I'll be her dupe no more—she is now gone to Neville's lodgings under pretence of pursuing Louisa; but in fact to see him, and prevent his leaving Bath—this I will write to my Lord, and then let him follow, and be witness of her infamy—thus, I hope, I shall make some reparation for the wrongs I have committed, and prove at last I have some sense of virtue. [*Exit.*

SCENE—NEVILLE'S Lodgings—A Closet in
back Scene.

Two Chairs, and a Table, with Wine on it.

A knocking at the Door.

PETER *walks across the Stage, and admits*
VAPID, *with a Paper in his Hand.*

Vapid. Well, here it is—where's Neville?

Peter. Not within, sir.

Vapid. Yes,—yes,—here it is! I must see
him.

Peter. Sir, he's gone out.

Vapid. Gone out! impossible!

Peter. Impossible! it's very true, sir.

Vapid. Gone out! why I've brought him
the epilogue—the new epilogue to Mr. What's
his name's comedy! the very best thing I ever
wrote in my life; I knew it would delight him.

Peter. Sir, he has been gone out above these
two hours.

Vapid. Then, he'll never forgive himself as
long as he lives—why, its all correct—all chaste!
only one half line wanting at the end to make
it complete.

Peter. Indeed, sir, it's very unfortunate.

Vapid. Unfortunate! I wanted to have heard
him read it too; when another person reads it,
one often hits on a thought that might other-
wise have escaped, then perhaps he would have
hit on that cursed half line, I have so long been
working at.

Peter. Sir, if it is not impertinent, and you'd
permit me to read it?

Vapid.

Vapid. You read it!

Peter. Yes, sir—if you'd allow me that honour.

Vapid. Faith, I should have no objection—but would'nt it lower one's dignity? no, no, Moliere us'd to read his plays to his servants, so I believe all's regular—come, sir—begin.

PETER *reading Epilogue.*

“ In ancient times, when agonizing wars,
 “ And bleeding nations, fill'd the world with jars;
 “ When murder, battle, sudden death, prevail'd,
 “ When”——

Vapid. Stop—stop—I have it:—not a word for your life, I feel it!—it's coming on!—the last line directly—quick! quick!

PETER *reads.*

“ The tyrant totters, and the senate nods,
 “ Die all, die nobly”——

(Here's something wanting, sir.

Vapid. I know it, say nothing—I have it!
(walks backwards and forwards.)

“ The tyrant totters, and the senate nods
 “ Die all, die nobly!——

Oh, damn it! damn it!—damn it!—that cursed half line, I shall never accomplish it—all so chaste!—all so correct! and to have it marr'd for want of one half line! one curs't half line!—I could almost weep for disappointment.

Peter. Never mind, sir, don't perplex yourself,—put in any thing.

Vapid. Put in any thing!—why, 'tis the last line, and the epilogue must end with something striking,

striking, or it will be no trap for applause—No trap for applause, after all this fine writing! Put in any Thing!—What do you mean, Sirrah?

Peter. Methinks this is a strange epilogue to a comedy—(*knock at the door*)—perhaps this is my master—(*looks out*)—no, as I live 'tis Mr. Floriville, and Miss Courtney! she mus'nt on any account be seen by this gentleman.

Vapid. Well, who is it?—“the Tyrant totters”——

Peter. Sir, it's a friend of my master's, who has brought a lady with him—I'm sure you've too much gallantry to interrupt an amour; and therefore you'll be kind enough to get out of the way directly.

Vapid. Get out of the way! what the Devil, in the middle of my composition?—“Die all: die nobly”——

Peter. Nay, sir,—only step for a moment into this closet, and you shall be released—now pray, sir,—pray be prevailed on—

Vapid. Well! let me see—in this closet!—why here's China, zounds! would you put a live author in a China closet?

Peter. What can I do, sir!—there is no way out but that door—get in here for an instant, and I'll shew them into the library—now do, sir?

Vapid. Well, be brief then, “die all!—die nobly!”—oh! oh! oh! [*Enters closet, and FLORIVILLE and LOUISA enter.*]

Flor. Heyday! my old acquaintance, Peter! where's my brother?

Peter. Sir, he has been out the whole evening.

Louisa. In the same house with Neville!—oh! heavens!

Flor.

Flor. Well, Miss Courtney, I hope now you are convinced of your safety.

Louisa. Yes, sir, but I would it were in any other place, Lady Waitfor't e'er this is in pursuit of me, and if she discovers me here, you know too well how much I have to dread.

[*Knock at the door—PETER exit.*

Flor. Don't be alarmed—there's nothing shall molest you.

Louisa. Oh, sir!—you don't know the endless malice of Lady Waitfor't—she will triumph in my misery, and till my Lord is convinced of her duplicity, I see no hope of your brother's happiness, or my own.

Re-enter PETER.

Peter. Lady Waitfor't is below enquiring for that lady, or my master.

Flor. For my brother!

Peter. Yes, sir, and my Lord has sent to know if Mr. Vapid, or her Ladyship, have been here—he was in bed, but on receiving a letter, got up, and will be here in an instant.

Louisa. For heaven's sake, Mr. Floriville, let me retire,—I cannot support the conflict.

Flor. Promise to recall your spirits, and you shall.

Louisa. What I can do I will.

Flor. Then know no apprehension, for, on my life, you shall not be disturbed. (*Leads her to the door of the library, and talks in dumb shew.*

VAPID from Closet.

Vapid. Peter! Peter! can't you release me?

Peter. No, sir, don't move, you'll ruin every thing.

Vapid.

Vapid. Then give me that candle—I have pen and ink—I think I could finish my epilogue.

Peter. Here, sir, (*giving candle*)

Vapid. That curst half line!—“die all”—
(*Peter shuts him in.*)

Flor. So, now the storm begins, and if I don't have some sport with the enemy—(*sits at table, and begins drinking*)—Here she comes!—

Enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Flor. Chairs, Peter, chairs!—fit down, ma'am—fit down—you honour me exceedingly.

Lady. Where is your brother, sir?—I insist on seeing him.

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Lord. There she is!—in a man's lodgings at midnight!—here's treatment!

Lady. My Lord, I came here in search of Louisa, who has been betrayed from my pow'r.

Lord. Look'ye, my Lady—read that letter, that's all, read that letter, and then say if we sha'nt both cut a figure in the print shops.

Lady, (*taking letter*) ha! Willoughby's hand! (*reads*) “Lady Waitfor't” (*I have only time to tell you*) is gone to Neville's lodgings to meet “one she has long had a passion for—follow her, “and be convinced of her duplicity”. Oh! the villain!—well, my Lord, and pray who is the man I come to meet?

Lord. Why who should it be, but the stage ruffian, if there was a sofa in the room, my life on't, he'd pop from behind it—zounds that fellow will lay straw before my door every nine months!

Lady. This is fortunate (*aside*) well, fir, if I discover Louisa, I hope you'll be convinced I came here to redeem her, and not disgrace myself. Tell me, fir, immediately, where she is concealed? (*To Florville.*)

Flor. Sit down, ma'am,—sit down: drink—drink, then we'll talk over the whole affair—there is no doing business without wine—come, here's—“The Glory of Gallantry”—I'm sure you'll both drink that.

Lady. No trifling, fir,—tell me where she is concealed? nay, then I'll examine the apartment myself—(*goes to door of library*)—the door lock'd! give me the key, fir.—

Flor. (*drinking*) The Glory of Gallantry, ma'am.

Lord. Hear me, fir, if the lady is in that apartment, I shall be convinced that you, and your brother, are the sole authors of all this treachery—if she is there! by the honour of my ancestors she shall be Willoughby's wife tomorrow morning.

Flor. (*rising*) Shall she, my Lord, pray were you ever in Italy?

Lord. Why? Coxcomb!

Flor. Because I'm afraid you've been bitten by a tarantula—you'll excuse me—but the symptoms are wonderfully alarming—There is a blazing fury in your eye—a wild emotion in your countenance, and a green spot—

Lord. Damn the green spot!—open that door, and let me see immediately: I'm a peer, and have a right to look at any thing.

Flor. (*standing before the door.*) No, fir, this door must not be open'd.

I

Lord.

Lord. Then I'll forget my peerage, and draw my sword.

Flor. (*to Lady Waitfor't, who is going to interfere*) Don't be alarmed, ma'am,—I'll only indulge him for my own amusement—mere trout fishing, ma'am—come, my Lord, I'll give you a specimen of foreign gladiatorship, and you shall confess that Floriville is the best fencer in Europe—don't be alarm'd, ma'am—come on.

Louisa comes from the apartment.

Louisa. Hold! I charge you hold! let not my unhappy fate be the source of more calamities!

Lord. 'Tis she herself!—my Lady did not come to meet the madman?

Flor. By the Lord, ma'am, you've ruined all.

Louisa. I know, sir, the consequences of this discovery, and I abide by them—but what I have done I can justify, and would to heaven! all here could do the same.

Flor. Indeed I can't tell—I wish I was in Italy.

Lord. Mark me, madam,—nay tears are in vain—to-morrow shall make you the wife of Willoughby, and he shall answer for your follies—no reply, sir—(*to Floriville, who is going to speak*) I would'nt hear the Chancellor.

Lady. Now, who is to blame? Oh! virtue is ever sure to meet it's reward!—come to meet a mad poet indeed! my Lord, I forgive you only on condition of your signing a contract to marry me to-morrow, and Louisa to Willoughby at the same time.

Lord. I will, thou best of women!—draw it up immediately—and Neville shall starve for his

his treachery. [*Lady Waitfor't goes to the table and writes.*]

LOUISA *falling at his feet.*

Louisa. Hear me, sir, not for myself, but a wrong'd friend, I speak—Mr. Neville knows not of my concealment; on my honour! he is innocent:—if that lady's wrongs must be avenged, confine the punishment to me—I'll bear it; with patience bear it!

Lord. Let go!—let go I say—my gorge is rising again—Lady Waitfor't make haste with the contract.

Lady. It only wants the signature,—now, my Lord.

Flor. Look'ye, uncle—she's the cause of all this mischief, and if you are not lost—

Lord. Out of my way,—O'd—noise and nonsense!—don't fancy yourselves in the House of Commons! we're not speaking twenty at a time. Here! give me the pen—I'll sign directly, and now—[*As he is going to sign, Vapid breaks China in the closet, and rushes out, with the epilogue in his hand.*]

Vapid. Die all! die nobly; die like demi-gods!—huzza! huzza! 'tis done! 'tis past! 'tis perfect!

Flor. Huzza!—the poet at last! Stop him who can?

Lady. Confusion! tell me, sir, immediately, what do you mean by this new insult.

Vapid. Die all! die nobly! die like demi-gods!—oh! it's glorious!—ah! Old Scratch, are you there? joy! joy! give me joy!—I've done your business—the work's past!—the labour's

bour's o'er, my boy!—think of that master Brook—think of that.

Lady. My Lord, I am vilely treated—I desire you'll insist on an explanation.

Flor. He can't speak, Ma'am. (*All this time, my Lord is slowly walking away.*)

Lady. How! are you going to leave me, my Lord! (*Vapid taking out his common place book.*)

Vapid. Faith! this mus'nt be lost—here's something worth observing.

Flor. Don't stop him, ma'am—there is a grandeur in silent grief that should ever be indulged—mark his countenance—in every furrow of his angry brow is written “Frailty, thy name is woman”—let him have his way—let him have his way,—see! how solemnly he retires!

[*Lord Scratch exits.*]

Lady. Oh!—I shall burst with rage!—Mr. Vapid I desire you'll explain how you came in that closet?—why don't you answer me, sir?

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am I was taking a note of the affair—and yet I'm afraid.

Lady. What are you afraid of sir?

Vapid. That it has been dramatized before,—it is certainly not a new case.

Lady. Insupportable!—but I take my leave of you all—I abandon you for ever—I!—oh!—I shall go wild! Vapid. [*Exit in a rage.*]

Flor. Ay, ay, follow his Lordship—virtue is ever sure to meet its reward; now Mr. Vapid tell us how you came in that closet?

Vapid. Faith! I can't—I believe the servant hurried me there on your approach.

Flor. Then you didn't come to meet Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. Meet Lady Waitfor't!—no,—I came to read my epilogue to Neville, and a wonderful pro-

production it is.—“The tyrant totters, and the senate nods.”—(*walking about.*)

Louisa. To what a strange fatality of circumstances has her character been exposed! but vice often finds it's punishment for a crime it never committed, when it escapes for thousands it daily practices.—

Flor. Well, Miss Courtney, I hope now your apprehensions are at an end.

Louisa. Yes, sir, I shall remain for the short time necessary to prepare for my journey—and beg I may detain you no longer—I'm afraid I have already been a great intruder.

Flor. No, you've been the occasion of more happiness than ever I experienced—but you won't leave Bath till you've seen my brother.

Louisa. Oh! I have been cruelly deceived, Mr. Floriville! I have injured your brother so much, that, tho' I wish, I almost dread to see him.

Flor. Then I'll go in search of him, and if I don't reconcile you;—come Mr. Vapid will you walk.

Vapid. With all my heart. (FLORIVILLE, taking him by the hand.)

Flor. By heaven! you are an honest fellow, and if all poets were like you, I'd become one myself—Miss Courtney, adieu!—expect me to return.

Vapid. Madam, good night!—if I can be of any service to you in the dramatic, or any other way,—you may command me.—

Flor. Ay! I'll answer for him—he would die to serve you.

Vapid. Die to serve her!—ay, “die all!”—die nobly!—die like demigods!” [Exeunt.]

END of ACT IV.

A C T V.

SCENE—*Lady WAITFOR'T's Apartment.*

Lady WAITFOR'T discovered at her toilette—

Letty waiting.

Lady. Mr. Vapid not come yet Letty!

Letty. No, ma'am—but the fervant who found him at the Tavern, said he would be here immediately.

Lady. I protest, I am almost weary of them all (*noise without*) see, who's there.

(*LETTY listens and returns.*)

Letty. Mr. Vapid at last, now pray your ladyship, insist on his explaining every thing to my lord.

Lady. Yes; but vilely as he has treated me, I must still be calm.

(*VAPID, putting his head in.*)

Lady. Walk in, sir, walk in.

Vapid. No, ma'am—I'd rather stay here.

Lady. I beg you'll be seated Mr. Vapid—I have something of consequence to impart to you.

(*VAPID, gently coming in.*)

Vapid. I'd never have ventured, but in hopes of seeing my dear Marianne.

Lady. Indeed, I will not detain you a moment.

Vapid. Very well ma'am, if that's the case,—(*slowly seating himself*) It's very alarming. (*aside*)

Lady. Letty leave the room, and fasten the door.

[*Letty Exit.*
Vapid.

Vapid. No—no—don't do that, I beseech you.

Lady. You're very much fright'ned Mr. Vapid,—I hope you don't suppose I have any design against you.

Vapid. I don't know, really ma'am—such things are perfectly dramatic.

Lady. Well, but to release you from your fears, I'll tell you why I have given you this trouble—my business, Mr. Vapid, was to converse with you on the farcical affair, that happen'd at Neville's.

Vapid. Farcical!

Lady. Yes, sir, the farcical affair that happen'd at Mr. Neville's.

Vapid. Farcical! what, my epilogue, ma'am—I hope you don't mean to reflect on that.

Lady. No sir—far from it—I have no doubt but it is a very elegant composition.

Vapid. Doubt! here it is!—read it!—the very first production of the age! a regular climax of poetic beauty!—the last line the ne plus ultra of genius.

Lady. But to be serious, Mr. Vapid.

Vapid. Why. I *am* serious—and I'll tell you, Lady Waitfor't—'tis the last line of an epilogue, and the last scene of a comedy that always distracts me—'tis the reconciliation of lovers—there's the difficulty!—you find it so in real life, I dare say.

Lady. Yes—but Mr. Vapid, this affair concerns me excessively, and I wish to know what is to be done.

Vapid. I'll tell you,—write a play, and bad as it may possible be, say it's a translation from the
French,

French, and interweave a few compliments on the English, and my life on't, it does wonders—do it,—and say you had the thought from me.

Lady. Sir, do you mean to deride me?

Vapid. No; but only be cautious in your style—women are in general apt to indulge that pruriency and warm luxuriancy of fancy they possess,—but do be careful—be decent—if you are not, I have done with you.

Lady. Sir, I desire you'll be more respectful—I don't understand it at all. *(rising.)*

Vapid. Then here comes one that will explain every thing.

“ There's in her all that we believe of Heaven,
“ Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
“ Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love !”

Enter MARIANNE.

Vapid. My dear sweet little partner, I rejoice to see you.

Marianne. And my dear sweet Mr. Poet, I rejoice to see you.

Lady. Provoking! have I not told you a thousand times, never to break in upon me when I am alone?

Marianne. Alone my lady! do you reckon Mr. Vapid nobody then?

Lady. Suppose I should, what is it to you?

Marianne. Then I have no notion of your nobodies—I always thought them harmless unmeaning things.—but Mr. Vapid's not so very harmless either—are you, Mr. Vapid.—

Vapid. Indeed, ma'am, I am not.

Marianne. There now,—I told you so—upon my word you rely too much on your time of life—

life—you do indeed—you think because you're a little the worse for wear, you may trust yourself any where,—but you're mistaken—you're not near so bad as you imagine—nay, I don't flatter, do I, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Indeed ma'am, you do not.

Lady. Look'ye, miss—your insolence is not to be borne,—you have been the chief cause of all my perplexities.

Marianne. Nay, aunt, don't say that.

Lady. No matter—your behaviour is shameful, and it is high time I exerted the authority of a relation—you are a disgrace to me—to yourself, and your friends—therefore I am determined to put into execution a scheme I have long thought of.

Marianne. What is it? something pleasant I hope.

Lady. No, you shall retire to a convent, till you take possession of your fortune.

Marianne. A convent! Oh lord! I can't make up my mind to it, now don't, pray don't think of it—I declare its quite shocking.

Lady. It is a far better place than you deserve; my resolution is fixed, and we shall see whether a life of solitude and austerities will not awaken some sense of shame in you.

Marianne. Indeed, I can't bear the thoughts of it,—Oh do speak to her Mr. Vapid—tell her about the nasty monks, now do, a convent! mercy! what a check to the passions? Oh! I can't bear it. (*weeping.*)

Vapid. Gad, here's a sudden touch of tragedy—pray, Lady Waitfor't, reflect—you can't send a lady to a convent when the theatres are

open—see, it will break the poor girl's heart—
don't weep for Marianne?

Marianne. I can't help it—it will be the death
of me! pray my dear aunt.

Lady. Not a word—I am determined—to-
morrow you shall leave this country, and then I
have done with you for ever.

Marianne. Oh! my poor heart!

Vapid. See! she'll faint!

Marianne. Oh! oh! oh!

MARIANNE faints in Lady WAITFORT'S arms.

Lady. Oh; I have gone too far, what's to be
done?

Vapid. Some relief immediately, or she'll ex-
pire—where shall I fly, I'll call the servants.

Lady. No, 'twill be too late—I have some
drops in this closet may recover her—hold her a
moment, and for heavens sake take care of her.

[*Exit.*

MARIANNE lays in VAPID'S arms.

Here's a situation!—Poor girl! how I pity her!
I really loved her.

Marianne. Did you really love me, Mr.
Vapid?

Vapid. Hey day! recovered!—here's inci-
dent!

Marianne. But did you really love me, Mr.
Vapid?

Vapid. Yes I did,—here's stage effect!

Marianne. And would you have really run
away with me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Yes I really would—

Mariann. Then come along this moment,

Vapid.

Vapid. Hush!—here's the old lady! keep dying as before and we'll effect the business—more equivoque!

Re-enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Well, Mr. Vapid, how does she do? lord! she's in strong convulsions.

Vapid. Yes ma'am, she's dying, where are the drops?

Lady. Here, sir.

Vapid. There are very few—are there any more of the same kind?

Lady. Yes, plenty.

Vapid. Fetch them,—'tis the only hope—if you have any hartshorn too, bring a little of that—our feelings will all need it.

Lady. Very true, Mr. Vapid, I declare to you I'm quite shocked. [Exit.

Marianne. Well, Mr. Vapid, now let's run away—come—why what are you thinking of?

Vapid. My last act, and I fear—

Marianne. What do you fear?

Vapid. That it can't be managed—let me see—we certainly run away, and she returns—faith! I must see her return.

Marianne. No, no, pray let us begone, think of this another time.

Vapid. So I will—it will do for the fourth, tho' not for the fifth act,—therefore my dear little girl come away, and we'll live and die together.

Marianne. Die together!

Vapid. Ay “die all! die nobly! die like Demigods!” [Exeunt.

Re-enter Lady WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Here, Mr. Vapid—here are the drops!—what gone!—I'll follow my lord, and if he still avoids me, I'll have done with them all for ever!—ruined by a writer of epilogues!—Oh! I shall burst with disappointment. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*An Apartment in NEVILLE'S House.*

(But not the same Room.)

In the back Scene, Glass Doors with Curtains.

Enter Louisa COURTNEY.

Louisa. Still in the same house, yet still afraid to meet him! oh Neville! my superiour in every thing; how can I hope for your forgiveness? while you reveal'd an affection it had done you credit to deny, I concealed a passion I might have been proud to confess.

Enter VAPID and MARIANNE.

Marianne. Oh! Miss Courtney! my sweet Miss Courtney! Mr. Vapid, here, has run away with me, and I am so frightened for fear of Lady Waitfor't.

Louisa. Yes, she may well alarm you,—she has destroyed my peace for ever! but have you seen Mr. Neville? yet, why do I ask?

Vapid. Seen Mr. Neville!—what? does'nt he yet know you are in his lodgings.

Louisa.

Louisa. No, and I hope never will—the moment his brother returns, I shall set out for my uncle's, and perhaps never see him more.

Vapid. And why not see him, ma'am?

Louisa. Because I cannot bear the sight of one I have so injured.

Vapid. This'll do—mutual equivoque! equal misunderstanding! my own case exactly!

Marianne. Your own case! Lord! you base man, have you got a young lady in your lodgings?

Vapid. Ridiculous! don't talk about young ladies at such an awful—the very situation in my comedy! the last scene to a syllable!—here's an opportunity of improving the denouement.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Ma'am, my master is return'd—the occasion of his delay has been a long interview with Mr. Willoughby,—he does'nt know you are here.

Louisa. Marianne excuse me—you'll be safe from Lady Waitfor't here—indeed I'm very ill.

Marianne. Nay—where are you going.

Louisa. Alas! any where to avoid him—farewell! and may you enjoy that happiness I have for ever lost. [Exit.

Marianne. Poor dear girl! I mus'nt leave her thus—Mr. Vapid, we wont run away 'till something is done for her.

Vapid. Go,—there's a good girl—follow her and comfort her.

Marianne. I will—Lord! if they must be happy in being friends again what must I be who make them so?

[Exit.
Vapid.

Vapid. The picture before me! all from nature,—I must heighten his distress, for contrast is every thing—Peter, not a word for your life.

Enter NEVILLE.

Nev. Vapid, I am glad to see you—any letter from my brother? [*To Peter*]

Peter. None, sir.

Nev. Nor message?

Peter. No, sir.

Nev. Then I need doubt no longer—'tis evident he avoids me—cruel! ungenerous Floriville—(*sits himself.*)

VAPID (*leaning over his chair.*)

Miss Courtney will never see you again.

Nev. I know it—too well I know it—that, and that alone, makes me determined to leave this country for ever.

Vapid. You are unhappy then.

Nev. Completely so.

Vapid. Then stop—(*sits by him*) she was an angel, Harry.

Nev. Ay: a divinity!

Vapid. And then to lose her.

Nev. (*rising*) Sdeath!—don't torment me!—my griefs are already beyond bearing.

Vapid. It will do—he's as unhappy as I could wish.

Peter. I can hold no longer—sir!

Vapid. Hush!—you d—d dog you'll ruin the catastrophe.

Peter. I don't care—I'll tell him every thing—sir!—Mr. Neville!

Vapid.

Vapid. You villain !—do you ever go to a play ?—do you ever sit in the gallery ?

Peter. Yes, fir, sometimes.

Vapid. Then know this is all for your good—you'll applaud it some day or other you dog—curse it, won't he have happiness enough bye and bye—What ?—you are going abroad Neville !

Nev. Yes, for ever—farewell Vapid.

Vapid. Farewell Neville—good night——
Now for the effect,—Miss Courtney is in the next room.

Nev. What !

Vapid. Miss Courtney is in the next room.

Nev. Louisa ! Is it possible !

Vapid. There's light and shade !—Yes, your brother brought her here, and she expects him to return every moment.

Nev. My brother ! then 'tis he means to marry her—nay perhaps they are already married—heavens ! I shall go wild.

Vapid. Don't, don't go wild—that will ruin the denouement.

Nev. No matter—I am resolved—I'll bid her farewell for ever—Vapid, 'tis the last favour I shall ask of you—give her this (*a letter*) and tell her since I have resent'd Willoughby's attack on her honour, I think I may be allowed to vindicate my own ; tell her, great as have been my faults, my truth has still been greater, and wherever I wander—

Vapid. Here's a flourish now !—why you misunderstand—she is not married, nor going to be married,

Nev. Come, this is no time for Raillery.

Vapid.

Vapid. Raillery!—why, I'm serious,—serious as the fifth Act—she is now weeping on your account.

Nev. Prythee leave fooling, it will produce no effect, believe me.

Vapid. Won't it? it will produce a very great effect though believe me, zounds! go to her, preserve the unity of action,—marry her directly, and if the catastrophe does not conclude with spirit, damn my comedy,—damn my comedy—that's all, damn my comedy.

Nev. Would to heaven you were in earnest.

Vapid. Earnest! why there it is now! the women, dear creatures, are always ready enough to produce effect—but the men are so curs't undramatic,—go to her,—I tell you, go to her—(VAPID, *shewing his common place book*)—Here is my Lord and your brother with him—come, go to the Lady—make as good an exit as you can—there—no flourishes—that will do.

[NEVILLE *exits*, and VAPID, *stands aside*.

Enter Lord SCRATCH and FLORIVILLE.

Lord. That curs't dramatic maniac,—if I see him again—

Flor. My dear uncle consent to Harry's marriage, and depend on't he shall trouble you no more.

Lord. I tell you again, sir, I will not.

Flor. Will you give any hopes of future consent?

Lord. By the word of a Peer, I will not.

Vapid,

Vapid coming forward, touching Lord Scratch on the Shoulder, and writing in common-place Book.

Vapid. Master Brook, let me persuade you.

Lord. Flames and firebrands, the fiend again.

Vapid. Give consent, and I'll give Neville a fortune—he shall have the—entire profit of the different plays in which I intend to have the honour of introducing yourself and the old Lady Hurlothrumbo.

Lord. Oh! that I was not a Peer; if I was any thing else, but thank heaven, Louisa is more averse to the match than myself.

Vapid. Is she?

Lord. Yes, she knows his falsehood, and despises him.

Vapid. What! you are confident of it.

Lord. Out of my way sir,—I'll not answer you,—I'll go take her to town directly, out of my way, sir.

Vapid. Stop—you're wrong, Master Brook—she's in that room.

Lord. Where?—behind me.

Vapid. Yes—there—there!—(pointing)—now for it—what an effect?

Lord opens glass doors, and discovers Neville kneeling to Louisa. Marianne with them.

Vapid. There Peter, theres! a catastrophe! Shakespear's invention nothing! applaud it you dog—clap, clap, Peter, clap.

Lord. What are you at, you impudent rascal, get out of the room. [Exit PETER.

Vapid. I should set this down—I may forget.

L

Marianne.

Marianne. Lord! he has a very bad memory, I hope he won't forget our marriage.

Nev. Oh! Louisa, what am I to think?

Louisa. That I have wrong'd thee, Neville!
(*embracing.*)

Flor. My dear Harry, let this be my apology for not having seen you before (*giving him a paper*) Miss Courtney, ten thousand joys, could I have found my brother, you should have seen him sooner.

Nev. Why here is the deed of gift of half your estate.

Flor. I know it, but say nothing—when you gave me money, five years ago, did I say any thing?—no, I forgot it as soon as it was over, and should never have recollected, at this moment, but for my Lord's Inhumanity.—Uncle I thank you—you have made me the happiest man alive.

Lord. Don't perplex me, what a compound of folly and generosity?

Marianne. Uncle in-law, what are your feelings on this occasion, as my aunt says?

Lord. Feelings! I never knew a Peer had any.

Marianne. Did'nt you?

Lord. No; but now I find the contrary; I begin to think I've a heart like other men,—it's better to atone for an error, than persist in one—therefore give me that deed, Neville—there, sir, (*giving it to Floriville*) do you think nobody has estates but yourself.—Louisa and her fortune are your own Neville, and after my death you shall have all mine; and now there's a curst burden off my mind.

Marianne. Now you're a dear creature! and I won't marry,—that's what I won't without consulting you.

Lord. You marry! why, who should you marry? and pray how came you here?

Marianne. A gentleman run away with me, he is now in the room.

Lord. In the room! what! Floriville?

Marianne. No, behind you, (*pointing to Vapid, who is writing at a table.*)

Lord. Ghosts, and spectres! my evil genius!

Marianne. Come, my dear—hav'nt you almost finished?

(*VAPID rising.*)

Vapid. Yes, the denouement is complete, and now Mrs. Vapid, I resign myself to love and you.

Marianne. Come, give consent my Lord, my husband will get money tho' I have none.

Lord. None! I dare say he can tell you, you will have twelve thousand pounds in less than a year.

Vapid. That's a new incident!

Marianne. Shall I! then faith! Mr. Vapid, we'll build a theatre of our own; you shall write plays, and I'll act them.

Enter ENNUI.

Ennuï. I've an idea; I give you joy Neville—I mean to kill time by living single, and therefore I hope the Lady and the borough may be your's.

Marianne. Mr. Ennuï, I hope you'll forgive me, and Sir Harry Hustle, the fatigue we occasioned you.

Ennuï.

Ennui. Yaw! aw—don't mention it—the very recollection makes me faint—in fact, my Lord, I just met one of Lady Waitfor't's servants, who tells me she has left Bath, in a rage.

Flor. I am afraid she has escaped too easily.

Lord. Oh! never think of her, I can answer for her punishment being adequate to her crimes—Willoughby has told me all her schemes, and if ever I hear her name again, may I lose my peerage, and dress like a gentleman.

Ennui. My Lord—I've an idea.

Vapid. Sir, I beg your pardon; but really if you have an idea, I will trouble you to spare it me for my comedy.

Ennui. In fact, I don't comprehend. I have read your die-all, epilogue, and—

Vapid. Oh! then I don't wonder at your having ideas.

Lord. Oh! poor Fellow! he's always talking about what he never has—Neville, my boy, may you be as happy as I am.

Flor. Ay, I'll answer for his happiness by my own—Miss Courtney, notwithstanding my brother, I will “ still live in your eye, die in your lap—and be buried in your heart; and more—“ over I will stay with you both in England.

Louisa. Yes, Florville, if you would behold pure, un sullied love, never travel out of this country. Depend on't,

No foreign Climes such high Examples prove,
Of wedded Pleasure, or connubial Love.

Long in this Land have Joys domestic grown,
Nurs'd in the Cottage—cherish'd on the Throne!

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

Written by M. P. ANDREWS, Esq;

And Spoken by LEWIS,

In the CHARACTER of VAPID.

*After the Play, he advances, as if intending to speak, and the
Scene is dropped behind him.*

GADSO, I'm caught, the Wags have shut me out,
But why? my Part's to scribble, not to spout.
I could write Epilogues for all who speak 'em,
But may my Play be damn'd, if I can speak 'em.
“ Die all, die nobly”—that's the Plan my Boys;
Fun, Fire, and Pathos, Metre, Mirth, and Noise:
To make you die with Laughter or the Hiccups,
Tickle your Favourites, or smack your Tea-Cups,
Vapid's the Man; have at you Great and Small,
Here will I stand, and dramatize you all.
Come forth my Javelin [*pulls out a Pencil*] strike th' astonish'd
Town,
Say, shall I cut you up, or write you down?
Nay, never tremble Gents;—or flink away,
'Tis what the Authors suffer every day:
Stop that thin Jemmy in the Thickset Coat,
Him with the Towel underneath his Throat;
If so tied up, he plays—the willing Fool,
I'll hang him up at once to ridicule:

Perhaps

EPILOGUE.

Perhaps 'twill help to keep the Lobby quiet,
And save it from his nightly Noise and Riot.
And you, my little Madam, in the Bonnet,
Don't flinch, I'll have you down depend upon it ;
While thus so furbelow'd a Screen you keep,
Not one behind can get a single Peep ;
'Sblood, when my Play appears, what Work ther'e'll be !
What an overflowing House, methinks I see !
Here, Box-keeper, are these my Places ? No,
Madam Van Bulk has taken all that Row ;
Then I'll go back—you can't—you can, she fibs,
Keep down your Elbows, or you'll break my Ribs ;
Zounds, how you squeeze ! Of what do you think one
made is ?

Is this your Wig ? No, it's that there Lady's.
Then the Side-Boxes, what delightful Rows !
Peers, Poets, Nabobs, Jews, and 'Prentice Beaux.
Alderman *Cramp*, a gouty rich old Cit,
With his young Bride, so lovingly will sit ;
While a gay Rake, who sees the happy Pair,
A Bliss so wonderful resolves to share ;
He whispers, Madam, you've a charming Spouse,
So neat in Limb, and then so smooth in Brows.
Sir, I don't understand you.—What say, Dove ?
Nothing, my Duck—I'd only dropp'd my Glove.
To-morrow, at the Fruit Shop, will you come ?
At Twelve o'Clock—Lord, Sir, how you presume !
Who's that scroudges ? You shan't shove my wife,
I shove her ! A good Joke, upon my Life.
Leave him to me ; how dare you thus to treat me ?
I dare do anything, if you'll but meet me.
Me, meet a Man ! I shou'd'nt have thought of you ;
At Twelve indeed ! I can't get out till Two.

Then

EPILOGUE.

Then all the Parties ; whether pleas'd or not,
Turn towards the stage, and muse upon the Plot ;
To catch the Author at some *That* or *Therefore*,
And praise or damn him without why or wherefore.
If such Friends cherish, or such Foes assail,
Who knows, even my Comedy may fail :
Should then my writing, prove but time mispent,
O, may I act to please, and I'm content.

